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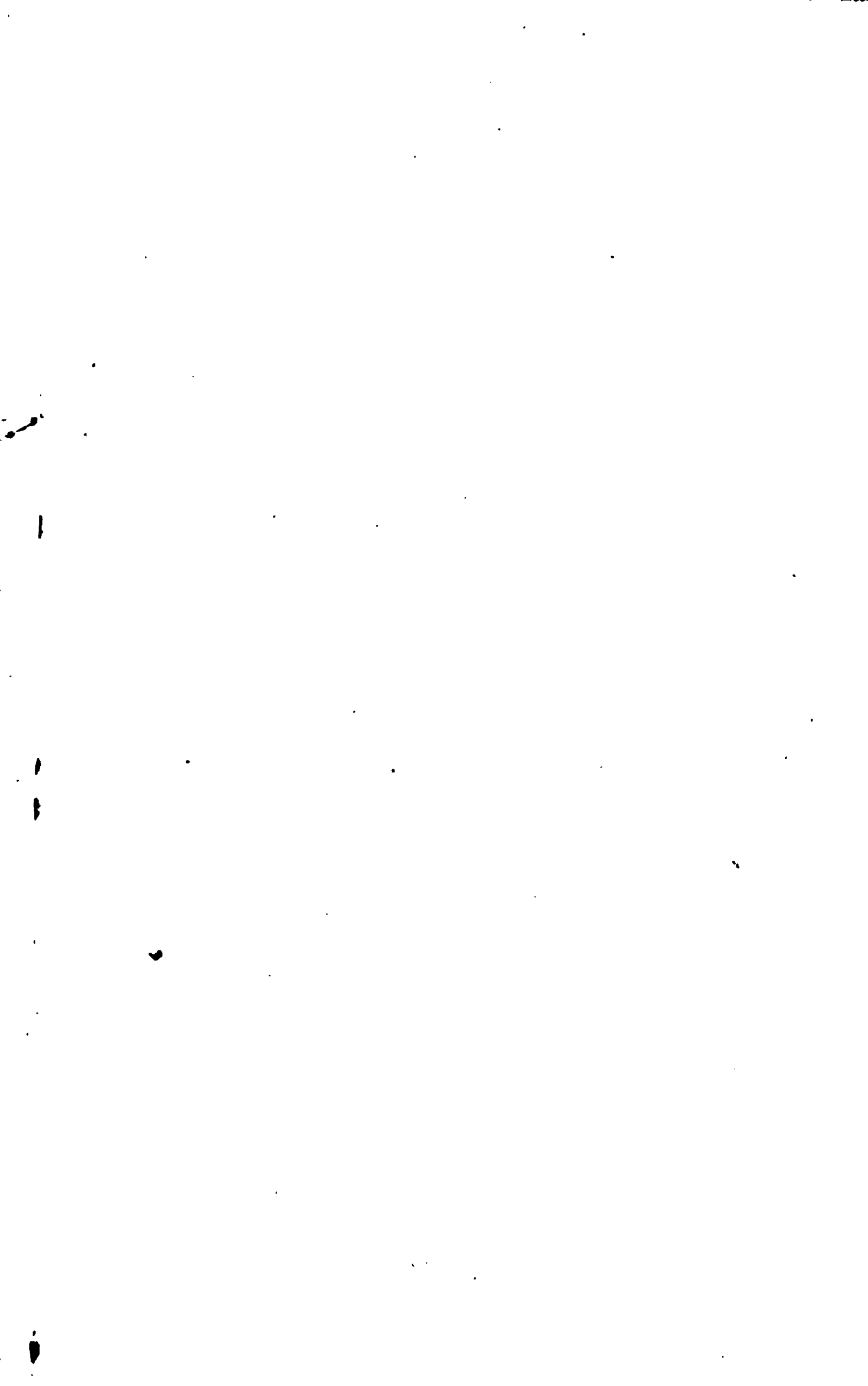
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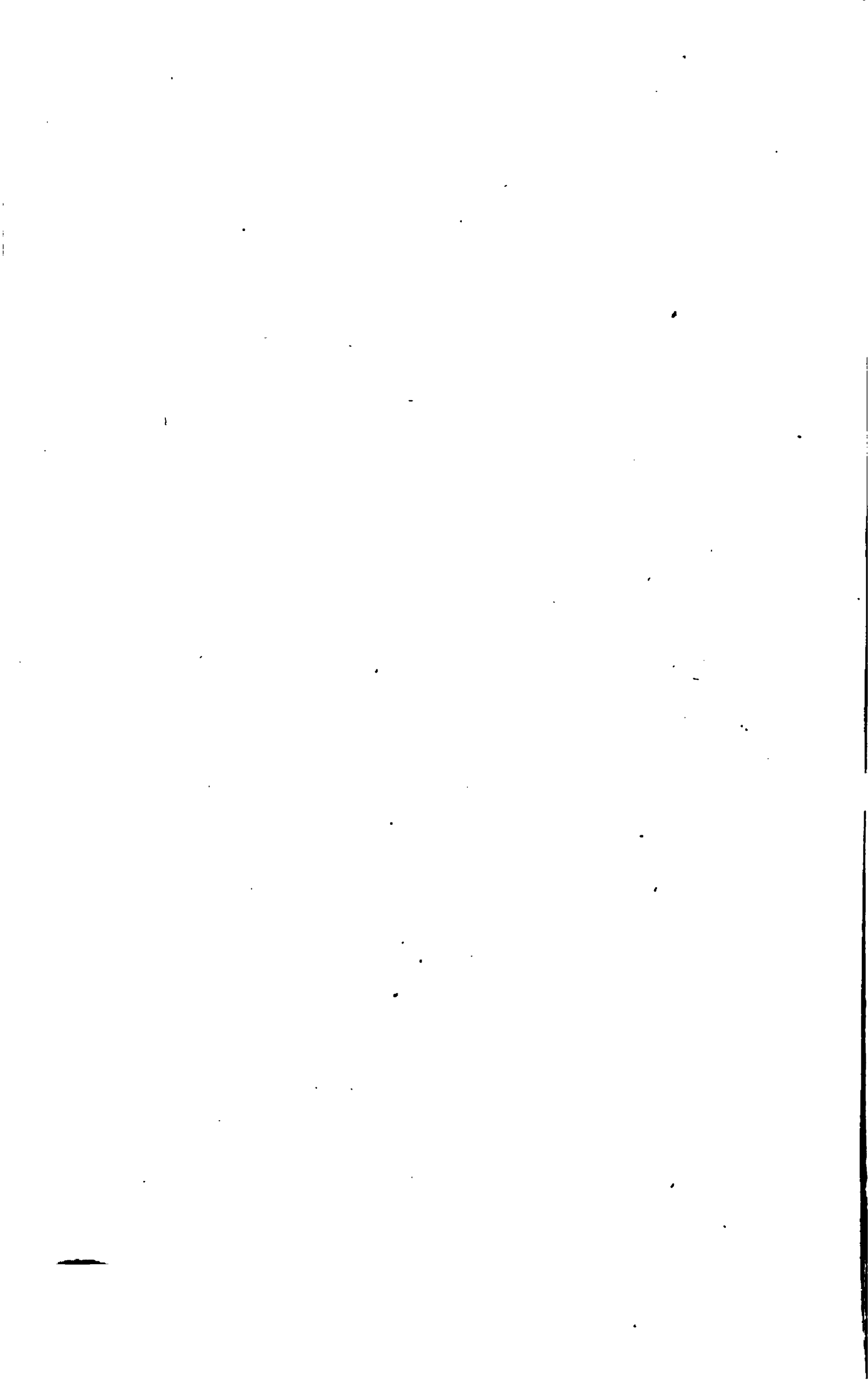
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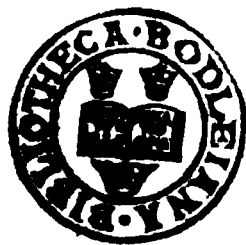
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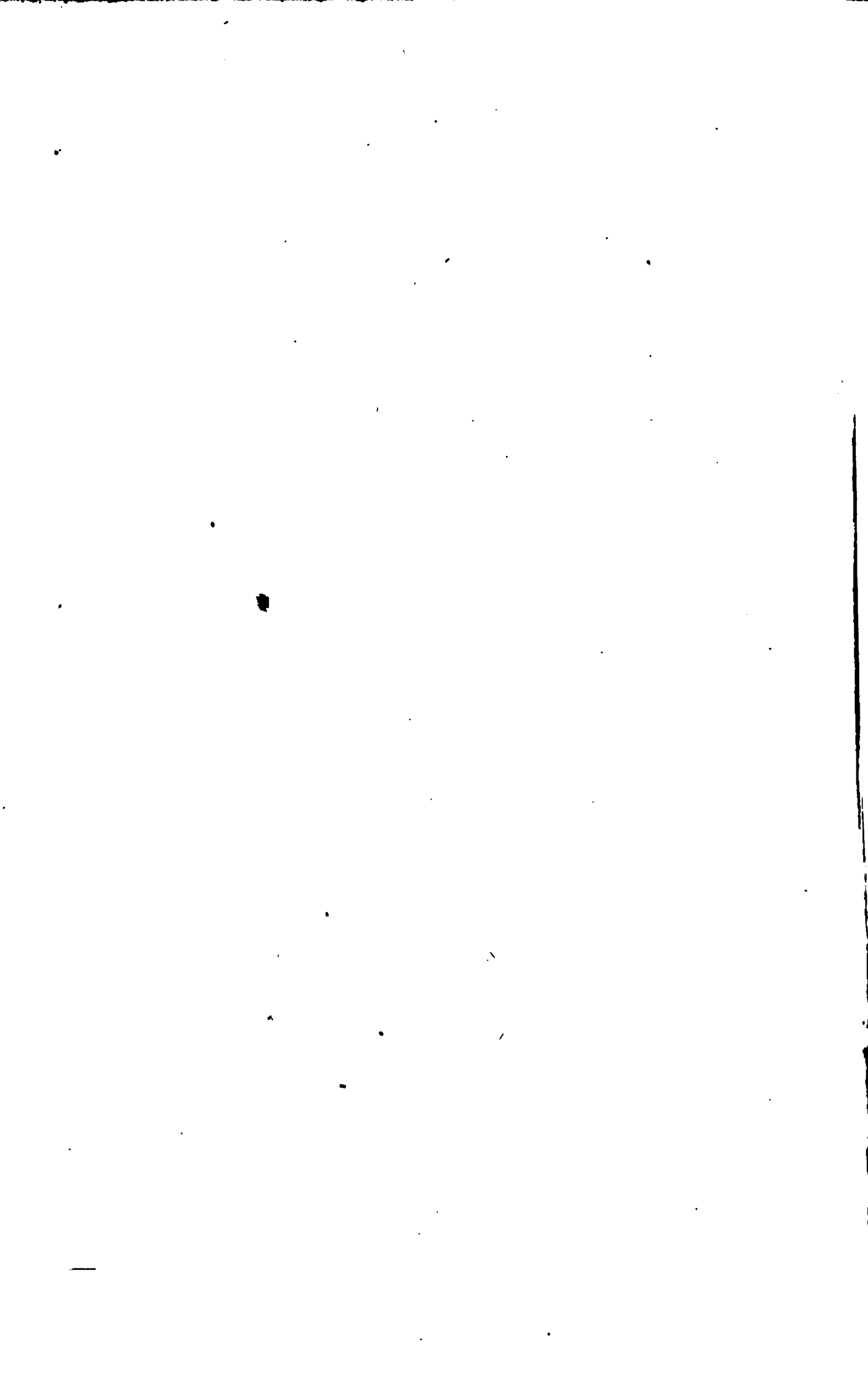
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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LONDON:

W. KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

MD.CCC.LXI.



CONTENTS.

HYPERION.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE HERO	3
II. THE CHRIST OF ANDERNACH	6
III. HOMUNCULUS	14
IV. THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER	18
V. JEAN PAUL, THE ONLY-ONE	21
VI. HEIDELBERG AND THE BARON	29
VII. LIVES OF SCHOLARS	35
VIII. LITERARY FAME	43

BOOK THE SECOND.

I. SPRING	54
II. A COLLOQUY	56
III. OWL-TOWERS	60
IV. A BEER-SCANDAL	66
V. THE WHITE LADY'S SLIPPER AND THE PASSION-FLOWER	74
VI. GLIMPSES INTO CLOUD-LAND	77
VII. MILL-WHEELS AND OTHER WHEELS	90
VIII. GOETHE	97
IX. THE DAYLIGHT OF THE DWARFS, AND THE FALLING STAR	103
X. THE PARTING	112

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. SUMMER-TIME	118
II. FOOT-TRAVELLING	122
III. INTERLACHEN	128
IV. THE EVENING AND THE MORNING STAR	135
V. A RAINY DAY	140
VI. AFTER DINNER, AND AFTER THE MANNER OF THE BEST CRITICS	151
VII. TAKE CARE!	159
VIII. THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION	164
IX. A TALK ON THE STAIRS	172

BOOK THE FOURTH.

I. A MISERERE	178
II. CURFEW BELLS	182
III. SHADOWS ON THE WALL	190
IV. SAINT GILGEN	199
V. SAINT WOLFGANG	205
VI. THE STORY OF BROTHER BERNARDUS	214
VII. FOOTPRINTS OF ANGELS	222
VIII. THE LAST PANG	228

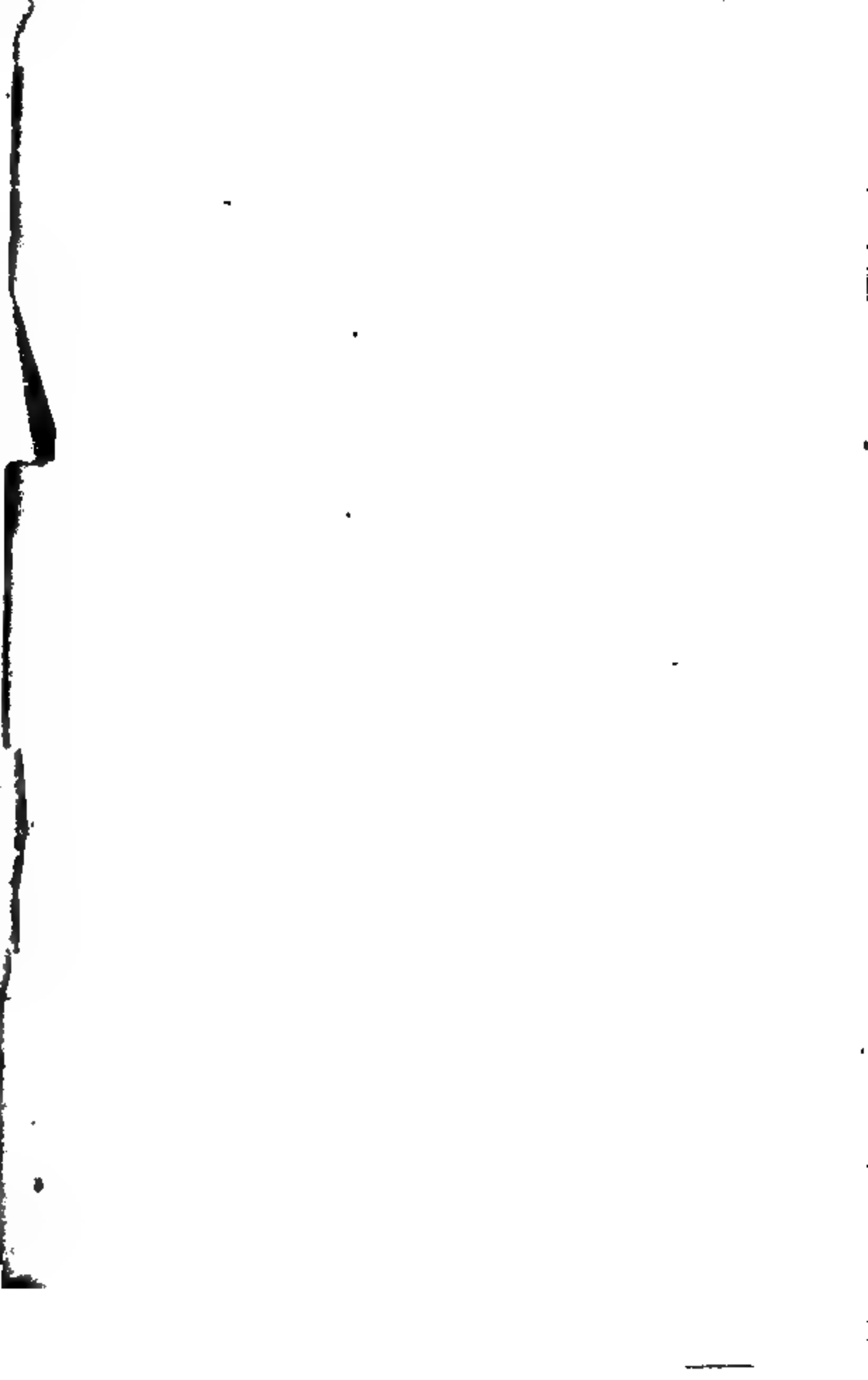
 OUTRE-MER.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY	236
THE PILGRIM OF OUTRE-MER	237

FRANCE:

THE NORMAN DILIGENCE	240
THE GOLDEN LION INN	245
MARTIN FRANC AND THE MONK OF SAINT ANTHONY	248
THE VILLAGE OF AUTEULL	262

	PAGE
JACQUELINE	270
THE SEXAGENARIAN	276
PÈRE LA CHAISE	281
THE VALLEY OF THE LOIRE	290
THE TROUVÈRES	300
THE BAPTISM OF FIRE	311
COQ-A-L'ÂNE	318
THE NOTARY OF PÉRIGUEUX	325
SPAIN :	
THE JOURNEY INTO SPAIN	334
SPAIN	343
A TAILOR'S DRAWER	347
ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS	356
THE VILLAGE OF EL PARDILLO	373
THE DEVOTIONAL POETRY OF SPAIN	383
THE PILGRIM'S BREVIARY	403
ITALY :	
THE JOURNEY INTO ITALY	424
ROME IN MIDSUMMER	433
THE VILLAGE OF LA RICCIA	448
NOTE-BOOK :	
NOTE-BOOK	460
THE PILGRIM'S SALUTATION	465
COLOPHON	467
KAVANAGH	471



HYPERION :

A Romance.

“Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart.”



HYPERION.

Book the First.

“ Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.”

CHAPTER I.

THE HERO.

IN John Lyly's "Endymion," Sir Topas is made to say: "Dost thou know what a poet is? Why, fool, a poet is as much as one should say,—a poet!" And thou, reader, dost thou know what a hero is? Why, a hero is as much as one should say,—a hero! Some romance-writers, however, say much more than this. Nay, the old Lombard, Matteo Maria Bojardo, set all the church-bells in Scandiano ringing, merely because he had found a name for one of his heroes. Here, also, shall church-bells be rung, but more solemnly.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection,—itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.

Paul Flemming had experienced this, though still young,

The friend of his youth was dead. The bough had broken "under the burden of the unripe fruit." And when, after a season, he looked up again from the blindness of his sorrow, all things seemed unreal. Like the man whose sight had been restored by miracle, he beheld men, as trees, walking. His household gods were broken. He had no home. His sympathies cried aloud from his desolate soul, and there came no answer from the busy, turbulent world around him. He did not willingly give way to grief. He struggled to be cheerful,—to be strong. But he could no longer look into the familiar faces of his friends. He could no longer live alone, where he had lived with her. He went abroad, that the sea might be between him and the grave. Alas! between him and his sorrow there could be no sea but that of time.

He had already passed many months in lonely wandering, and was now pursuing his way along the Rhine to the South of Germany. He had journeyed the same way before, in brighter days and a brighter season of the year, in the May of life and in the month of May. He knew the beautiful river all by heart,—every rock and ruin, every echo, every legend. The ancient castles, grim and hoar, that had taken root as it were on the cliffs,—they were all his; for his thoughts dwelt in them, and the wind told him tales.

He had passed a sleepless night at Rolandseck, and had risen before daybreak. He opened the window of the balcony to hear the rushing of the Rhine. It was a damp December morning; and clouds were passing over the sky,—thin, vapoury clouds, whose snow-white skirts were "often spotted with golden tears, which men call stars." The day dawned slowly; and, in the mingling of daylight and starlight, the island and cloister of Nonnenwerth made

together but one broad, dark shadow on the silver breast of the river. Beyond, rose the summits of the Siebengebirg. Solemn and dark, like a monk, stood the Drachenfels, in his hood of mist; and rearward extended the curtain of mountains, back to the Wolkenburg,—the Castle of the Clouds.

But Flemming thought not of the scene before him. Sorrow unspeakable was upon his spirit in that lonely hour; and, hiding his face in his hands, he exclaimed aloud:—

“Spirit of the past! look not so mournfully at me with thy great tearful eyes! Touch me not with thy cold hand! Breathe not upon me with the icy breath of the grave! Chant no more that dirge of sorrow through the long and silent watches of the night!”

Mournful voices from afar seemed to answer, “Treuenfels!” and he remembered how others had suffered, and his heart grew still.

Slowly the landscape brightened. Down the rushing stream came a boat, with its white wings spread, and darted like a swallow through the narrow pass of God's-Help. The boatmen were singing,—but not the song of Roland the Brave, which was heard of old by the weeping Hildegund as she sat within the walls of that cloister which now looked forth in the pale morning from amid the leafless lindentrees. The dim traditions of those gray old times rose in the traveller's memory; for the ruined tower of Rolandseck was still looking down upon the Kloster Nonnenwerth, as if the sound of the funeral bell had changed the faithful paladin to stone, and he were watching still to see the form of his beloved one come forth, not from her cloister, but from her grave. Thus the brazen clasps of the book of legends were opened, and, on the page illuminated by the

misty rays of the rising sun, he read again the tales of Liba, and the mournful bride of Argenfels, and Siegfried, the mighty slayer of the dragon. Meanwhile the mists had risen from the Rhine, and the whole air was filled with golden vapour, through which he beheld the sun, hanging in heaven like a drop of blood. Even thus shone the sun within him, amid the wintry vapours uprising from the valley of the shadow of death, through which flowed the stream of his life,—sighing, sighing.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHRIST OF ANDERNACH.

PAUL FLEMMING resumed his solitary journey. The morning was still misty, but not cold. Across the Rhine the sun came wading through the reddish vapours; and soft and silver-white outspread the broad river, without a ripple upon its surface, or visible motion of the ever-moving current. A little vessel, with one loose sail, was riding at anchor, keel to keel with another, that lay beneath it, its own apparition—and all was silent, and calm, and beautiful.

The road was for the most part solitary; for there are few travellers upon the Rhine in winter. Peasant women were at work in the vineyards; climbing up the slippery hill-sides, like beasts of burden, with large baskets upon their backs. And once during the morning, a band of apprentices, with knapsacks, passed by, singing—"The Rhine! the Rhine! a blessing on the Rhine!"

Oh, the pride of the German heart in this noble river! And right it is; for, of all the rivers of this beautiful earth, there is none so beautiful as this. There is hardly

a league of its whole course, from its cradle in the snowy Alps to its grave in the sands of Holland, which boasts not its peculiar charms. By heavens! if I were a German, I would be proud of it too; and of the clustering grapes that hang about its temples, as it reels onward through vineyards in a triumphal march, like Bacchus crowned and drunken.

But I will not attempt to describe the Rhine; it would make this chapter much too long. And to do it well, one should write like a god; and his language flow onward royally with breaks and dashes, like the waters of that royal river, and antique, quaint, and Gothic times be reflected in it. Alas! this evening mine flows not at all. Flow, then, into this smoke-coloured goblet, thou blood of the Rhine! out of thy prison-house—out of thy long-necked, tapering flask, in shape not unlike a church-spire among thy native hills; and from the crystal belfry loud ring the merry tinkling bells, while I drink a health to my hero, in whose heart is sadness, and in whose ears the bells of Andernach are ringing noon.

He is threading his way alone through a narrow alley, and now up a flight of stone steps, and along the city wall, towards that old round tower built by the Archbishop Frederick of Cologne in the twelfth century. It has a romantic interest in his eyes; for he has still in his mind and heart that beautiful sketch of Carové, in which is described a day on the tower of Andernach. He finds the old keeper and his wife still there; and the old keeper closes the door behind him slowly, as of yore, lest he should jam too hard the poor souls in purgatory, whose fate it is to suffer in the cracks of doors and hinges. But, alas! alas! the daughter, the maiden with long, dark eyelashes! she is asleep in her little grave,

under the linden-trees of Feldkirche, with rosemary in her folded hands !

Flemming returned to the hotel disappointed. As he passed along the narrow streets, he was dreaming of many things ; but mostly of the keeper's daughter, asleep in the churchyard of Feldkirche. Suddenly, on turning the corner of an ancient, gloomy church, his attention was arrested by a little chapel in an angle of the wall. It was only a small thatched roof, like a bird's nest ; under which stood a rude wooden image of the Saviour on the cross. A real crown of thorns was upon his head, which was bowed downward, as if in the death agony ; and drops of blood were falling down his cheeks, and from his hands, and feet, and side. The face was haggard and ghastly beyond expression, and wore a look of unutterable bodily anguish. The rude sculptor had given it this, but his art could go no farther. The sublimity of death in a dying Saviour, the expiring God-likeness of Jesus of Nazareth, was not there. The artist had caught no heavenly inspiration from his theme. All was coarse, harsh, and revolting to a sensitive mind ; and Flemming turned away with a shudder, as he saw this fearful image gazing at him, with its fixed and half-shut eyes.

He soon reached the hotel, but that face of agony still haunted him. He could not refrain from speaking of it to a very old woman, who sat knitting by the window of the dining-room, in a high-backed, old-fashioned arm-chair. I believe she was the innkeeper's grandmother. At all events, she was old enough to be so. She took off her owl-eyed spectacles, and, as she wiped the glasses with her handkerchief, said :—

“Thou dear Heaven ! Is it possible ? Did you never hear of the Christ of Andernach ?”

Flemming answered in the negative.

“Thou dear Heaven!” continued the old woman. “It is a very wonderful story; and a true one, as every good Christian in Andernach will tell you. And it all happened before the death of my blessed man, four years ago; let me see—yes, four years ago, come Christmas.”

Here the old woman stopped speaking, but went on with her knitting. Other thoughts seemed to occupy her mind. She was thinking, no doubt, of her blessed man, as German widows call their dead husbands. But Flemming having expressed an ardent wish to hear the wonderful story, she told it in nearly the following words:—

“There was once a poor old woman in Andernach whose name was Frau Martha, and she lived all alone in a house by herself, and loved all the Saints and the Blessed Virgin, and was as good as an angel, and sold tarts by the Rheinkrahn. But her house was very old, and the roof-tiles were broken, and she was too poor to get new ones, and the rain kept coming in, and no Christian soul in Andernach would help her. But the Frau Martha was a good woman, and never did anybody any harm, but went to mass every morning, and sold tarts down by the Rheinkrahn. Now one dark, windy night, when all the good Christians in Andernach were asleep in the feathers, Frau Martha, who lay under the roof, heard a great noise over her head, and in her chamber, drip! drip! drip! as if the rain were dropping down through the broken tiles. Dear soul! and, sure enough, it was. And then there was a pounding and hammering overhead, as if somebody were at work on the roof; and she thought it was Pelz-Nickel tearing the tiles off, because she had not been to confession often enough. So she began to pray; and the faster she said her Pater-noster and her Ave-Maria, the faster Pelz-

Nickel pounded and pulled; and drip! drip! drip! it went all round her in the dark chamber, till the poor woman was frightened out of her wits, and ran to the window to call for help. Then in a moment all was still—death-still. But she saw a light streaming through the mist and rain, and a great shadow on the house opposite. And then somebody came down from the top of her house by a ladder, and had a lantern in his hand; and he took the ladder on his shoulder and passed down the street. But she could not see clearly, because the window was streaked with rain. And in the morning the old broken tiles were found scattered about the street, and there were new ones on the roof, and the old house has never leaked to this blessed day.

“As soon as mass was over, Frau Martha told the priest what had happened, and he said it was not Pelz-Nickel, but, without doubt, St. Castor or St. Florian. Then she went to the market and told Frau Bridget all about it; and Frau Bridget said, that, two nights before, Hans Claus, the cooper, had heard a great pounding in his shop, and in the morning found new hoops on all his hogsheads; and that a man with a lantern and a ladder had been seen riding out of town at midnight on a donkey; and that the same night the old windmill at Kloster St. Thomas had been mended, and the old gate of the churchyard at Feldkirche made as good as new, though nobody knew how the man got across the river. Then Frau Martha went down to the Rheinkrahn and told all these stories over again; and the old ferryman of Fahr said he could tell something about it; for, the very night that the churchyard gate was mended, he was lying awake in his bed, because he could not sleep, and he heard a loud knocking at the door, and somebody

calling to him to get up and set him over the river. And when he got up, he saw a man down by the river with a lantern and a ladder; but, as he was going down to him, the man blew out the light, and it was so dark he could not see who he was; and his boat was old and leaky, and he was afraid to set him over in the dark; but the man said he must be in Andernach that night; and so he set him over. And after they had crossed the river, he watched the man, till he came to an image of the Holy Virgin, and saw him put the ladder against the wall, and go up and light his lamp, and then walk along the street. And in the morning he found his old boat all caulked, and tight, and painted red, and he could not for his blessed life tell who did it, unless it were the man with the lantern. Dear soul! how strange it was!

“And so it went on for some time; and whenever the man with the lantern had been seen walking through the street at night, so sure as the morning came, some work had been done for the sake of some good soul; and everybody knew he did it; and yet nobody could find out who he was, nor where he lived; for, whenever anybody came near him, he blew out his light, turned down another street, and suddenly disappeared, nobody could tell how. And some said it was Rübzal; and some, Pelz-Nickel; and some, St. Anthony-on-the-Heath.

“Now, one stormy night, a poor, sinful creature was wandering about the streets, with her babe in her arms, and she was hungry and cold, and no soul in Andernach would take her in. And when she came to the church, where the great crucifix stands, she saw no light in the little chapel at the corner; but she sat down on a stone at the foot of the cross and began to pray, and prayed

till she fell asleep, with her poor little babe on her bosom. But she did not sleep long; for a bright light shone full in her face; and when she opened her eyes, she saw a pale man, with a lantern, standing right before her. He was almost naked; and there was blood upon his hands and body, and great tears in his beautiful eyes, and his face was like the face of the Saviour on the cross. Not a single word did he say to the poor woman; but looked at her compassionately, and gave her a loaf of bread, and took the little babe in his arms, and kissed it. Then the mother looked up to the great crucifix, but there was no image there; and she shrieked and fell down as if she were dead. And there she was found with her child; and a few days after, they both died, and were buried together in one grave. And nobody would have believed her story, if a woman, who lived at the corner, had not gone to the window, when she heard the scream, and seen the figure hang the lantern up in its place, and then set the ladder against the wall, and go up and nail itself to the cross. Since that night it has never moved again. Ach! Herr Je!"

Such was the legend of the Christ of Andernach, as the old woman in spectacles told it to Flemming. It made a painful impression on his sick and morbid soul; and he felt now, for the first time, how great is the power of popular superstition.

The postchaise being already at the door, Flemming was soon on the road to Coblentz, a town which stands upon the Rhine, at the mouth of the Mosel, opposite Ehrenbrietstein. It is by no means a long drive from Andernach to Coblentz; and the only incident which occurred to enliven the way was the appearance of a fat, red-faced man on horseback, trotting slowly towards Ander-

nach. As they met, the mad little postilion gave him a friendly cut with his whip, and broke out into an exclamation, which showed he was from Münster:—

“Jesmariosp! my friend! How is the Man in the Custom-house?”

Now, to any candid mind this would seem a fair question enough; but not so thought the red-faced man on horseback; for he waxed exceedingly angry, and replied, as the chaise whirled by:—

“The devil take you, and your Westphalian ham, and pumpernickel!”

Flemming called to his servant, and the servant to the postilion, for an explanation of this short dialogue; and the explanation was, that on the belfry of the Kaufhaus in Coblenz is a huge head, with a brazen helmet and a beard; and whenever the clock strikes, at each stroke of the hammer, this giant's head opens its great jaws and smites its teeth together, as if, like the brazen head of Friar Bacon, it would say,—“Time was; Time is; Time is past.” This figure is known through all the country round about as “The Man in the Custom-house;” and when a friend in the country meets a friend from Coblenz, instead of saying, “How are all the good people in Coblenz?”—he says, “How is the Man in the Custom-house?” Thus the giant has a great part to play in the town. And thus ended the first day of Flemming's Rhine-journey; and the only good deed he had done was to give an alms to a poor beggar-woman, who lifted up her trembling hands and exclaimed:—

“Thou blessed babe!”

CHAPTER III.

HOMUNCULUS.

AFTER all, a journey up the Rhine, in the mists and solitude of December, is not so unpleasant as the reader may imagine. You have the whole road and river to yourself. Nobody is on the wing; hardly a single traveller. The ruins are the same, and the river, and the cutlines of the hills; and there are few living figures in the landscape to wake you from your musings, distract your thoughts, and cover you with dust.

Thus likewise thought our traveller, as he continued his journey on the morrow. The day is overcast, and the clouds threaten rain or snow. Why does he stop at the little village of Capellen? Because, right above him on the high cliff, the glorious ruin of Stolzenfels is looking at him with its hollow eyes, and beckoning to him with its gigantic finger, as if to say—"Come up hither, and I will tell thee an old tale." Therefore he alights, and goes up the narrow village lane, and up the stone steps, and up the steep pathway, and throws himself into the arms of that ancient ruin, and holds his breath, to hear the quick footsteps of the falling snow, like the footsteps of angels descending upon earth. And that ancient ruin speaks to him with its hollow voice, and says:—

"Beware of dreams! Beware of the illusions of fancy! Beware of the solemn deceivings of thy vast desires! Beneath me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of Time, it flows amid the ruins of the Past. I see myself therein, and I know that I am old. Thou, too, shalt be old. Be wise in season. Like the stream of thy life, runs the

stream beneath us. Down from the distant Alps,—out into the wide world, it bursts away like a youth from the house of his fathers. Broad-breasted and strong, and with earnest endeavours, like manhood, it makes itself a way through these difficult mountain-passes. And at length, in its old age, it falters, and its steps are weary and slow, and it sinks into the sand, and, through its grave, passes into the great ocean, which is its eternity. Thus shall it be with thee.

“In ancient times, there dwelt within these halls a follower of Jesus of Jerusalem,—an Archbishop in the church of Christ. He gave himself up to dreams; to the illusions of fancy; to the vast desires of the human soul. He sought after the impossible. He sought after the Elixir of Life,—the Philosopher’s Stone. The wealth that should have fed the poor was melted in his crucibles. Within these walls the Eagle of the clouds sucked the blood of the Red Lion, and received the spiritual love of the Green Dragon; but, alas! was childless. In solitude and utter silence did the disciple of the Hermetic Philosophy toil from day to day, from night to night. From the place where thou standest, he gazed at evening upon hills, and vales, and waters spread beneath him; and saw how the setting sun had changed them all to gold, by an alchemy more cunning than his own. He saw the world beneath his feet, and said in his heart that he alone was wise. Alas! he read more willingly in the book of Paracelsus than in the book of Nature; and, believing that, ‘where reason hath experience, faith hath no mind,’ would fain have made unto himself a child, not as Nature teaches us, but as the Philosopher taught,—a poor homunculus, in a glass bottle. And he died poor and childless!”

Whether it were worth while to climb the Stolzenfels to hear such a homily as this, some persons may perhaps doubt. But Paul Flemming doubted not. He laid the lesson to heart; and it would have saved him many an hour of sorrow, if he had learned that lesson better, and remembered it longer.

In ancient times, there stood in the citadel of Athens three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive-wood, and, according to popular tradition, had fallen from heaven. The second was of bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon; and the third of gold and ivory,—a great miracle of art in the age of Pericles. And thus in the citadel of Time stands Man himself. In childhood shaped of soft and delicate wood, just fallen from heaven; in manhood, a statue of bronze, commemorating struggle and victory; and, lastly, in the maturity of age, perfectly shaped in gold and ivory,—a miracle of art!

Flemming had already lived through the olive age. He was passing into the age of bronze, into his early manhood; and in his hands the flowers of Paradise were changing to the sword and shield.

And this reminds me that I have not yet described my hero. I will do it now, as he stands looking down on the glorious landscape; but in few words. Both in person and character he resembled Harold the Fair-hair of Norway, who is described, in the old Icelandic Death-Song of Regner Hairy-Breeches, as “the young chief so proud of his flowing locks; he who spent his mornings among the young maidens; he who loved to converse with the handsome widows.” This was an amiable weakness; and it sometimes led him into mischief. Imagination was the ruling power of his mind. His thoughts were twin-born; the thought itself, and its figurative semblance in the outer

world. Thus, through the quiet, still waters of his soul each image floated double, "swan and shadow."

These traits of character, a good heart and a poetic imagination, made his life joyous and the world beautiful; till at length Death cut down the sweet blue flower that bloomed beside him, and wounded him with that sharp sickle, so that he bowed his head, and would fain have been bound up in the same sheaf with the sweet blue flower. Then the world seemed to him less beautiful, and life became earnest. It would have been well if he could have forgotten the past; that he might not so mournfully have lived in it, but might have enjoyed and improved the present. But this his heart refused to do; and ever, as he floated upon the great sea of life, he looked down through the transparent waters, checkered with sunshine and shade, into the vast chambers of the mighty deep in which his happier days had sunk, and wherein they were lying still visible, like golden sands, and precious stones, and pearls; and, half in despair, half in hope, he grasped downward after them again, and drew back his hand, filled only with seaweed, and dripping with briny tears! And between him and those golden sands a radiant image floated, like the spirit in Dante's Paradise, singing "Ave Maria!" and while it sang, down-sinking, and slowly vanishing away.

In all things he acted more from impulse than from fixed principle, as is the case with most young men. Indeed, his principles hardly had time to take root; for he pulled them all up, every now and then, as children do the flowers they have planted,—to see if they are growing. Yet there was much in him which was good; for underneath the flowers and greensward of poetry, and the good principles which would have taken root, had he given them

time, there lay a strong and healthy soil of common sense, —freshened by living springs of feeling, and enriched by many faded hopes, that had fallen upon it like dead leaves.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

“ALLENZ, Fuchs! allez, lustig!” cried the impatient postilion to his horses, in accents which, like the wild echo of the Lurley Felsen, came first from one side of the river, and then from the other,—that is to say, in words alternately French and German. The truth is, he was tired of waiting; and when Flemming had at length resumed his seat in the postchaise, the poor horses had to make up the time he had lost in dreams on the mountain. This is far oftener the case than most people imagine. One half of the world must sweat and groan, that the other half may dream. It would have been a difficult task for the traveller or his postilion to persuade the horses that these dreams were all for their good.

The next stopping-place was the little tavern of the Star, an out-of-the-way corner in the town of Salzig. It stands on the banks of the Rhine; and, directly in front of it, sheer from the water's edge, rise the mountains of Liebenstein and Sternenfels, each with its ruined castle. These are the Brothers of the old tradition, still gazing at each other face to face; and beneath them in the valley stands a cloister,—meet emblem of that orphan child they both so passionately loved.

In a small flat-bottomed boat did the landlady's daughter row Flemming “over the Rhine-stream, rapid and roaring wide.” She was a beautiful girl of sixteen, with black

hair, and dark, lovely eyes, and a face that had a story to tell. How different faces are in this particular! Some of them speak not. They are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps a date. Others are great Family Bibles, with both the Old and the New Testament written in them. Others are Mother Goose and nursery tales; others, bad tragedies, or pickle-herring farces; and others, like that of the landlady's daughter at the Star, sweet love-anthologies, and songs of the affections. It was on that account that Flemming said to her, as they glided out into the swift stream:—

“My dear child! do you know the story of the Liebenstein?”

“The story of the Liebenstein,” she answered, “I knew by heart when I was a little child.”

And here her large, dark, passionate eyes looked into Flemming's, and he doubted not that she had learned the story far too soon and far too well. That story he longed to hear, as if it were unknown to him; for he knew that the girl, who had got it by heart when a child, would tell it as it should be told. So he begged her to repeat the story, which she was but too glad to do; for she loved and believed it, as if it had all been written in the Bible. But before she began, she rested a moment on her oars, and taking the crucifix which hung suspended from her neck, kissed it, and then let it sink down into her bosom, as if it were an anchor she was dropping into her heart. Meanwhile, her moist, dark eyes were turned to heaven. Perhaps her soul was walking with the souls of Cunizza, and Rahab, and Mary Magdalen. Or perhaps she was thinking of that nun, of whom St. Gregory says, in his Dialogues, that, having greedily eaten a lettuce in a garden, without making the sign of the cross, she found herself soon after possessed with a devil.

The probability, however, is, that she was looking at the ruined castles only, and not to heaven; for she soon began her story, and told Flemming how, a great, great many years ago, an old man lived in the Liebenstein with his two sons; and how both the young men loved the Lady Geraldine, an orphan, under their father's care; and how the elder brother went away in despair, and the younger was betrothed to the Lady Geraldine; and how they were as happy as Aschenputtel and the Prince. And then the holy Saint Bernard came and carried away all the young men to the war, just as Napoleon did afterwards; and the young lord went to the Holy Land, and the Lady Geraldine sat in her tower and wept, and waited for her lover's return, while the old father built the Sternenfels for them to live in when they were married. And when it was finished, the old man died; and the elder brother came back and lived in the Liebenstein, and took care of the gentle lady. Ere long there came news from the Holy Land that the war was over, and the heart of the gentle lady beat with joy, till she heard that her faithless lover was coming back with a Greek wife,—the wicked man! and then she went into a convent, and became a holy nun. So the young lord of Sternenfels came home, and lived in his castle in great splendour with the Greek woman, who was a wicked woman, and did what she ought not to do. But the elder brother was angry for the wrong done the gentle lady, and challenged the lord of Sternenfels to single combat. And while they were fighting with their great swords in the valley of Bornhofen behind the castle, the convent bells began to ring, and the Lady Geraldine came forth with a train of nuns all dressed in white, and made the brothers friends again, and told them she was the bride of Heaven, and happier in her convent than she could have been in

the Liebenstein or the Sternenfels. And when the brothers returned, they found that the false Greek wife had gone away with another knight. So they lived together in peace, and were never married. And when they died —— ”

“ Lisbeth ! Lisbeth ! ” cried a sharp voice from the shore, “ Lisbeth ! Where are you taking the gentleman ? ”

This recalled the poor girl to her senses ; and she saw how fast they were floating down stream. For in telling the story she had forgotten everything else, and the swift current had swept them down to the tall walnut-trees of Kamp. They landed in front of the Capuchin monastery. Lisbeth led the way through the little village, and, turning to the right, pointed up the romantic, lonely valley which leads to the Liebenstein, and even offered to go with him ; but Flemming patted her cheek and shook his head. He went up the valley alone.

CHAPTER V.

JEAN PAUL, THE ONLY ONE.

It was already night, when Flemming crossed the Roman bridge over the Nabe, and entered the town of Bingen. He stopped at the White Horse ; and, before going to bed, looked out into the dim starlight from his window towards the Rhine, and his heart leaped within him to behold the bold outline of the neighbouring hills crested with Gothic ruins, which in the morning proved to be only a high, slated roof, with fantastic chimneys.

The morning was bright and frosty, and the river tinged with gay colours by the rising sun. A soft, thin vapour floated in the air. In the sunbeams flashed the hoar-frost, like silver stars ; and through a long avenue of trees,

whose dripping branches bent and scattered pearls before him, Paul Flemming journeyed on in triumph.

The man in the play, who wished for "some forty pounds of lovely beef, placed in a Mediterranean sea of brewis," might have seen his ample desires almost realized at the table d'hôte of the Rheinischer Hof, in Mayence, where Flemming dined that day. At the head of the table sat a gentleman, with a smooth, broad forehead, and large intelligent eyes. He was from Baireuth in Franconia, and talked about poetry and Jean Paul to a pale, romantic-looking lady on his right. There was music all dinner-time at the other end of the hall; a harp and a horn and a voice; so that a great part of the fat gentleman's conversation with the pale lady was lost to Flemming, who sat opposite to her, and could look right into her large melancholy eyes. But what he heard so much interested him,—indeed, the very name of the beloved Jean Paul would have been enough for this,—that he ventured to join in the conversation, and asked the German if he had known the poet personally.

"Yes; I knew him well," replied the stranger. "I am a native of Baireuth, where he passed the best years of his life. In my mind the man and the author are closely united. I never read a page of his writings without hearing his voice, and seeing his form before me. There he sits, with his majestic, mountainous forehead, his mild blue eyes, and finely cut nose and mouth; his massive frame clad loosely and carelessly in an old green frock, from the pockets of which the corners of books project, and perhaps the end of a loaf of bread and the nose of a bottle; a straw hat, lined with green, lying near him; a huge walking-stick in his hand, and at his feet a white poodle, with pink eyes, and a string round his neck. You would

sooner have taken him for a master-carpenter than for a poet. Is he a favourite author of yours?" Flemming answered in the affirmative.

"But a foreigner must find it exceedingly difficult to understand him," said the gentleman. "It is by no means an easy task for us Germans."

"I have always observed," replied Flemming, "that the true understanding and appreciation of a poet depend more upon individual than upon national character. If there be a sympathy between the minds of writer and reader, the bounds and barriers of a foreign tongue are soon over-leaped. If you once understand an author's character, the comprehension of his writings becomes easy."

"Very true," replied the German, "and the character of Richter is too marked to be easily misunderstood. Its prominent traits are tenderness and manliness—qualities which are seldom found united in so high a degree as in him. Over all he sees, over all he writes, are spread the sunbeams of a cheerful spirit—the light of inexhaustible human love. Every sound of human joy and of human sorrow finds a deep-resounding echo in his bosom. In every man, he loves his humanity only, not his superiority. The avowed object of all his literary labours was to raise up again the down-sunken faith in God, Virtue, and Immortality; and, in an egotistical, revolutionary age, to warm again our human sympathies, which have now grown cold. And not less boundless is his love for nature—for this outward, beautiful world. He embraces it all in his arms."

"Yes," answered Flemming, almost taking the words out of the stranger's mouth, "for in his mind all things become idealized. He seems to describe himself when he describes the hero of his Titan as a child rocking in a high wind

upon the branches of a full-blossomed apple-tree, and as its summit, blown abroad by the wind, now sunk him in deep green, and now tossed him aloft in deep blue and glancing sunshine—in his imagination stood that tree gigantic; it grew alone in the universe, as if it were the tree of eternal life; its roots struck down into the abyss; the white and red clouds hung as blossoms upon it; the moon as fruit; the little stars sparkled like dew, and Albano reposed in its measureless summit; and a storm swayed the summit out of Day into Night, and out of Night into Day.”

“Yet the spirit of love,” interrupted the Franconian, “was not weakness, but strength. It was united in him with great manliness. The sword of his spirit had been forged and beaten by poverty. Its temper had been tried by a thirty years’ war. It was not broken, not even blunted, but rather strengthened and sharpened, by the blows it gave and received. And, possessing this noble spirit of humanity, endurance, and self-denial, he made literature his profession, as if he had been divinely commissioned to write. He seems to have cared for nothing else, to have thought of nothing else, than living quietly and making books. He says that he felt it his duty, not to enjoy, nor to acquire, but to write; and boasted that he had made as many books as he had lived years.”

“And what do you Germans consider the prominent characteristics of his genius?”

“Most undoubtedly, his wild imagination and his playfulness. He throws over all things a strange and magic colouring. You are startled at the boldness and beauty of his figures and illustrations, which are scattered everywhere with a reckless prodigality; multitudinous, like the blossoms of early summer, and as fragrant and beautiful. With

a thousand extravagances are mingled ten thousand beauties of thought and expression, which kindle the reader's imagination, and lead it onward in a bold flight through the glow of sunrise and sunset, and the dewy coldness and starlight of summer nights. He is difficult to understand—intricate—strange—drawing his illustrations from every by-corner of science, art, and nature—a comet among the bright stars of German literature. When you read his works, it is as if you were climbing a high mountain, in merry company, to see the sun rise. At times you are enveloped in mist—the morning wind sweeps by you with a shout—you hear the far-off muttering thunders. Wide beneath you spreads the landscape—field, meadow, town, and winding river. The ringing of distant church-bells, or the sound of solemn village clock, reaches you; then arises the sweet and manifold fragrance of flowers—the birds begin to sing—the vapours roll away—up comes the glorious sun—you revel like the lark in the sunshine and bright blue heaven, and all is a delirious dream of soul and sense, when suddenly a friend at your elbow laughs aloud, and offers you a piece of Bologna sausage. As in real life, so in his writings—the serious and the comic, the sublime and the grotesque, the pathetic and the ludicrous, are mingled together. At times he is sententious, energetic, simple; then, again, obscure and diffuse. His thoughts are like mummies embalmed in spices, and wrapped about with curious envelopments; but within these the thoughts themselves are kings. At times glad, beautiful images, airy forms, move by you, graceful, harmonious; at times the glaring, wild-looking fancies, chained together by hyphens, brackets, and dashes, brave and base, high and low, all in their motley dresses, go sweeping down the dusty page, like the galley slaves that sweep the streets

of Rome, where you may chance to see the nobleman and the peasant manacled together."

Flemming smiled at the German's warmth, to which the presence of the lady, and the Laubenheimer wine, seemed each to have contributed something, and then said:—

"Better an outlaw than not free!—These are his own words. And thus he changes at his will. Like the God Thor, of the old Northern mythology, he now holds forth the seven bright stars in the bright heaven above us, and now hides himself in clouds, and pounds away with his great hammer."

"And yet this is not affectation in him," rejoined the German. "It is his nature, it is Jean Paul. And the figures and ornaments of his style, wild, fantastic, and oft-times startling, like those in Gothic cathedrals, are not merely what they seem, but massive coignes and buttresses, which support the fabric. Remove them, and the roof and walls fall in. And through these gargoyles, these wild faces, these images of beasts and men carved upon spouts and gutters, flow out, like gathered rain, the bright, abundant thoughts, that have fallen from heaven. And all he does is done with a kind of serious playfulness. He is a sea-monster, disporting himself on the broad ocean; his very sport is earnest; there is something majestic and serious about it. In everything there is strength, a rough good-nature, all sunshine overhead, and underneath the heavy moaning of the sea. Well may he be called 'Jean Paul, the Only-One.'"

With such discourse the hour of dinner passed; and after dinner Flemming went to the cathedral. They were singing vespers. A beadle, dressed in blue, with a cocked hat, and a crimson sash and collar, was strutting, like a

turkey, along the aisles. This important gentleman conducted Flemming through the church, and showed him the choir, with its heavy-sculptured stalls of oak, and the beautiful figures in brown stone over the bishops' tombs. He then led him, by a side-door, into the old and ruined cloisters of St. Willigis. Through the low Gothic arches the sunshine streamed upon the pavement of tombstones, whose images and inscriptions are mostly effaced by the footsteps of many generations. There stands the tomb of Frauenlob, the Minnesinger. His face is sculptured on an entablature in the wall; a fine, strongly-marked, and serious countenance. Below it is a bas-relief, representing the poet's funeral. He is carried to his grave by ladies, whose praise he sang, and thereby won the name of Franenlob.

"This, then," said Flemming, "is the grave, not of Praise-God Bare-bones, but of Praise-the-Ladies Meissen, who wrote songs 'somewhat of lust, and somewhat of love.' But where sleeps the dust of his rival and foe, sweet Master Bartholomew Rainbow?"

He meant this for an aside; but the turkey-cock picked it up and answered:—

"I do not know. He did not belong to this parish."

I will not prolong this journey, for I am weary and way-worn, and would fain be at Heidelberg with my readers and my hero. It was already night when he reached the Manheim gate, and drove down the long Hauptstrasse so slowly, that it seemed to him endless. The shops were lighted on each side of the street, and he saw faces at the windows here and there, and figures passing in the lamp-light, visible for a moment, and then swallowed up in the darkness. The thoughts that filled his mind were strange, as are always the thoughts of a

traveller who enters for the first time a strange city. This little world had been going on for centuries before he came, and would go on for centuries after he was gone. Of all the thousands who inhabited it he knew nothing; and what knew they, or thought, of the stranger, who, in that close postchaise, weary with travel, and chilled by the evening wind, was slowly rumbling over the paved street? Truly, this world can go on without us, if we would but think so. If it had been a hearse instead of a postchaise, it would have been all the same to the people of Heidelberg, though by no means the same to Paul Flemming.

But at the farther end of the city, near the Castle and the Carls-Thor, one warm heart was waiting to receive him; and this was the German heart of his friend, the Baron of Hohenfels, with whom he was to pass the winter in Heidelberg. No sooner had the carriage stopped at the iron-grated gate, and the postilion blown his horn to announce the arrival of a traveller, than the Baron was seen among the servants at the door; and a few moments afterwards, the two long-absent friends were in each other's arms, and Flemming received a kiss upon each cheek, and another on the mouth as the pledge and seal of the German's friendship. They held each other long by the hand, and looked into each other's face, and saw themselves in each other's eyes, both literally and figuratively; literally, inasmuch as the images were there; and figuratively, inasmuch as each was imagining what the other thought of him, after the lapse of some years. In friendly hopes and questionings and answers, the evening glided away at the supper-table, where many more things were discussed than the roasted hare and the Johannisberger; and they sat late into the night, conversing of the

thoughts and feelings and delights which fill the hearts of young men who have already enjoyed and suffered, and hoped and been disappointed.

CHAPTER VI.

HEIDELBERG AND THE BARON.

HIGH and hoar on the forehead of the Jettenbühl stands the Castle of Heidelberg. Behind it rise the oak-crested hills of the Geissberg and the Kaisertuhl; and in front, from the wide terrace of masonry, you can almost throw a stone upon the roofs of the town, so close do they lie beneath. Above this terrace rises the broad front of the chapel of Saint Udalrich. On the left stands the slender octagon tower of the horologe; and on the right, a huge round tower, battered and shattered by the mace of war, shores up with its broad shoulders the beautiful palace and garden-terrace of Elizabeth, wife of the Count Palatine Frederick. In the rear are older palaces and towers, forming a vast, irregular quadrangle;—Rodolph's ancient castle, with its Gothic gloriëtte and fantastic gables; the Giant's Tower, guarding the drawbridge over the moat; the Rent Tower, with the linden-trees growing on its summit; and the magnificent Rittersaal of Otho-Henry, Count Palatine of the Rhine and Grand Seneschal of the Holy Roman Empire. From the gardens behind the castle, you pass under the archway of the Giant's Tower into the great court-yard. The diverse architecture of different ages strikes the eye; and curious sculptures. In niches on the wall of Saint Udalrich's chapel stand rows of knights in armour, broken and dismembered; and on the front of Otho's Rittersaal the heroes of Jewish history and

classic fable. You enter the open and desolate chambers of the ruin; and on every side are medallions and family arms; the Globe of the Empire and the Golden Fleece, or the Eagle of the Cæsars, resting on the escutcheons of Bavaria and the Palatinate. Over the windows and doorways and chimney-pieces are sculptures and mouldings of exquisite workmanship; and the eye is bewildered by the profusion of caryatides, and arabesques, and rosettes, and fan-like flutings, and garlands of fruits and flowers and acorns, and bullocks' heads with draperies of foliage, and muzzles of lions, holding rings in their teeth. The cunning hand of Art was busy for six centuries in raising and adorning these walls; the mailed hands of Time and War have defaced and overthrown them in less than two. Next to the Alhambra of Granada, the Castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages.

In the valley below flows the rushing stream of the Neckar. Close from its margin, on the opposite side, rises the Mountain of All-Saints, crowned with the ruins of a convent; and up the valley stretches the mountain-curtain of the Odenwald. So close and many are the hills which eastward shut the valley in, that the river seems a lake. But westward it opens upon the broad plain of the Rhine, like the mouth of a trumpet; and like the blast of a trumpet is at times the wintry wind through this narrow mountain-pass. The blue Alsatian hills rise beyond; and, on a platform or strip of level land, between the Neckar and the mountains, right under the castle, stands the town of Heidelberg; as the old song says, "a pleasant town when it has done raining."

Something of this did Paul Flemming behold, when he rose the next morning and looked from his window. It was a warm, vapoury morning, and a struggle was going on

between the mist and the rising sun. The sun had taken the hill-tops, but the mist still kept possession of the valley and the town. The steeple of the great church rose through a dense mass of snow-white clouds; and eastward, on the hills, the dim vapours were rolling across the windows of the ruined castle, like the fiery smoke of a fierce conflagration. It seemed to him an image of the rising of the sun of Truth on a benighted world; its light streamed through the ruins of centuries; and, down in the valley of Time, the cross on the Christian church caught its rays, though the priests were singing in mist and darkness below.

In the warm breakfast-room he found the Baron waiting for him. He was lying upon a sofa, in morning gown and purple-velvet slippers, both with flowers upon them. He had a guitar in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth, at the same time smoking, playing, and humming his favourite song from Goethe:—

“The water rushed, the water swelled,
A fisher sat thereby.”

Flemming could hardly refrain from laughing at the sight of his friend; and told him it reminded him of a street-musician he once saw in Aix-la-Chapelle, who was playing upon six instruments at once; having a helmet with bells on his head, a Pan's-reed in his cravat, a fiddle in his hand, a triangle on his knee, cymbals on his heels, and on his back a bass-drum, which he played with his elbows. To tell the truth, the Baron of Hohenfels was rather a miscellaneous youth, rather a universal genius. He pursued all things with eagerness, but for a short time only; music, poetry, painting, pleasure, even the study of the Pandects. His feelings were keenly alive to the enjoyment

of life. His great defect was, that he was too much in love with human nature. But by the power of imagination, in him, the bearded goat was changed to a bright Capricornus—no longer an animal on earth, but a constellation in heaven. An easy and indolent disposition made him gentle and childlike in his manners; and, in short, the beauty of his character, like that of the precious opal, was owing to a defect in its organization. His person was tall and slightly built; his hair light; and his eyes blue, and as beautiful as those of a girl. In the tones of his voice there was something indescribably gentle and winning; and he spoke the German language with the soft, musical accent of his native province of Curland. In his manners, if he had not "Antinous' easy sway," he had at least an easy sway of his own. Such, in few words, was the bosom friend of Flemming.

"And what do you think of Heidelberg and the old castle?" said he, as they seated themselves at the breakfast-table.

"Last night the town seemed very long to me," replied Flemming; "and as to the castle, I have as yet had but a glimpse of it through the mist. They tell me there is nothing finer in its way than this magnificent ruin; and I have no doubt I shall find it so, only I wish the stone were gray, and not red. But, red or gray, I foresee that I shall waste many a long hour in its desolate halls. Pray, does anybody live there now-a-days?"

"Nobody," answered the Baron, "but the man who shows the Heidelberg Tun, and a Frenchman, who has been there sketching ever since the year eighteen hundred and ten. He has, moreover, written a super-magnificent description of the ruin, in which he says, that during the day only birds of prey disturb it with their piercing cries,

and at night, screech-owls, and other fallow deer. You must buy his book and his sketches."

"Yes, the quotation and the tone of your voice will certainly persuade me so to do."

"Take his or none, my friend, for you will find no others. And seriously, his sketches are very good. There is one on the wall there, which is beautiful, save and except that straddle-bug figure among the bushes in the corner."

"But is there no ghost, no haunted chamber in the old castle?" asked Flemming, after casting a hasty glance at the picture.

"Oh, certainly," replied the Baron; "there are two. There is the ghost of the Virgin Mary in Ruprecht's Tower, and the Devil in the Dungeon."

"Ha! that is grand!" exclaimed Flemming, with evident delight. "Tell me the whole story quickly! I am as curious as a child."

"It is a tale of the times of Louis le Débonnaire," said the Baron, with a smile; "a mouldy tradition of a credulous age. His brother Frederick lived here in the castle with him, and had a flirtation with Leonore von Luzelstein, a lady of the court, whom he afterwards despised, and was consequently most cordially hated by her. From political motives, he was equally hateful to certain petty German tyrants, who, in order to effect his ruin, accused him of heresy. But his brother Louis would not deliver him up to their fury, and they resolved to effect by stratagem what they could not by intrigue. Accordingly, Leonore von Luzelstein, disguised as the Virgin Mary, and the father confessor of the Elector, in the costume of Satan, made their appearance in the Elector's bed-chamber at midnight, and frightened him so horribly, that he consented to deliver up his brother into the hands of two Black Knights, who

pretended to be ambassadors from the Vehm-Gericht. They proceeded together to Frederick's chamber; where, luckily, old Gemmingen, a brave soldier, kept guard behind the arras. The monk went foremost in his Satanic garb; but, no sooner had he set foot in the prince's bed-chamber, than the brave Gemmingen drew his sword, and said quaintly, 'Die, wretch!' and so he died. The rest took to their heels, and were heard of no more. And now the souls of Leonore and the monk haunt the scene of their midnight crime. You will find the story in the Frenchman's book, worked up with a kind of red-morocco and burnt-cork sublimity, and great melodramatic clanking of chains, and hooting of owls, and other fallow deer!"

"After breakfast," said Flemming, "we will go up to the castle. I must get acquainted with this mirror of owls, this modern Till Eulenspiegel. See what a glorious morning we have! It is truly a wondrous winter! what summer sunshine! what soft Venetian fogs! How the wanton, treacherous air coquets with the old gray-beard trees! Such weather makes the grass and our beards grow apace! But we have an old saying in English, that winter never rots in the sky. So he will come down at last in his old-fashioned mealy coat. We shall have snow in spring; and the blossoms will be all snow-flakes. And afterwards a summer, which will be no summer, but, as Jean Paul says, only a winter painted green. Is it not so?"

"Unless I am much deceived in the climate of Heidelberg," replied the Baron, "we shall not have to wait long for snow. We have sudden changes here; and I should not marvel much if it snowed before night."

"The greater reason for making good use of the morning sunshine, then. Let us hasten to the castle, after which my heart yearns."

CHAPTER VII.

LIVES OF SCHOLARS.

THE forebodings of the Baron proved true. In the afternoon the weather changed. The western wind began to blow, and drew a cloud-veil over the face of heaven, as a breath does over the human face in a mirror. Soon the snow began to fall. Athwart the distant landscape it swept like a white mist. The storm-wind came from the Alsatian hills, and struck the dense clouds aslant through the air; and ever faster fell the snow, a roaring torrent from those mountainous clouds. The setting sun glared wildly from the summit of the hills, and sank like a burning ship at sea, wrecked in the tempest. Thus the evening set in; and winter stood at the gate wagging his white and shaggy beard, like an old harper chanting an old rhyme:—"How cold it is! how cold it is!"

"I like such a storm as this," said Flemming, who stood at the window, looking out into the tempest and the gathering darkness. "The silent falling of snow is to me one of the most solemn things in nature. The fall of autumnal leaves does not so much affect me; but the driving storm is grand. It startles me; it awakens me. It is wild and woful, like my own soul. I cannot help thinking of the sea; how the waves run and toss their arms about, and the wind plays on those great sonorous harps, the shrouds and masts of ships. Winter is here in earnest! How the old churl whistles and thrashes the snow! Sleet and rain are falling too. Already the trees are bearded with icicles; and the two

broad branches of yonder pine look like the white mustache of some old German baron."

"And to-morrow it will look more wintry still," said his friend. "We shall wake up and find that the frost-spirit has been at work all night building Gothic cathedrals on our windows, just as the Devil built the Cathedral of Cologne. So draw the curtains, and come, sit here by the warm fire."

"And now," said Flemming, having done as his friend desired, "tell me something of Heidelberg and its University. I suppose we shall lead about as solitary and studious a life here as we did of yore in little Göttingen, with nothing to amuse us, save our own day-dreams."

"Pretty much so," replied the Baron; "which cannot fail to please you, since you are in pursuit of tranquillity. As to the University, it is, as you know, one of the oldest in Germany. It was founded in the fourteenth century by the Count Palatine Ruprecht, and had in the first year more than five hundred students, all busily committing to memory, after the old scholastic wise, the rules of grammar versified by Alexander de Villa Dei, and the extracts made by Peter the Spaniard from Michel Psellus's Synopsis of Aristotle's Organon; and the Categories, with Porphyry's Commentaries. Truly I do not much wonder that Erigena Scotus should have been put to death by his scholars with their penknives. They must have been pushed to the very verge of despair."

"What a strange picture a university presents to the imagination! The lives of scholars in their cloistered stillness;—literary men of retired habits, and professors who study sixteen hours a day, and never see the world but on a Sunday. Nature has, no doubt, for some wise purpose, placed in their hearts this love of literary labour

and seclusion. Otherwise, who would feed the undying lamp of thought? But for such men as these, a blast of wind through the chinks and crannies of this old world, or the flapping of a conqueror's banner, would blow it out for ever. The light of the soul is easily extinguished. And whenever I reflect upon these things, I become aware of the great importance, in a nation's history, of the individual fame of scholars and literary men. I fear that it is far greater than the world is willing to acknowledge; or, perhaps, I should say, than the world has thought of acknowledging. Blot out from England's history the names of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton, only, and how much of her glory would you blot out with them! Take from Italy such names as Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Michel Angelo, and Raphael, and how much would be wanting to the completeness of her glory! How would the history of Spain look, if the leaves were torn out on which are written the names of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon? What would be the fame of Portugal, without her Camoens; of France, without her Racine, and Rabelais, and Voltaire; or Germany, without her Martin Luther, her Goethe, and her Schiller? Nay, what were the nations of old, without their philosophers, poets, and historians? Tell me, do not these men, in all ages, and in all places, emblazon with bright colours the armorial bearings of their country? Yes, and far more than this; for in all ages and in all places they give humanity assurance of its greatness, and say,—'Call not this time or people wholly barbarous; for thus much, even then and there, could the human mind achieve!' But the boisterous world has hardly thought of acknowledging all this. Therein it has shown itself somewhat ungrateful. Else, whence the great reproach,

the general scorn, the loud derision, with which, to take a familiar example, the monks of the Middle Ages are regarded? That they slept their lives away is most untrue; for in an age when books were few,—so few, so precious, that they were often chained to their oaken shelves with iron chains, like galley-slaves to their benches,—these men, with their laborious hands, copied upon parchment all the lore and wisdom of the past, and transmitted it to us. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that, but for these monks, not one line of the classics would have reached our day. Surely, then, we can pardon something to those superstitious ages, perhaps even the mysticism of the scholastic philosophy; since, after all, we can find no harm in it, only the mistaking of the possible for the real, and the high aspirings of the human mind after a long-sought and unknown somewhat. I think the name of Martin Luther, the monk of Wittemberg, alone sufficient to redeem all monkhood from the reproach of laziness. If this will not, perhaps the vast folios of Thomas Aquinas will; or the countless manuscripts, still treasured in old libraries, whose yellow and wrinkled pages remind one of the hands that wrote them, and the faces that once bent over them.”

“An eloquent homily,” said the Baron, laughing; “a most touching appeal in behalf of suffering humanity! For my part, I am no friend of this entire seclusion from the world. It has a very injurious effect on the mind of a scholar. The Chinese proverb is true; a single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years’ mere study of books. I have known some of these literary men who thus shut themselves up from the world. Their minds never come in contact with those of their fellow-men. They read little. They think much. They are mere dreamers. They know not what is new

nor what is old. They often strike upon trains of thought, which stand written in good authors some century or so back, and are even current in the mouths of men around them. But they know it not, and imagine they are bringing forward something very original when they publish their thoughts."

"It reminds me," replied Flemming, "of what Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith, when he proposed to travel abroad in order to bring home improvements:—'He will bring home a wheel-barrow, and call that an improvement.' It is unfortunately the same with some of these scholars."

"And the worst of it is," said the Baron, "that, in solitude, some fixed idea will often take root in the mind, and grow till it overshadow all one's thoughts. To this must all opinions come; no thought can enter there which shall not be wedded to the fixed idea. There it remains and grows. It is like the watchman's wife, in the Tower of Waiblingen, who grew to such a size, that she could not get down the narrow staircase; and when her husband died, his successor was forced to marry the fat widow in the Tower."

"I remember an old English comedy," said Flemming, laughing, "in which a scholar is described as 'a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his tinder-box,—put on a pair of lined slippers—sit ruminating till dinner, and then go to his meat when the bell rings;—one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a license to spit;—or, if you will have him defined by negatives, he is one that cannot make a good leg,—one that cannot eat a mess of broth cleanly.' What think you of that?"

"That is just as people are always represented in English comedy," said the Baron. "The portrait is overcharged,—caricatured."

“And yet,” continued Flemming, “no longer ago than yesterday, in the preface of a work by a Professor of Philosophy in the University of Halle I read this passage.”

He opened a book and read.

“Here in Halle, where we have no public garden and no Tivoli, no London Exchange, no Paris Chamber of Deputies, no Berlin nor Vienna theatres, no Strasburg Minster nor Salzburg Alps, no Grecian ruins nor fantastic Catholicism,—in fine, nothing which, after one’s daily task is finished, can divert and refresh him, without his knowing or caring how,—I consider the sight of a proof-sheet quite as delightful as a walk in the Prater of Vienna. I fill my pipe very quietly, take out my inkstand and pens, seat myself in the corner of my sofa, read, correct, and now for the first time really set about thinking what I have written. To see this origin of a book, this metamorphosis of manuscript into print, is a delight to which I give myself up entirely. Look you,—this melancholy pleasure, which would have furnished the departed Voss with worthy matter for more than one blessed Idyl (the more so, as on such occasions I am generally arrayed in a morning gown, though, I am sorry to say, not a calamanco one with great flowers),—this melancholy pleasure has already grown here in Halle to a sweet, pedantic habit. Since I began my hermit’s life here, I have been printing; and so long as I remain here, I shall keep on printing. In all probability, I shall die with a proof-sheet in my hand.”

“This,” said Flemming, closing the book, “is no caricature by a writer of comedy, but a portrait by a man’s own hand. We can see by it how easily, under certain circumstances, one may glide into habits of seclusion, and in a kind of undress, slipshod hardihood, with a pipe and a

proof-sheet, defy the world. Into this state scholars have too often fallen; thus giving some ground for the prevalent opinion, that scholarship and rusticity are inseparable. To me, I confess, it is painful to see the scholar and the world assume so often a hostile attitude, and set each other at defiance. Surely, it is a characteristic trait of a great and liberal mind, that it recognises humanity in all its forms and conditions. I am a student; and always, when I sit alone at night, I recognise the divinity of the student, as she reveals herself to me in the flame of the midnight lamp. But because solitude and books are not unpleasant to me,—nay, wished for, sought after,—shall I say to my brother, ‘Thou fool?’ Shall I take the world by the beard, and say, ‘Thou art old, and mad?’ Shall I look society in the face, and say, ‘Thou art heartless?’ Heartless! Beware of that word! The good Jean Paul says, very wisely, that ‘Life in every shape should be precious to us, for the same reason that the Turks carefully collect every scrap of paper that comes in their way, because the name of God may be written upon it.’ Nothing is more true than this, yet nothing more neglected!”

“If it be painful to see this misunderstanding between scholars and the world,” said the Baron, “I think it is still more painful to see the private sufferings of authors by profession. How many have languished in poverty, how many died broken-hearted, how many gone mad with over-excitement and disappointed hopes! How instructive and painfully interesting are their lives! with so many weaknesses—so much to pardon—so much to pity—so much to admire! I think he was not so far out of the way who said, that, next to the Newgate Calendar, the Biography of Authors is the most sickening chapter in the history of man.”

“It is indeed enough to make one’s heart ache!” in-

interrupted Flemming. "Only think of Johnson and Savage, rambling about the streets of London at midnight, without a place to sleep in; Otway starved to death; Collins mad, and howling like a dog, through the aisles of Chichester Cathedral, at the sound of church music! and Goldsmith, strutting up Fleet-street in his peach-blossom coat, to knock a bookseller over the pate with one of his own volumes, and then, in his poverty, about to marry his landlady in Green Arbour Court."

"A life of sorrow and privation, a hard life indeed, do these poor devil authors have of it," replied the Baron; "and then, at last, must get them to the workhouse, or creep away into some hospital to die."

"After all," said Flemming with a sigh, "poverty is not a crime."

"But something worse," interrupted the Baron; "as Dufresny said, when he married his laundress, because he could not pay her bill. He was the author, as you know of the opera of Lot; at whose representation the great pun was made—I say the great pun, as we say the great Tun of Heidelberg. As one of the performers was singing the line, '*L'amour a vaincu Loth,*' (*vingt culottes,*) a voice from the pit cried out, '*Qu'il en donne une à l'autour!*'"

Flemming laughed at the unseasonable jest; and then, after a short pause, continued:—

"And yet, if you look closely at the causes of these calamities of authors, you will find that many of them spring from false and exaggerated ideas of poetry and the poetic character; and from disdain of common sense, upon which all character, worth having, is founded. This comes from keeping aloof from the world, apart from our fellow-men; disdainful of society, as frivolous. By too much sitting still the body becomes unhealthy; and soon the

mind. This is nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned."

"After all," said the Baron, "we must pardon much to men of genius. A delicate organisation renders them keenly susceptible to pain and pleasure. And then they idealise everything; and in the moonlight of fancy, even the deformity of vice seems beautiful."

"And this you think should be forgiven?"

"At all events, it is forgiven. The world loves a spice of wickedness. Talk as you will about principle, impulse is more attractive, even when it goes too far. The passions of youth, like unhooded hawks, fly high, with musical bells upon their jesses; and we forget the cruelty of the sport in the dauntless bearing of the gallant bird."

"And thus do the world and society corrupt the scholar!" exclaimed Flemming.

Here the Baron rang, and ordered a bottle of Prince Metternich. He then very slowly filled his pipe, and began to smoke. Flemming was lost in a day-dream.

CHAPTER VIII.

LITERARY FAME.

TIME has a Doomsday-Book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names. But, as often as a new name is written there, an old one disappears. Only a few stand in illuminated characters, never to be effaced, These are the high nobility of Nature,—Lords of the

Public Domain of Thought. Posterity shall never question their titles. But those, whose fame lives only in the indiscreet opinion of unwise men, must soon be as well forgotten as if they had never been. To this great oblivion must most men come. It is better, therefore, that they should soon make up their minds to this; well knowing, that, as their bodies must ere long be resolved into dust again, and their graves tell no tales of them; so must their names likewise be utterly forgotten, and their most cherished thoughts, purposes, and opinions have no longer an individual being among men, but be resolved and incorporated into the universe of thought. If, then, the imagination can trace the noble dust of heroes, till we find it stopping a beer-barrel, and know that

“Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away;”

not less can it trace the noble thoughts of great men, till it finds them mouldered into the common dust of conversation, and used to stop men's mouths, and patch up theories, to keep out the flaws of opinion. Such for example are all popular adages and wise proverbs, which are now resolved into the common mass of thought; their authors forgotten, and having no more an individual being among men.

It is better, therefore, that men should soon make up their minds to be forgotten, and look about them, or within them, for some higher motive, in what they do, than the approbation of men, which is Fame; namely, their duty; that they should be constantly and quietly at work, each in his sphere, regardless of effects, and leaving their fame to take care of itself. Difficult must this indeed be in our imperfection; impossible, perhaps, to achieve it wholly

Yet the resolute, the indomitable will of man can achieve much—at times, even this victory over himself; being persuaded that fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.

It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age, which is true. There is something equally true, yet not so common; namely, that, of these men of genius, the best and bravest are in advance not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose-poet says, every possible future is behind them. We cannot suppose that a period of time will ever arrive when the world, or any considerable portion of it, shall have come up abreast with these great minds, so as fully to comprehend them.

And, oh, how majestically they walk in history; some like the sun, "with all his travelling glories round him;" others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars! Through the else silent darkness of the past, the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps. Onward they pass, like those hoary elders seen in the sublime vision of an earthly paradise, attendant angels bearing golden lights before them, and, above and behind, the whole air painted with seven listed colours, as from the trail of pencils!

And yet, on earth, these men were not happy,—not all happy, in the outward circumstance of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison-bars, and the damp, weeping walls of dungeons! Oh, I have looked with wonder upon those who, in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort, and sickness, which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes; toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much; and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the

grave, and slept the sleep of death,—and the world talks of them while they sleep!

It would seem, indeed, as if all their sufferings had but sanctified them; as if the death-angel, in passing, had touched them with the hem of his garment, and made them holy; as if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls! And as in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life-eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and for ever!

This was Flemming's reverie. It was broken by the voice of the Baron, suddenly exclaiming:—

“An angel is flying over the house! Here, in this goblet, fragrant as the honey of Hymettus, fragrant as the wild flowers in the Angel's Meadow, I drink to the divinity of thy dreams.”

“This is all sunshine,” said Flemming, as he drank. “The wine of the Prince, and the Prince of wines. By the way, did you ever read that brilliant Italian dithyrambic, Redi's Bacchus in Tuscany? an ode which seems to have been poured out of the author's soul, as from a golden pitcher.

‘ Filled with the wine
Of the vine
Benign,
That flames so red in Sansovine.’

He calls the Montepulciano the king of all wines.”

“Prince Metternich,” said the Baron, “is greater than any king in Italy; and I wonder that this precious wine has never inspired a German poet to write a Bacchus on the Rhine. Many little songs we have on this theme, but none very extraordinary. The best are Max Schenken-

dorf's Song of the Rhine, and the Song of Rhine Wine, by Claudius, a poet who never drank Rhenish without sugar. We will drink for him a blessing on the Rhine."

And again the crystal lips of the goblets kissed each other, with a musical chime, as of evening bells at vintage-time from the villages on the Rhine. Of a truth, I do not much wonder that the German poet Schiller loved to write by candle-light with a bottle of Rhine-wine upon the table. Nor do I wonder at the worthy schoolmaster, Roger Ascham, when he says, in one of his letters from Germany to Mr. John Raven, of John's College: "Tell Mr. Maden I will drink with him now a carouse of wine; and would to God he had a vessel of Rhenish wine; and perchance, when I come to Cambridge, I will so provide here, that every year I will have a little piece of Rhenish wine." Nor, in fine, do I wonder at the German emperor of whom he speaks in another letter to the same John Raven, and says, "The emperor drank the best that I ever saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine."

"But to resume our old theme of scholars and their whereabouts," said the Baron, with an unusual glow, caught, no doubt, from the golden sunshine, imprisoned, like the student Anselmus, in the glass bottle; "where should the scholar live? In solitude, or in society? in the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat; or in the dark, gray town, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray town. Oh, they do greatly err who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees.

Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity;—the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass;—and to be in this, and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing with his fellow-men; such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armour should be somewhat bruised by rude encounters even, than hang for ever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Sarine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass, and flowers,

and moonlight. Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own, and carry with us everywhere, by the power of memory."

"I fear, however," interrupted Flemming, "that in towns the soul of man grows proud. He needs at times to be sent forth, like the Assyrian monarch, into green fields, 'a wondrous wretch and weedless,' to eat green herbs, and be wakened and chastised by the rain shower and winter's bitter weather. Moreover, in cities there is danger of the soul's becoming wed to pleasure, and forgetful of its high vocation. There have been souls dedicated to heaven from childhood, and guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all good purposes; wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns, and every image was a saint; and yet in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion, by the thronging passions of great cities, have become soiled and sinful. They resemble those convents on the river Rhine, which have been changed to taverns; from whose chambers the pious inmates have long departed, and in whose cloisters the footsteps of travellers have effaced the images of buried saints, and whose walls are written over with ribaldry and the names of strangers, and resound no more with holy hymns, but with revelry and loud voices."

"Both town and country have their dangers," said the Baron; "and therefore, wherever the scholar lives, he must never forget his high vocation. Other artists give themselves up wholly to the study of their art. It becomes with them almost religion. For the most part, and in their youth, at least, they dwell in lands where the whole atmosphere of the soul is beauty; laden with it, as the air may be with vapour, till their very nature is saturated with the genius of their art. Such, for example, is the artist's life in Italy."

“I agree with you,” exclaimed Flemming; “and such should be the poet’s everywhere; for he has his Rome, his Florence, his whole glowing Italy, within the four walls of his library. He has in his books the ruins of an antique world, and the glories of a modern one—his Apollo and Transfiguration. He must neither forget nor undervalue his vocation, but thank God that he is a poet, and everywhere be true to himself, and to ‘the vision and the faculty divine’ he recognises within him.”

“But, at any rate, a town life is most eventful,” continued the Baron. “The men who make, or take, the lives of poets and scholars always complain that these lives are barren of incidents. Hardly a literary biography begins without some such apology, unwisely made. I confess, however, that it is not made without some show of truth; if, by incidents, we mean only those startling events which suddenly turn aside the stream of time, and change the world’s history in an hour. There is certainly a uniformity, pleasing or unpleasing, in literary life, which for the most part makes to-day seem twin-born with yesterday. But if, by incidents, you mean events in the history of the human mind (and why not?), noiseless events, that do not scar the forehead of the world as battles do, yet change it not the less, then surely the lives of literary men are most eventful. The complaint and the apology are both foolish. I do not see why a successful book is not as great an event as a successful campaign, only different in kind, and not easily compared.”

“Indeed,” interrupted Flemming, “in no sense is the complaint strictly true, though at times apparently so. Events enough there are, were they all set down. A life that is worth writing at all is worth writing minutely. Besides, all literary men have not lived in silence and

solitude—not all in stillness, not all in shadow. For many have lived in troubled times, in the rude and adverse fortunes of the state and age, and could say, with Wallenstein—

‘Our life was but a battle and a march ;
And, like the wind’s blast, never-resting, homeless,
We stormed across the war-convulsed earth.’

Many such examples has history recorded; Dante, Cervantes, Byron, and others; men of iron; men who have dared to breast the strong breath of public opinion, and, like spectre-ships, come sailing right against the wind. Others have been puffed out by the first adverse wind that blew; disgraced and sorrowful, because they could not please others. Had they been men, they would have made these disappointments their best friends, and learned from them the needful lesson of self-reliance.”

“To confess the truth,” added the Baron, “the lives of literary men, with their hopes and disappointments, and quarrels and calamities, present a melancholy picture of man’s strength and weakness. On that very account the scholar can make them profitable for encouragement, consolation, warning.”

“And after all,” continued Flemming, “perhaps the greatest lesson which the lives of literary men teach us is told in a single word: Wait! Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands, like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle,—there is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it

is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the Present say, 'Come!' But the voices of the Past say, 'Wait!' With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainly, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness—not in useless pastime—not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavours, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world, whether I, or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame,—about what the world says of us; to be always looking into the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices. If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful! because their purpose is, not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the 'trick and fantasy of fame;' and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait! Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever

you do, without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement."

Thus endeth the First Book of Hyperion. I make no record of the winter. Paul Flemming buried himself in books—in old, dusty books. He worked his way diligently through the ancient poetic lore of Germany, from Frankish Legends of Saint George, and Saxon Rhyme-Chronicles, and Nibelungen-Lieds, and Helden-Buchs, and Songs of the Minnesingers and Mastersingers, and Ships of Fools, and Reynard the Foxes, and Death-Dances, and Lamentations of Damned Souls, into the bright, sunny land of harvests, where, amid the golden grain and the blue corn-flowers, walk the modern bards, and sing.

Book the Second.

“Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.”

CHAPTER I.

SPRING.

It was a sweet carol, which the Rhodian children sang of old in Spring, bearing in their hands, from door to door, a swallow, as herald of the season:—

“The Swallow is come!
The Swallow is come!
O, fair are the seasons, and light
Are the days that she brings,
With her dusky wings,
And her bosom snowy white!”

A pretty carol, too, is that which the Hungarian boys, on the islands of the Danube, sing to the returning stork in Spring:—

“Stork! Stork! poor Stork!
Why is thy foot so bloody?
A Turkish boy hath torn it;
Hungarian boy will heal it,
With fiddle, fife, and drum.”

But what child has a heart to sing in this capricious clime of ours, where Spring comes sailing in from the sea,

with wet and heavy cloud-sails, and the misty pennon of the east wind nailed to the mast? Yet even here, and in the stormy month of March even, there are bright, warm mornings, when we open our windows to inhale the balmy air. The pigeons fly to and fro, and we hear the whirring sound of wings. Old flies crawl out of the cracks to sun themselves, and think it is summer. They die in their conceit; and so do our hearts within us, when the cold sea breath comes from the eastern sea, and again

“The driving hail
Upon the window beats with icy flail.”

The red-flowering maple is first in blossom, its beautiful purple flowers unfolding a fortnight before the leaves. The moose-wood follows, with rose-coloured buds and leaves; and the dog-wood, robed in the white of its own pure blossoms. Then comes the sudden rain-storm; and the birds fly to and fro, and shriek. Where do they hide themselves in such storms? at what firesides dry their feathery cloaks? At the fireside of the great, hospitable sun; to-morrow, not before; they must sit in wet garments until then.

In all climates Spring is beautiful. In the south it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighbouring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature; whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost-like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through

the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in Spring time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is the odour of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and, ere long, our next-door neighbours will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves, to see if the school-boy loves them; and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

And at night so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough—not a breath of wind—not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain; but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep; but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

It was thus the Spring began in Heidelberg.

CHAPTER II.

A COLLOQUY.

“AND what think you of Tiedge's *Urania*?” said the Baron, smiling, as Paul Flemming closed the book, and laid it upon the table.

“I think,” said Flemming, “that it is very much like

Jean Paul's grandfather,—in the highest degree poor and pious."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Baron; "that is the best criticism I have heard upon the book. For my part, I dislike it as much as Goethe did. It was once very popular, and lay about in every parlour and bed-room. This annoyed the old gentleman exceedingly; and I do not wonder at it. He complains, that at one time nothing was sung or said but this Urania. He believed in Immortality, but wished to cherish his belief in quietness. He once told a friend of his, that he had, however, learned one thing from all this talk about Tiedge and his Urania; which was, that the saints, as well as the nobility, constitute an aristocracy. He said he found stupid women, who were proud because they believed in Immortality with Tiedge, and had to submit himself to not a few mysterious catechisings and tea-table lectures on this point; and that he cut them short by saying, that he had no objection whatever to enter into another state of existence hereafter, but prayed only that he might be spared the honour of meeting there any of those who had believed in it here; for, if he did, they would flock around him on all sides, exclaiming, 'Were we not in the right? Did we not tell you so? Has it not all turned out just as we said?'"

"How shocked the good old ladies must have been!" said Flemming.

"No doubt their nerves suffered a little; but the young women loved him all the better for being witty and wicked; and thought, if they could only marry him, how they would reform him."

"Bettina Brentano, for instance.

"Oh, no! That happened long afterwards. Goethe was then an old man of sixty. She had never seen him, and

knew him only by his writings; a romantic girl of seventeen."

"And yet much in love with the sexagenarian. And surely, a more wild, fantastic passion never sprang up in woman's breast. She was a flower that worshipped the sun."

"She afterwards married Achim von Arnim, and is now a widow. And not the least singular part of the affair is, that, having grown older, and I hope colder, she should herself publish the letters which passed between her and Goethe."

"Particularly the letter in which she describes her first visit to Weimar, and her interview with the hitherto invisible divinity of her dreams. The old gentleman took her upon his knees, and she fell asleep with her head upon his shoulder. Oberon must have touched her eyes with the juice of Love-in-idleness. However, this book of Goethe's Correspondence with a Child is a very singular and valuable revelation of the feelings which he excited in female hearts. You say she afterwards married Achim von Arnim?"

"Yes; and he and her brother, Clemens Brentano, published that wondrous book, the Boy's Wonder-Horn."

"The Boy's Wonder-Horn!" said Flemming, after a short pause, for the name seemed to have thrown him into a reverie. "I know the book almost by heart. Of all your German books, it is the one which produces upon my imagination the most wild and magic influence. I have a passion for ballads!"

"And who has not?" said the Baron, with a smile. "They are the gypsy-children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes, and by-paths of literature, in the genial Summer-time."

“Why do you say Summer-time, and not Summér?” inquired Flemming. “The expression reminds me of your old Minnesingers — of Heinrich von Ofterdingen, and Walther von der Vogelweide, and Count Kraft von Toggenburg, and your own ancestor, I dare say, Burkhart von Hohenfels. They were always singing of the gentle Summer-time. They seem to have lived poetry, as well as sung it; like the birds who make their marriage beds in the voluptuous trees.”

“Is that from Shakspeare?”

“No; from Lope de Vega.”

“You are deeply read in the lore of antiquity, and the Aubades and Watch-Songs of the old Minnesingers. What do you think of the shoemaker poets that came after them, with their guilds and singing-schools? It makes me laugh to think how the great streams of your German Helicon, shrunk to small rivulets, go bubbling and gurgling over the pebbly names of Zwinger, Wurgendrussel, Buchenlin, Hell-fire, Old Stoll, Young Stoll, Strong Bopp, Dang Brotscheim, Batt Spiegel, Peter Pfort, and Martin Gumpel. And then the Corporation of the Twelve Wise Masters, with their stumpfe-reime and klingende-reime, and their Hans Tindeisen’s rosemary-weise, and Joseph Schmierer’s flowery-paradise-weise, and Frauenlob’s yellow-weise, and blue-weise, and frog-weise, and looking-glass-weise!”

“Oh, I entreat you,” exclaimed Flemming, laughing, “do not call those men poets! You transport me to quaint old Nuremberg, and I see Hans Sachs making shoes, and Hans Folz shaving the burgomaster.”

“By the way,” interrupted the Baron, “did you ever read Hoffmann’s beautiful story of Master Martin, the Cooper of Nuremberg? I will read it to you this very night. It is the most delightful picture of that age which

you can conceive. But look! the sun has already set behind the Alsatian hills. Let us go up to the castle and look for the ghost in Prince Ruprecht's tower. Oh, what a glorious sunset!"

Flemming looked at the evening sky, and a shade of sadness stole over his countenance. He told not to his friend the sorrow with which his heart was heavy, but kept it for himself alone. He knew that the time, which comes to all man,—the time to suffer and be silent,—had come to him likewise; and he spake no word. Oh, well has it been said, that there is no grief like the grief which does not speak!

CHAPTER III.

OWL-TOWERS.

"THERE sits the old Frau Himmelauen, perched up in her owl-tower," said the Baron to Flemming, as they passed along the Hauptstrasse. "She looks down through her round-eyed spectacles from her nest there, and watches every one that goes by. I wonder what mischief she is hatching now. Do you know she has nearly ruined your character in town? She says you have a rakish look, because you carry a cane, and your hair curls. Your gloves, also, are a shade too light for a strictly virtuous man."

"It is very kind in her to take such good care of my character, particularly as I am a stranger in town. She is doubtless learned in the Clothes-Philosophy."

"And ignorant of everything else. She asked a friend of mine, the other day, whether Christ was a Catholic or a Protestant."

"That is really too absurd!"

“Not too absurd to be true. And, ignorant as she is, she contrives to do a good deal of mischief in the course of the year. Why, the women already call you Wilhelm Meister.”

“They are at liberty to call me what they please. But you, who know me better, know that I am something more than they would imply by the name.”

“She says, moreover, that the American women sit with their feet out of the window, and have no pocket-handkerchiefs.”

“Excellent!”

They crossed the market-place, and went up beneath the grand terrace into the court-yard of the castle.

“Let us go and sit under the great linden-trees that grow on the summit of the Rent Tower,” said Flemming. “From that point, as from a watch-tower, we can look down into the garden, and see the crowd below us.”

“And amuse ourselves, as old Frau Himmelaen does, at her window in the Hauptstrasse,” added the Baron.

The keeper's daughter unlocked for them the door of the tower, and, climbing the steep staircase, they seated themselves on a wooden bench under the linden-trees.

“How beautifully these trees overgrow the old tower! And see what a solid mass of masonry lies in the great fosse down there, toppled from its base by the explosion of a mine! It is like a rusty helmet cleft in twain, but still crested with towering plumes!”

“And what a motley crowd in the garden! Philisters and Sons of the Muses! And there goes the venerable Thibaut, taking his evening stroll. Do you see him there, with his silver hair flowing over his shoulders, and that friendly face which has for so many years pored over the Pandects? I assure you, he inspires me with

awe. And yet he is a merry old man, and loves his joke, particularly at the expense of Moses and other ancient lawgivers."

Here their attention was diverted by a wild-looking person, who passed with long strides under the archway in the fosse, right beneath them, and disappeared among the bushes. He was ill-dressed, his hair flying in the wind, his movements hurried and nervous, and the expression of his broad countenance wild, strange, and earnest.

"Who can that be?" asked Flemming. "He strides away indignantly, like one of Ossian's ghosts!"

"A great philosopher, whose name I have forgotten. Truly a strange owl!"

"He looks like a lion with a hat on."

"He is a mystic, who reads Schubert's History of the Soul, and lives, for the most part, in the clouds of the Middle Ages. To him the spirit-world is still open. He believes in the transmigration of souls; and I dare say is now following the spirit of some departed friend, who has taken the form of yonder pigeon."

"What a strange hallucination! He lives, I suppose, in the land of cloud-shadows. And, as St. Thomas Aquinas was said to be lifted up from the ground by the fervour of his prayers, so, no doubt, is he by the fervour of his visions."

"He certainly appears to neglect all sublunary things; and, to judge from certain appearances, since you seem fond of holy similitudes, one would say, that, like St. Serapion the Sindonite, he had but one shirt. Yet what cares he? he lives in that poetic dream-land of his thoughts, and clothes himself in poetry."

"He is a poet, then, as well as a philosopher?"

"Yes; but a poet who never writes. There is nothing

in nature to which his imagination does not give a poetic hue; but the power to make others see these objects in the same poetic light is wanting. Still he is a man of fine powers and feelings; for next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one—of finding one's self in him, as we Germans say."

Three figures, dressed in black, now came from one of the green alleys, and stopped on the brink of a fountain that was playing among the gay flowers in the garden. The eldest of the three was a woman in that season of life when the early autumn gives to the summer leaves a warmer glow, yet fades them not. Though the mother of many children, she was still beautiful; resembling those trees which blossom in October, when the leaves are changing, and whose fruit and blossom are on the branch at once. At her side was a girl of some sixteen years, who seemed to lean upon her arm for support. Her figure was slight; her countenance beautiful, though deadly white; and her meek eyes like the flower of the nightshade, pale and blue, but sending forth golden rays. They were attended by a tall youth of foreign aspect, who seemed a young Antinoüs, with a mustache and a nose *à la Kosciusko*. In other respects a perfect hero of romance.

"Unless mine eyes deceive me," said the Baron, "there is the Frau von Ilmenau, with her pale daughter Emma, and that eternal Polish Count. He is always hovering about them, playing the unhappy exile, merely to excite that poor girl's sympathies; and as wretched as genius and wantonness can make him."

"Why, he is already married, you know," replied Fleming; "and his wife is young and beautiful."

"That does not prevent him from being in love with some one else. That question was decided in the Courts of Love

in the Middle Ages. Accordingly he sent his fair wife to Warsaw. But how pale the poor child looks !”

“ She has just recovered from severe illness. In the winter, you know, it was thought she would not live from hour to hour.”

“ And she has hardly recovered from that disease, before she seems threatened with a worse one ; namely, a hopeless passion. However, people do not die of love now-a-days.”

“ Seldom, perhaps,” said Flemming. “ And yet it is folly to pretend that one ever wholly recovers from a disappointed passion. Such wounds always leave a scar. There are faces I can never look upon without emotion. There are names I can never hear spoken without almost starting.”

“ But whom have we here ?”

“ That is the French poet Quinet, with his fair German wife ; one of the most interesting women I ever knew. He is the author of a very wild Mystery, or dramatic prose-poem, in which the Ocean, Mont Blanc, and the Cathedral of Strasburg have parts to play ; and the saints on the stained windows of the minster speak, and the statues and dead kings enact the Dance of Death. It is entitled *Ahasuerus, or the Wandering Jew.*”

“ Or, as the Danes would translate it, the Shoemaker of Jerusalem. That would be a still more fantastic title for his fantastic book. You know I am no great admirer of the modern French school of writers. The tales of Paul de Kock seem to me like obscene stories told at dinner-tables. It has been truly said of him, that he is not only *populaire*, but *populacier* ; and rather harshly of George Sand and Victor Hugo, that their works stand like fortifications, well built and well supplied with warlike munitions, but ineffectual against the Grand Army of God,

which marches onward, as if nothing had happened. In surveying a national literature, the point you must start from is national character; that lets you into many a secret. The most prominent trait in the French character is love of amusement and excitement; and ——”

“I should say, rather, the fear of ennui,” interrupted Flemming. “Some one has said, with a great deal of truth, that ‘the gentry of France rush into Paris to escape from ennui, as, in the noble days of chivalry, the defenceless inhabitants of the champaign fled into the castles at the approach of some plundering knight or lawless baron; forsaking the inspired twilight of their native groves for the luxurious shades of the royal gardens.’ What do you think of that?”

The Baron replied with a smile:—

“There is only one Paris; and out of Paris there is no salvation for decent people.”

Thus conversing of many things, sat the two friends under the linden-trees on the Rent Tower, till gradually the crowd disappeared from the garden, and the objects around them grew indistinct in the fading twilight. Between them and the amber-coloured western sky, the dense foliage of the trees looked heavy and hard, as if cast in bronze; and already the evening stars hung like silver lamps in the towering branches of that Tree of Life, brought more than two centuries ago from its primeval paradise in America, to beautify the gardens of the Palatinate.

“I take a mournful pleasure in gazing at that tree,” said Flemming, as they rose to depart. “It stands there so straight and tall, with iron bands around its noble trunk and limbs, in silent majesty, or whispering only in its native tongue, and freighting the homeward wind with sighs! It reminds me of some captive monarch of a savage tribe,

brought over the vast ocean for a show, and chained in the public market-place of the city, disdainfully silent, or breathing only in melancholy accents a prayer for his native forest, a longing to be free."

"Magnificent!" cried the Baron. "I always experience something of the same feeling when I walk through a conservatory. The luxuriant plants of the tropics—those illustrious exotics, with their gorgeous flamingo-coloured blossoms, and great flapping leaves, like elephant's ears—have a singular working upon my imagination, and remind me of a menagerie and wild beasts kept in cages. But your illustration is finer; indeed, a grand figure. Put it down for an epic poem."

CHAPTER IV.

A BEER-SCANDAL.

On their way homeward, Flemming and the Baron passed through a narrow lane, in which was a well-known Studenten-Kneipe. At the door stood a young man, whom the Baron at once recognised as his friend Von Kleist. He was a student, and universally acknowledged, among his young acquaintance, as a "devilish handsome fellow;" notwithstanding a tremendous scar on his cheek, and a cream-coloured mustache, as soft as the silk of Indian corn. In short, he was a renowner and a duellist.

"What are you doing here, Von Kleist?"

"Ah, my dear Baron! Is it you? Come in; come in. You shall see some sport. A Fox-Commerce is on foot, and a regular Beer-Scandal."

"Shall we go in, Flemming?"

"Certainly. I should like to see how these things are

managed in Heidelberg. You are a baron, and I am a stranger. It is of no consequence what you and I do, as the king's fool Angeli said to the poet Bautru, urging him to put on his hat at the royal dinner-table."

William Lilly, the astrologer, says, in his Autobiography, that, when he was committed to the guard-room in Whitehall, he thought himself in hell; for "some were sleeping, others swearing, others smoking tobacco; and in the chimney of the room there were two bushels of broken tobacco-pipes, and almost half a load of ashes." What he would have thought, if he had peeped into this Heidelberg Studenten-Kneipe, I know not. He certainly would not have thought himself in heaven, unless it were a Scandinavian heaven. The windows were open, and yet so dense was the atmosphere with the smoke of tobacco and the fumes of beer, that the tallow candles burned but dimly. A crowd of students were sitting at three long tables in the large hall; a medley of fellows, known at German Universities under the cant names of Old-Ones, Mossy-Heads, Princes of Twilight, and Pomatum-Stallions. They were smoking, drinking, singing, screaming, and discussing the great Laws of the Broad-Stone and the Gutter. They had a great deal to say, likewise, about Besens, and Zobels, and Poussades; and if they had been charged for the noise they made, as travellers used to be in the old Dutch taverns, they would have had a longer bill to pay for that than for their beer.

In a large arm-chair, upon the middle table, sat one of those distinguished individuals known among German students as a Senior, or Leader of a Landsmannschaft. He was booted and spurred, and wore a very small crimson cap, and a very tight blue jacket, and very long hair, and a very dirty shirt. He was President of the night; and, as Flemming entered the hall with the Baron and his friend,

striking upon the table with a mighty broadsword, he cried in a loud voice :—

“Silentium!”

At the same moment, a door at the end of the hall was thrown open, and a procession of new-comers, or Nasty-Foxes, as they are called in the college dialect, entered two by two, looking wild, and green, and foolish. As they came forward, they were obliged to pass under a pair of naked swords, held crosswise by two Old-Ones, who, with pieces of burnt cork, made an enormous pair of mustaches on the smooth, rosy cheeks of each, as he passed beneath this arch of triumph. While the procession was entering the hall, the President lifted up his voice again, and began to sing the well-known Fox-song, in the chorus of which all present joined lustily.

WHAT comes there from the hill?
 What comes there from the hill?
 What comes there from the leathery hill?
 Sa! Sa!
 Leathery hill!
 What comes there from the hill?

It is a postilion!
 It is a postilion!
 It is a leathery postilion!
 Sa! Sa!
 Postilion!
 It is a postilion!

What brings the postilion?
 What brings the postilion?
 What brings the leathery postilion?
 Sa! Sa!
 Postilion!
 What brings the postilion?

He bringeth us a Fox!
 He bringeth us a Fox!
 He bringeth us a leathery Fox!
 Sa! Sa!
 Leathery Fox!
 He bringeth us a Fox!

Your servant, Masters mine.
 Your servant, Masters mine!
 Your servant, much-honoured Masters mine!
 Sa! Sa!
 Much-honoured Masters mine!
 Your servant, Masters mine!

How does the Herr Papa?
 How does the Herr Papa?
 How does the leathery Herr Papa?
 Sa! Sa!
 Herr Papa!
 How does the Herr Papa?

He reads in Cicero!
 He reads in Cicero!
 He reads in leathery Cicero!
 Sa! Sa!
 Cicero!
 He reads in Cicero!

How does the Frau Mamma?
 How does the Frau Mamma?
 How does the leathery Frau Mamma?
 Sa! Sa!
 Frau Mamma!
 How does the Frau Mamma?

She makes the Papa tea!
 She makes the Papa tea!
 She makes the Papa leathery tea!
 Sa! Sa!
 Leathery tea!
 She makes the Papa tea!

How does the Mamsell Sœur?
 How does the Mamsell Sœur?
 How does the leathery Mamsell Sœur?
 Sa! Sa!
 Mamsell Sœur!
 How does the Mamsell Sœur?

She knits the Papa stockings!
 She knits the Papa stockings!
 She knits the Papa leathery stockings!
 Sa! Sa!
 Leathery stockings!
 She knits the Papa stockings!

How does the Herr Rector?
 How does the Herr Rector?
 How does the leathery Herr Rector?
 Sa! Sa!
 Herr Rector!
 How does the Herr Rector?

He calls the scholar, Boy!
 He calls the scholar, Boy!
 He calls the scholar, leathery Boy!
 Sa! Sa!
 Leathery Boy!
 He calls the scholar, Boy!

And smokes the Fox tobacco?
 And smokes the Fox tobacco?
 And smokes the leathery Fox tobacco?
 Sa! Sa!
 Fox tobacco!
 And smokes the Fox tobacco?

A little, Masters mine!
 A little, Masters mine!
 A little, much-honoured Masters mine!
 Sa! Sa!
 Much-honoured Masters mine!
 A little, Masters mine!

Then let him fill a pipe!
 Then let him fill a pipe!
 Then let him fill a leathery pipe!
 Sa! Sa!
 Leathery pipe!
 Then let him fill a pipe!

O Lord! It makes me sick!
 O Lord! It makes me sick!
 O Lord! It makes me leathery sick!
 Sa! Sa!
 Leathery sick!
 O Lord! It makes me sick!

Then let him throw it off!
 Then let him throw it off!
 Then let him throw it leathery off!
 Sa! Sa!
 Leathery off!
 Then let him throw it off!

Now I again am well!
 Now he again is well!
 Now I again am leathery well!
 Sa! Sa!
 Leathery well!
 Now I again am well!

So grows the Fox a Bursch!
 So grows the Fox a Bursch!
 So grows the leathery Fox a Bursch!
 Sa! Sa!
 Fox a Bursch!
 So grows the Fox a Bursch!

At length the song was finished. Meanwhile large tufts and strips of paper had been twisted into the hair of the Branders, as those are called who have been already one term at the University, and then, at a given signal, were set on fire, and the Branders rode round the table on chairs

amid roars of laughter. When this ceremony was completed, the President rose, and, in a solemn voice, pronounced a long discourse, in which old college jokes were mingled with much parental advice to young men on entering life, and the whole was profusely garnished with select passages from the Old Testament. Then they all seated themselves at the table, and the heavy beer-drinking set in, as among the Gods and Heroes of the old Northern mythology.

“ Brander! Brander!” screamed a youth, whose face was hot and flushed with supper and with beer; “ Brander, I say! Thou art a Doctor! No, a Pope;—thou art a Pope, by ——!”

These words were addressed to a pale, quiet-looking person, who sat opposite, and was busy in making a wretched shaved poodle sit on his hind legs in a chair, by his master’s side, and hold a short clay pipe in his mouth,—a performance to which the poodle seemed nowise inclined.

“ Thou art challenged!” replied the pale student, turning from his dog, who dropped the pipe from his mouth and leaped under the table.

Seconds were chosen on the spot, and the arms ordered; namely, six mighty goblets, or Bassgläser, filled to the brim with foaming beer. Three were placed before each duellist.

“ Take your weapons!” cried one of the seconds, and each of the combatants seized a goblet in his hand.

“ Strike!”

And the glasses rang with a salutation like the crossing of swords.

“ Set to!”

Each set the goblet to his lips.

“ Out!”

And each poured the contents down his throat, as if he were pouring them through a tunnel into a beer-barrel. The other two glasses followed in quick succession, hardly a long breath drawn between. The pale student was victorious. He was first to drain the third goblet. He held it for a moment inverted, to let the last drops fall out, and then placing it quietly on the table, looked his antagonist in the face, and said :—

“ Hit ! ”

Then, with the greatest coolness, looking under the table, he whistled for his dog. His antagonist stopped midway in his third glass. Every vein in his forehead seemed bursting; his eyes were wild and bloodshot, his hand gradually loosened its hold upon the table, and he sank and rolled together like a sheet of lead. He was drunk.

At this moment a majestic figure came stalking down the table, ghost-like, through the dim, smoky atmosphere. His coat was off, his neck bare, his hair wild, his eyes wide open, and looking straight before him, as if he saw some beckoning hand in the air that others could not see. His left hand was upon his hip, and in his right he held a drawn sword extended, and pointing downward. Regardless of every one, erect, and with a martial stride, he marched directly along the centre of the table, crushing glasses and overthrowing bottles at every step. The students shrunk back at his approach; till at length one more intoxicated, or more courageous, than the rest, dashed a glass full of beer into his face. A general tumult ensued, and the student with the sword leaped to the floor. It was Von Kleist. He was renouncing it. In the midst of the uproar could be distinguished the offensive words :—

“ Arrogant ! Absurd ! Impertinent ! Dummer Junge ! ”

Von Kleist went home that night with no less than

six duels on his hands. He fought them all out in as many days, and came off with only a gash through his upper lip and another through his right eyelid from a dexterous Suabian Schläger.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE LADY'S SLIPPER AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

THAT night Emma of Ilmenau went to her chamber with a heavy heart, and her dusky eyes were troubled with tears. She was one of those gentle beings who seem created only to love and to be loved. A shade of melancholy softened her character. She shunned the glare of daylight and of society, and wished to be alone. Like the evening primrose, her heart opened only after sunset; but bloomed through the dark night with sweet fragrance. Her mother, on the contrary, flaunted in the gairish light of society. There was no sympathy between them. Their souls never approached, never understood each other, and words were often spoken which wounded deeply; and therefore Emma of Ilmenau went to her chamber that night with tears in her eyes.

She was followed by her French chambermaid, Madeleine, a native of Strasburg, who had grown old in the family. In her youth, she had been poor,—and virtuous, because she had never been tempted; and now that she had grown old, and seen no immediate reward for her virtue, as is usual with weak minds, she despaired of Providence, and regretted she had never been tempted. Whilst this unfortunate personage was lighting the wax tapers on the toilet, and drawing the bed-curtains, and tattling about the room, Emma threw herself into an arm-chair, and, crossing her

hands in her lap, and letting her head fall upon her bosom, seemed lost in a dream.

“Why have these gentle feelings been given me?” said she in her heart. “Why have I been born with all these warm affections—these ardent longings after what is good, if they lead only to sorrow and disappointment? I would love some one—love him once and for ever—devote myself to him alone—live for him—die for him—exist alone in him! But, alas! in all this wide world there is none to love me, as I would be loved—none whom I may love, as I am capable of loving. How empty, how desolate, seems the world about me! Why has Heaven given me these affections, only to fall and fade?”

Alas! poor child! thou, too, must learn, like others, that the sublime mystery of Providence goes on in silence, and gives no explanation of itself—no answer to our impatient questionings!

“Bless me, child, what ails you?” exclaimed Madeleine, perceiving that Emma paid no attention to her idle gossip. “When I was of your age ——”

“Do not talk to me now, good Madeleine. Leave me; I wish to be alone.”

“Well, here is something,” continued the maid, taking a billet from her bosom, “which I hope will enliven you. When I was of your age ——”

“Hush! hush!” said Emma, taking the billet from the hard hand of Madeleine. “Once more I beg you, leave me. I wish to be alone.”

Madeleine took the lamp and retired slowly, wishing her young mistress many good nights and rosy dreams. Emma broke the seal of the note. As she read, her face became deadly pale, and then, as quick as thought, a crimson blush gleamed on her cheek, and her hands trembled. Tender-

ness, pity, love, offended pride, the weakness and dignity of woman, were all mingled in her look, changing and passing over her fine countenance like cloud-shadows. She sunk back in her chair, covering her face with her hands, as if she would hide it from herself and Heaven.

“He loves me!” said she to herself; “loves me; and is married to another, whom he loves not! and dares to tell me this! Oh, never—never—never! And yet he is so friendless and alone in this unsympathising world—and an exile, and homeless! I can but pity him—yet I hate him, and will see him no more!”

This short reverie of love and hate was broken by the sound of a clear, mellow voice, which, in the universal stillness of the hour, seemed almost like the voice of a spirit. It was a voice, without the accompaniment of any instrument, singing those sweet lines of Goethe:—

“Under the tree-tops is quiet now!
In all the woodlands hearest thou
Not a sound!
The little birds are asleep in the trees;
Wait! wait! and soon, like these,
Sleepest thou!”

Emma knew the voice, and started. She rushed to the window to close it. It was a beautiful night, and the stars were shining peacefully over the mountain of All-Saints. The sound of the Neckar was soft and low; nightingales were singing among the brown shadows of the woods; the large red moon shone, like a ruby, in the horizon's ample ring; and golden threads of light seemed braided together with the rippling current of the river. Tall and spectral stood the white statues on the bridge. The outlines of the hills, the castle, the arches of the bridge, and the spires and roofs of the town were as strongly marked as if cut out

of pasteboard. Amid this fairy scene, a little boat was floating silently down the stream. Emma closed the window hastily, and drew the curtains close.

“I hate him; and yet I will pray for him,” said she, as she laid her weary head upon that pillow, from which, but a few months before, she thought she should never raise it again. “Oh, that I had died then! I dare not love him, but I will pray for him!”

Sweet child! If the face of the deceiver comes so often between thee and Heaven, I tremble for thy fate! The plant that sprang from Helen's tears destroyed serpents;—would that from thine might spring up heart's-ease,—some plant, at least, to destroy the serpents in thy bosom! Believe me, upon the margin of celestial streams alone those simples grow which cure the heart-ache!

And this the silent stars beheld, looking down from heaven, and told it not again. This, likewise, the Frau Himmelaen beheld, looking from her chamber-window, and was not so discreet as the silent stars.

CHAPTER VI.

GLIMPSES INTO CLOUD-LAND.

“THERE are many things, which, having no corporeal evidence, can be perceived and comprehended only by the discursive energies of reason. Hence the ambiguous nature of matter can be comprehended only by adulterated opinion. Matter is the principle of all bodies, and is stamped with the impression of forms. Fire, air, and water derive their origin and principle from the scalene triangle. But the earth was created from right-angled triangles, of which two of the sides are equal. The sphere and the pyramid contain

ancient saying of the Persians, that the waters rush from the mountains and hurry forth into all the lands to find the Lord of the Earth ; and the flame of the fire, when it awakes, gazes no more upon the ground, but mounts heavenward to seek the Lord of Heaven ; and here and there the Earth has built the great watch-towers of the mountain and they lift their heads far up into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around, to see if the Judge of the World comes not ! Thus in Nature herself, without man, there lies a waiting and hoping, a looking and yearning, after an unknown somewhat. Yes ; when, above there, where the mountain lifts its head over all others, that it may be alone with the clouds and storms of heaven, the lonely eagle looks forth into the grey dawn, to see if the day comes not ; when, by the mountain torrent, the brooding raven listens to hear if the chamois is returning from his nightly pasture in the valley ; and when the soon uprising sun calls out the spicy odours of the thousand flowers, the Alpine flowers, with heaven's deep blue and the blush of sunset on their leaves—then there awake in Nature, and the soul of man can see and comprehend them, an expectation and a longing for a future revelation of God's majesty. They awake, also, when, in the fulness of life, field and forest rest at noon, and through the stillness are heard only the song of the grasshopper and the hum of the bee ; and when at evening the singing lark up from the sweet-smelling vineyards rises, or in the later hours of night Orion puts on his shining armour, to walk forth into the fields of heaven. But in the soul of man alone is this longing changed to certainty, and fulfilled. For, lo ! the light of the sun and the stars shines through the air, and is nowhere visible and seen ; the planets hasten with more than the speed of the storm through infinite space, and their footsteps are not

heard; but where the sunlight strikes the firm surface falls the planets, where the storm-wind smites the wall of the mountain cliff, there is the one seen and the other heard. Thus is the glory of God made visible, and may be seen, where, in the soul of man, it meets its likeness changeless and firm-standing. Thus, then, stands Man;—a mountain on the boundary between two worlds;—its foot in one, its summit far-rising into the other. From this summit the manifold landscape of life is visible, the way of the Past and Perishable, which we have left behind us; and as we evermore ascend, bright glimpses of the daybreak of Eternity beyond us!”

Flemming would fain have interrupted this discourse at times, to answer and inquire; but the Professor went on, warming and glowing more and more. At length, there was a short pause, and Flemming said:—

“All these indefinite longings, these yearnings after an unknown somewhat, I have felt and still feel within me; but not yet their fulfilment.”

“That is because you have not faith,” answered the Professor. “The Present is an age of doubt, and disbelief, and darkness; out of which shall arise a clear and bright Hereafter. In the second part of Goethe’s *Faust* there is a grand and striking scene, where, in the classical *Walpurgis Night*, on the *Pharsalian Plains*, the mocking *Mephistopheles* sits down between the solemn antique *Sphinxes*, and boldly questions them, and reads their riddles. The red light of innumerable watch-fires glares round about, and shines upon the terrible face of the arch-scoffer; while on either side, severe, majestic, solemnly serene, we behold the gigantic forms of the children of *Chimæra*, half buried in the earth, their mild eyes gazing fixedly, as if they heard through the midnight the swift-rushing wings of the *Stymphalides*,

striving to outstrip the speed of Alcides' arrows! Angry Griffins are near them; and not far are Sirens, singing their wondrous songs from the rocking branches of the willow-trees! Even thus does a scoffing and unbelieving Present sit down between an unknown Future and a too believing Past, and question and challenge the gigantic forms of Faith, half buried in the sands of Time, and gazing forward steadfastly into the night, whilst sounds of anger and voices of delight alternate vex and soothe the ear of man! But the time will come when the soul of man shall return again childlike and trustful to its faith in God, and look God in the face and die; for it is an old saying, full of deep, mysterious meaning, that he must die who hath looked upon a God. And this is the fate of the soul, that it should die continually. No sooner here on earth does it awake to its peculiar being, than it struggles to behold and comprehend the Spirit of Life. In the first dim twilight of its existence, it beholds this spirit, is pervaded by its energies, is quick and creative like the spirit itself, and yet slumbers away into death after having seen it. But the image it has seen remains; in the eternal procreation, as a homogeneal existence, is again renewed; and the seeming death, from moment to moment, becomes the source of kind after kind of existences in ever-ascending series. The soul aspires ever onward to love and to behold. It sees the image more perfect in the brightening twilight of the dawn, in the ever higher-rising sun. It sleeps again, dying in the clearer vision; but the image seen remains as a permanent kind; and the slumberer awakes anew and ever higher after its own image, till at length, in the full blaze of noonday, a being comes forth, which, like the eagle, can behold the sun and die not. Then both live on, even when this bodily element, the mist and vapour

through which the young eagle gazed, dissolves and falls to earth."

"I am not sure that I understand you," said Flemming; "but if I do, you mean to say, that, as the body continually changes and takes unto itself new properties, and is not the same to-day as yesterday, so likewise the soul lays aside its idiosyncrasies, and is changed by acquiring new powers, and thus may be said to die. And hence, properly speaking, the soul lives always in the Present, and has, and can have, no Future; for the Future becomes the Present, and the soul that then lives in me is a higher and more perfect soul; and so onward for evermore."

"I mean what I say," continued the Professor; "and can find no more appropriate language to express my meaning than that which I have used. But, as I said before, pardon must be granted to the novelty of words, when it serves to illustrate the obscurity of things. And I think you will see clearly from what I have said, that this earthly life, when seen hereafter from heaven, will seem like an hour passed long ago, and dimly remembered;—that long, laborious, full of joys and sorrows as it is, it will then have dwindled down to a mere point, hardly visible to the far-reaching ken of the disembodied spirit. But the spirit itself soars onward. And thus death is neither an end nor a beginning. It is a transition, not from one existence to another, but from one state of existence to another. No link is broken in the chain of being; any more than in passing from infancy to manhood, from manhood to old age. There are seasons of reverie and deep abstraction, which seem to me analogous to death. The soul gradually loses its consciousness of what is passing around it, and takes no longer cognizance of objects which are near. It seems for the moment to have dissolved its connection with

the body. It has passed, as it were, into another state of being. It lives in another world. It has flown over lands and seas, and holds communion with those it loves in distant regions of the earth, and the more distant heaven. It sees familiar faces, and hears beloved voices, which to the bodily senses are no longer visible and audible. And this likewise is death; save that, when we die, the soul returns no more to the dwelling it has left."

"You seem to take it for granted," interrupted Flemming, "that, in our reveries, the soul really goes out of the body into distant places, instead of summoning up their semblance within itself by the power of memory and imagination."

"Something I must take for granted," replied the Professor. "We will not discuss that point now. I speak not without forethought. Just observe what a glorious thing human life is, when seen in this light; and how glorious man's destiny. I am; thou art; he is! seems but a school-boy's conjugation. But therein lies a mysterious meaning. We behold all round about us one vast union, in which no man can labour for himself, without labouring at the same time for all others; a glimpse of truth, which, by the universal harmony of things, becomes an inward benediction, and lifts the soul mightily upward. Still more so, when a man regards himself as a necessary member of this union. The feeling of our dignity and our power grows strong, when we say to ourselves: 'My being is not objectless and in vain; I am a necessary link in the great chain, which, from the full development of consciousness in the first man, reaches forward into eternity. All the great, and wise, and good among mankind, all the benefactors of the human race, whose names I read in the world's history, and the still greater number of those whose good deeds have outlived

their names,—all those have laboured for me. I have entered into their harvest. I walk the green earth which they inhabited. I tread in their footsteps, from which blessings grow. I can undertake the sublime task which they once undertook, the task of making our common brotherhood wiser and happier. I can build forward, where they were forced to leave off; and bring nearer to perfection the great edifice which they left uncompleted. And at length I, too, must leave it, and go hence. Oh, this is the sublimest thought of all! I can never finish the noble task; therefore, so sure as this task is my destiny, I can never cease to work, and consequently never cease to be. What men call death cannot break off this task, which is never-ending; consequently no period is set to my being, and I am eternal. I lift my head boldly to the threatening mountain-peaks, and to the roaring cataract, and to the storm-clouds swimming in the fire-sea overhead, and say—I am eternal, and defy your power! Break, break over me! and thou Earth, and thou Heaven, mingle in the wild tumult! and ye Elements, foam and rage, and destroy this atom of dust—this body, which I call mine! My will alone, with its fixed purpose, shall hover brave and triumphant over the ruins of the universe; for I have comprehended my destiny; and it is more durable than ye! It is eternal; and I, who recognise it, I likewise am eternal!’ Tell me, my friend, have you no faith in this?”

“I have,” answered Flemming; and there was another pause. He then said:—

“I have listened to you patiently and without interruption. Now listen to me. You complain of the scepticism of the age. This is one form in which the philosophic spirit of the age presents itself. Let me tell you, that

another form which it assumes is that of poetic reverie. Plato of old had dreams like these; and the Mystics of the Middle Ages; and still their disciples walk in the cloud-land and dream-land of this poetic philosophy. Pleasant and cool upon their souls lie the shadows of the trees under which Plato taught. From their whispering leaves comes wafted across the noise of populous centuries a solemn and mysterious sound, which to them is the voice of the Soul of the World. All nature has become spiritualised and transfigured; and, wrapped in beautiful, vague dreams of the real and the ideal, they live in this green world, like the little child in the German tale, who sits by the margin of a woodland lake, and hears the blue heaven and the branches overhead dispute with their reflection in the water, which is the reality and which the image. I willingly confess that such day-dreams as these appeal strongly to my imagination. Visitants and attendants are they of those lofty souls, which, soaring ever higher and higher, build themselves nests under the very eaves of the stars, forgetful that they cannot live on air, but must descend to earth for food. Yet I recognise them as day-dreams only; as shadows, not substantial things. What I mainly dislike in the New Philosophy is the cool impertinence with which an old idea, folded in a new garment, looks you in the face and pretends not to know you, though you have been familiar friends from childhood. I remember an English author, who, in speaking of your German philosophies, says very wisely: 'Often, a proposition of inscrutable and dread aspect, when resolutely grappled with, and torn from its shady den, and its bristling intrenchments of uncouth terminology, and dragged forth into the open light of day, to be seen by the natural eye and tried by merely human understanding, proves to be

a very harmless truth, familiar to us from old, sometimes so familiar as to be a truism. Too frequently the anxious novice is reminded of Dryden in the *Battle of the Books*; there is a helmet of rusty iron, dark, grim, gigantic; and within it, at the farthest corner, is a head no bigger than a walnut.'—Can you believe that these words ever came from the pen of Thomas Carlyle? He has himself taken up the uncouth terminology, of late; and many pure, simple minds are much offended at it. They seem to take it as a personal insult. They are angry, and deny the just meed of praise. It is, however, hardly worth while to lose our presence of mind. Let us rather profit as we may, even from this spectacle, and recognise the monarch in his masquerade. For, hooded and wrapped about with that strange and antique garb, there walks a kingly, a most royal soul, even as the Emperor Charles walked amid solemn cloisters under a monk's cowl,—a monarch still in soul. Such things are not new in the history of the world. Ever and anon they sweep over the earth, and blow themselves out soon; and then there is quiet for a season, and the atmosphere of Truth seems more serene. Why would you preach to the wind? Why reason with thunder-showers? Better sit quiet, and see them pass over like a pageant, cloudy, superb, and vast."

The Professor smiled self-complacently, but said not a word. Flemming continued:—

"I will add no more than this: there are many speculations in literature, philosophy, and religion, which, though pleasant to walk in, and lying under the shadow of great names, yet lead to no important result. They resemble rather those roads in the Western forests of my native land, which, though broad and pleasant at first, and lying beneath the shadow of great branches,

finally dwindle to a squirrel track, and run up a tree!"

The Professor hardly knew whether he should laugh or be offended at this sally; and, laying his hand upon Flemming's arm, he said seriously:—

"Believe me, my young friend, the time will come when you will think more wisely on these things. And with you, I trust, that time will soon come; since it moves more speedily with some than with others. For what is Time? The shadow on the dial—the striking of the clock—the running of the sand—day and night—summer and winter—months, years, centuries;—these are but arbitrary and outward signs—the measure of Time, not Time itself. Time is the Life of the Soul. If not this, then tell me, what is Time?"

The high and animated tone of voice in which the Professor uttered these words aroused the Baron from his sleep; and, not distinctly comprehending what was said, but thinking the Professor asked what time it was, he innocently exclaimed:—

"I should think it must be near midnight!"

This somewhat disconcerted the Professor, who took his leave soon afterward. When he was gone, the Baron said:—

"Excuse me for treating your guest so cavalierly. His philosophy annoyed me not a little; and I took refuge in sleep. One would think, to judge by the language of this sect, that they alone saw any beauty in Nature; and, when I hear one of them discourse, I am instantly reminded of Goethe's Baccalaureus, when he exclaims: 'The world was not, before I created it; I brought the sun up out of the sea; with me began the changeful course of the moon; the day decked itself on my account; the earth grew green and

blossomed to meet me; at my nod, in that first night, the pomp of all the stars developed itself; who but I set you free from all the bonds of Philister-like, contracting thoughts? I, however, emancipated as my mind assures me I am, gladly pursue my inward light, advance boldly in a transport peculiarly my own, the bright before me, and the dark behind!—Do you not see a resemblance? Oh, they might be modest enough to confess, that one straggling ray of light may, by some accident, reach the blind eyes of even us poor, benighted heathens!”

“Alas! how little veneration we have!” said Flemming. “I could not help closing the discussion with a jest. An ill-timed levity often takes me by surprise. On all such occasions, I think of a scene at the University, where, in the midst of a grave discussion on the possibility of Absolute Motion, a scholar said he had seen a rock split open, from which sprang a toad, who could not be supposed to have any knowledge of the external world, and consequently his motion must have been absolute. The learned Professor, who presided on that occasion, was hardly more startled and astonished than was our learned Professor five minutes ago. But come; wind up your watch, and let us go to bed.”

“By the way,” said the Baron, “did you mind what a curious head he has? There are two crowns upon it.”

“That is a sign,” replied Flemming, “that he will eat his bread in two kingdoms.”

“I think the poor man would be very thankful,” said the Baron, with a smile, “if he were always sure of eating it in one. He is what the Transcendentalists call a God-intoxicated man; and I advise him, as Santeul advised Bossuet, to go to Patmos and write a new Apocalypse.”

CHAPTER VII.

MILL-WHEELS AND OTHER WHEELS.

A FEW days after this, the Baron received letters from his sister, telling him that her physicians had prescribed a few weeks at the Baths of Ems, and urging him to meet her there before the fashionable season.

“Come,” said he to Flemming; “make this short journey with me. We will pass a few pleasant days at Ems, and visit the other watering-places of Nassau. It will drive away the melancholy day-dreams that haunt you. Perhaps some future bride is even now waiting for you, with dim presentiments and undefined longings, at the Serpent’s Bath.”

“Or some widow of Ems, with a cork-leg!” said Flemming, smiling; and then added, in a tone of voice half jest, half earnest, “Certainly; let us go in pursuit of her:—

‘Whoe’er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me;

‘Where’er she lie,
Hidden from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.’”

They started in the afternoon for Frankfort, pursuing their way slowly along the lovely Bergstrasse, famed throughout Germany for its beauty. They passed the ruined house where Martin Luther lay concealed after the Diet of Worms, and through the village of Handschuhsheim, as old as the days of King Pepin the Short—a hamlet, lying under the hills, half-buried in blossoms and

green leaves. Close on the right rose the mountains of the mysterious Odenwald; and on the left lay the Neckar, like a steel bow in the meadow. Farther westward, a thin, smoky vapour betrayed the course of the Rhine; beyond which, like a troubled sea, ran the blue, billowy, Alsatian hills. Song of birds, and sound of evening bells, and fragrance of sweet blossoms filled the air; and silent and slow sank the broad red sun, half-hidden amid folding clouds.

“We shall not pass the night at Weinheim,” said the Baron to the postilion, who had dismounted to walk up the hill leading to the town. “You may drive to the mill in the valley of Birkenau.”

The postilion seized one of his fat horses by the tail, and swung himself up to his seat again. They rattled over the paved streets of Weinheim, and took no heed of the host of the Golden Eagle, who stood so invitingly at the door of his own inn; and the ruins of Burg Windeck, above there, on its mountain throne, frowned at them for hurrying by, without staying to do him homage.

“The old ruin looks well from the valley,” said the Baron; “but let us beware of climbing that steep hill. Most travellers are like children; they must needs touch whatever they behold. They climb up to every old broken tooth of a castle which they find on their way, get a toilsome ascent and hot sunshine for their pains, and come down wearied and disappointed. I trust we are wiser.”

They crossed the bridge, and turned up the stream, passing under an arch of stone, which serves as a gateway to this enchanted valley of Birkenau. A cool and lovely valley, shut in by high hills; shaded by alder-trees and tall poplars, under which rushes the Wechsnitz, a noisy mountain-brook, that ever and anon puts its broad shoulder

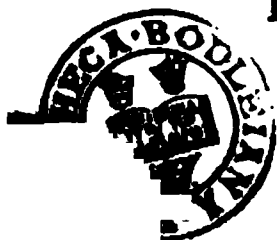
to the wheel or a mill, and shows that it can labour as well as laugh. At one of these mills they stopped for the night.

A mill forms as characteristic a feature in the romantic German landscape as in the romantic German tale. It is not only a mill, but likewise an alehouse and rural inn; so that the associations it suggests are not of labour only, but also of pleasure. It stands in the narrow defile, with its picturesque thatched roof; thither throng the peasants, of a holiday; and there are rustic dances under the trees.

In the twilight of the fast-approaching summer night, the Baron and Flemming walked forth along the borders of the stream. As they heard it rushing and gushing among the stones and tangled roots, and the great wheel turning in the current, with its never-ceasing plash! plash! it brought to their minds that exquisite, simple song of Goethe, the Youth and the Mill-brook. It was for the moment a nymph, which sang to them in the voice of the waters.

“I am persuaded,” said Flemming, “that, in order fully to understand and feel the popular poetry of Germany, one must be familiar with the German landscape. Many sweet little poems are the outbreaks of momentary feelings;— words, to which the song of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the gurgle of cool waters form the appropriate music. Or perhaps I should say they are words which man has composed to the music of nature. Can you not, even now, hear this brooklet telling you how it is on its way to the mill, where at daybreak the miller’s daughter opens her window, and comes down to bathe her face in its stream, and her bosom is so full and white, that it kindles the glow of love in the cool waters?”

“A most delightful ballad, truly,” said the Baron; “but, like many others of our little songs, it requires a poet to



feel and understand it. Sing them in the valley and woodland shadows, and under the leafy roofs of garden walks, and at night, and alone, as they were written. Sing them not in the loud world,—for the loud world laughs such things to scorn. It is Müller who says, in that little song, where the maiden bids the moon good evening:—

‘This song was made to be sung at night,
And he who reads it in broad daylight
Will never read the mystery right;
And yet it is childlike easy!’

He has written a great many pretty songs, in which the momentary, indefinite longings and impulses of the soul of man find an expression. He calls them the Songs of a Wandering Horn-player. There is one among them much to our present purpose. He expresses in it the feeling of unrest and desire of motion, which the sight and sound of running waters often produce in us. It is entitled, ‘Whither?’ and is worth repeating to you.

‘I heard a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

‘I know not what came o’er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave.

‘Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet? say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

‘What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
’Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

‘Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.’ ”

“There you have the poetic reverie,” said Flemming, “and the dull prose commentary and explanation in matter of fact. The song is pretty; and was probably suggested by some such scene as this which we are now beholding. Doubtless, all your old national traditions sprang up in the popular mind as this song in the poet’s.”

“Your opinion is certainly correct,” answered the Baron; “and yet all this play of poetic fancy does not prevent me from feeling the chill night-air and the pangs of hunger. Let us go back to the mill, and see what our landlady has for supper. Did you observe what a loud, sharp voice she has?”

“People always have, who live in mills, and near waterfalls.”

On the following morning, they emerged unwillingly from the green, dark valley, and journeyed along the level highway to Frankfort, where, in the evening, they heard the glorious Don Giovanni of Mozart. Of all operas, this was Flemming’s favourite. What rapturous flights of sound! what thrilling, pathetic chimes! what wild, joyous revelry of passion! what a delirium of sense! what an expression of agony and woe!—all the feelings of suffering and rejoicing humanity sympathised with and finding a voice in those tones. Flemming and the Baron listened with ever-increasing delight.

“How wonderful this is!” exclaimed Flemming, trans-

ported by his feelings. "How the chorus swells and dies, like the wind of summer! How those passages of mysterious import seem to wave to and fro, like the swaying branches of trees; from which anon some solitary sweet voice darts off like a bird, and floats away and revels in the bright, warm sunshine! And then mark! how, amid the chorus of a hundred voices and a hundred instruments—of flutes, and drums, and trumpets—this universal shout and whirlwind of the vexed air, you can so clearly distinguish the melancholy vibration of a single string, touched by the finger,—a mournful, sobbing sound! Ah, this is indeed human life! where, in the rushing, noisy crowd, and amid sounds of gladness, and a thousand mingling emotions, distinctly audible to the ear of thought, are the pulsations of some melancholy string of the heart, touched by an invisible hand."

Then came, in the midst of these excited feelings, the ballet, drawing its magic net about the soul. And soon, from the tangled yet harmonious mazes of the dance, came forth a sylph-like form, her scarf floating behind her, as if she were fanning the air with gauze-like wings. Noiseless as a feather or a snow-flake falls, did her feet touch the earth. She seemed to float in the air, and the floor to bend and wave under her, as a branch, when a bird alights upon it and takes wing again. Loud and rapturous applause followed each wonderful step, each voluptuous movement; and with a flushed cheek and burning eye, and bosom panting to be free, stood the gracefully majestic figure for a moment still, and then the winged feet of the swift dancing-girls glanced round her, and she was lost again in the throng.

"How truly exquisite this is!" exclaimed the Baron, after joining loudly in the applause.

“What a noble figure! What grace! what attitudes! How much soul in every motion! how much expression in every gesture! I assure you, it produces upon me the same effect as a beautiful poem. It is a poem. Every step is a word; and the whole together a poem!”

The Baron and Flemming were delighted with the scene; and at the same time exceedingly amused with the countenance of an old prude in the next box, who seemed to look upon the whole magic show with such feelings as Michal, Saul's daughter, experienced, when she looked from her window and saw King David dancing and leaping with his scanty garments.

“After all,” said Flemming, “the old French priest was not so far out of the way, when he said, in his coarse dialect, ‘The dance is the Devil's procession; and paint and ornaments, the whetting of the Devil's sword; and the ring that is made in dancing, the Devil's grindstone, whereon he sharpens his sword; and finally, a ballet is the pomp and mass of the Devil, and whosoever entereth therein entereth into his pomp and mass; for the woman who singeth is the prioress of the Devil, and they that answer are clerks, and they that look on are parishioners, and the cymbals and flutes are the bells, and the musicians that play are the ministers of the Devil.’”

“No doubt, this good lady near us thinks so likewise,” answered the Baron, laughing; “but she likes it, for all that.”

When the play was over, the Baron begged Flemming to sit still till the crowd had gone.

“I have a strange fancy,” said he, “whenever I come to the theatre, to see the end of all things. When the crowd is gone, and the curtain raised again to air the house, and the lamps are all out, save here and there one behind the

scenes, the contrast with what has gone before is most impressive. Everything wears a dream-like aspect. The empty boxes and stalls, the silence, the smoky twilight, and the magic scene dismantled, produce in me a strange, mysterious feeling. It is like a dim reflection of a theatre in water or in a dusty mirror, and reminds me of some of Hoffmann's wild tales. It is a practical moral lesson, a commentary on the play, and makes the show complete."

It was truly as he said; only tenfold more desolate, solemn, and impressive; and produced upon the mind the effect we experience when slumber is suddenly broken, and dreams and realities mingle, and we know not yet whether we sleep or wake. As they at length passed out through the dimly lighted passage, they heard a vulgar-looking fellow, with a sensual face and shaggy whiskers, say to some persons who were standing near him, and seemed to be hangers-on of the playhouse:—

"I shall run her six nights at Munich, and then take her on to Vienna."

Flemming thought he was speaking of some favourite horse. He was speaking of his beautiful wife, the ballet-dancer.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOETHE.

WHAT most interested our travellers in the ancient city of Frankfort was neither the opera nor the Ariadne of Dannecker, but the house in which Goethe was born, and the scenes he frequented in his childhood and remembered in his old age. Such, for example, are the walks around the city, outside the moat; the bridge over the Maine, with the golden cock on the cross, which the poet beheld and mar-

velled at when a boy; the cloister of the Barefooted Friars, through which he stole with mysterious awe to sit by the oilcloth-covered table of old Rector Albrecht; and the garden in which his grandfather walked up and down among fruit-trees and rose-bushes, in long morning-gown, black velvet cap, and the antique leather gloves, which he annually received as Mayor on Pipers-Doomsday, representing a kind of middle personage between Alcinous and Laertes. Thus, O Genius! are thy foot-prints hallowed; and the star shines for ever over the place of thy nativity.

“Your English critics may rail as they list,” said the Baron, while he and Flemming were returning from a stroll in the leafy gardens outside the moat; “but, after all, Goethe was a magnificent old fellow. Only think of his life; his youth of passion, alternately aspiring and desponding, stormy, impetuous, headlong;—his romantic manhood, in which passion assumes the form of strength; assiduous, careful, toiling, without haste, without rest;—and his sublime old age,—the age of serene and classic repose, where he stands like Atlas, as Claudian has painted him in the Battle of the Giants, holding the world aloft upon his head, the ocean-streams hard frozen in his hoary locks.”

“A good illustration of what the world calls his indifferentism.”

“And do you know I rather like this indifferentism? Did you never have the misfortune to live in a community, where a difficulty in the parish seemed to announce the end of the world? or to know one of the benefactors of the human race, in the very ‘storm and pressure period’ of his indiscreet enthusiasm? If you have, I think you will see something beautiful in the calm and dignified attitude which the old philosopher assumes.”

“It is a pity that his admirers had not a little of this

philosophic coolness. It amuses me to read the various epithets which they apply to him:—The Dear, dear Man! The Life-enjoying Man! The All-aided One! The Representative of Poetry upon Earth! The Many-sided Master-Mind of Germany! His enemies rush into the other extreme, and hurl at him the fierce names of Old Humbug! and Old Heathen! which hit like pistol-bullets.”

“I confess, he was no saint.”

“No; his philosophy is the old ethnic philosophy. You will find it all in a convenient and concentrated portable form in Horace’s beautiful Ode to Thaliarcus. What I most object to in the old gentleman is his sensuality.”

“Oh, nonsense! Nothing can be purer than the Iphigenia; it is as cold and passionless as a marble statue.”

“Very true; but you cannot say the same of some of the Roman Elegies, and of that monstrous book, the Elective Affinities.”

“Ah, my friend, Goethe is an artist, and looks upon all things as objects of art merely. Why should he not be allowed to copy in words what painters and sculptors copy in colours and in marble?”

“The artist shows his character in the choice of his subject. Goethe never sculptured an Apollo, nor painted a Madonna. He gives us only sinful Magdalens and rampant Fauns. He does not so much idealise as realise.”

“He only copies nature.”

“So did the artists who made the bronze lamps of Pompeii. Would you hang one of those in your hall? To say that a man is an artist and copies nature is not enough. There are two great schools of art; the imitative and the imaginative. The latter is the most noble, and the most enduring; and Goethe belonged rather to the former. Have you read Menzel’s attack upon him?”

“It is truly ferocious. The Silesian hews into him lustily. I hope you do not take sides with him.”

“By no means. He goes too far. He blames the poet for not being a politician. He might as well blame him for not being a missionary to the Sandwich Islands.”

“And what do you think of Eckermann?”

“I think he is a kind of German Boswell. Goethe knew he was drawing his portrait, and sat for it accordingly. He works very hard to make a Saint Peter out of an old Jupiter, as the Catholics did at Rome.”

“Well, call him Old Humbug, or Old Heathen, or what you please; I maintain, that, with all his errors and shortcomings, he was a glorious specimen of a man.”

“He certainly was. Did it ever occur to you that he was in some points like Ben Franklin,—a kind of rhymed Ben Franklin? The practical tendency of his mind was the same; his love of science was the same; his benignant, philosophic spirit was the same; and a vast number of his little poetic maxims and soothsayings seem nothing more than the worldly wisdom of Poor Richard, versified.”

“What most offends me is, that now every German jack-ass must have a kick at the dead lion.”

“And every one who passes through Weimar must throw a book upon his grave, as travellers did of old a stone upon the grave of Manfredi, at Benevento. But, of all that has been said or sung, what most pleases me is Heine's Apologetic, if I may so call it; in which he says, that the minor poets, who flourished under the imperial reign of Goethe, 'resemble a young forest, where the trees first show their own magnitude after the oak of a hundred years, whose branches had towered above and overshadowed them, has fallen. There was not wanting an opposition that strove against Goethe, this majestic tree. Men of the most

warring opinions united themselves for the contest. The adherents of the old faith, the orthodox, were vexed that in the trunk of the vast tree no niche with its holy image was to be found; nay, that even the naked Dryads of paganism were permitted to play their witchery there; and gladly, with consecrated axe, would they have imitated the holy Boniface, and levelled the enchanted oak to the ground. The followers of the new faith, the apostles of Liberalism, were vexed, on the other hand, that the tree could not serve as a Liberty Tree, or, at any rate, as a barricade. In fact, the tree was too high; no one could plant the red cap upon its summit, or dance the Carmagnole beneath its branches. The multitude, however, venerated this tree for the very reason that it reared itself with such independent grandeur, and so graciously filled the world with its odour, while its branches, streaming magnificently toward heaven, made it appear as if the stars were only the golden fruit of its wondrous limbs.' Do you not think that beautiful?"

"Yes, very beautiful. And I am glad to see that you can find something to admire in my favourite author, notwithstanding his frailties; or, to use an old German saying, that you can drive the hens out of the garden without trampling down the beds."

"Here is the old gentleman himself!" exclaimed Flemming.

"Where?" cried the Baron, as if for the moment he expected to see the living figure of the poet walking before them.

"Here at the window—that full-length cast. Excellent—is it not? He is dressed, as usual, in his long yellow nankeen surtout, with a white cravat crossed in front. What a magnificent head! and what a posture! He stands

like a tower of strength. And, by Heavens! he was nearly eighty years old when that was made."

"How do you know?"

"You can see by the date on the pedestal."

"You are right. And yet how erect he stands, with his square shoulders braced back, and his hands behind him! He looks as if he were standing before the fire. I feel tempted to put a live coal into his hand, it lies so invitingly half-open. Gleim's description of him, soon after he went to Weimar, is very different from this. Do you recollect it?"

"No, I do not."

"It is a story which good old father Gleim used to tell with great delight. He was one evening reading the Göttingen Musen-Almanach in a select society at Weimar, when a young man came in, dressed in a short, green shooting-jacket, booted and spurred, and having a pair of brilliant, black, Italian eyes. He, in turn, offered to read; but finding, probably, the poetry of the Musen-Almanach of that year rather too insipid for him, he soon began to improvise the wildest and most fantastic poems imaginable, and in all possible forms and measures, pretending all the while to read from the book. 'That is either Goethe or the Devil,' said good old father Gleim to Wieland, who sat near him. 'To which the 'Great I of Osmannstadt' replied—'It is both, for he has the Devil in him to-night; and at such times he is like a wanton colt, that flings out before and behind, and you will do well not to go too near him!'"

"Very good!"

"And now that noble figure is but mould. Only a few months ago, those majestic eyes looked for the last time on the light of a pleasant spring morning. Calm, like a god, the old man sat; and with a smile seemed to bid farewell to the light of day, on which he had gazed for more than

eighty years. Books were near him, and the pen which had just dropped, as it were, from his dying fingers. 'Open the shutters, and let in more light!' were the last words that came from those lips. Slowly stretching forth his hand, he seemed to write in the air; and, as it sank down again and was motionless, the spirit of the old man departed."

"And yet the world goes on. It is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled; and so completely, that he seems no longer wanted. But let us step in here. I wish to buy that cast."

CHAPTER IX.

THE DAYLIGHT OF THE DWARFS, AND THE FALLING STAR.

AFTER lingering a day or two in Frankfort, the two friends struck across through Hochheim to the Rhine, and then up among the hills of the Rheingau to Schlangenbad, where they tarried only to bathe and to dine, and then pursued their way to Langenschwalbach. The town lies in a valley, with gently sloping hills around it, and long avenues of poplars leading forth into the fields. One interminable street cuts the town in twain, and there are old houses with curious faces carved upon their fronts, and dates of the olden time.

Our travellers soon sallied forth from their hotel, impatient to drink the strength-giving waters of the fountains. They continued their walk far up the valley under the poplars. The new grain was waving in the fields; the birds singing in the trees and in the air; and everything seemed glad, save a poor old man, who came tottering out of the woods, with a heavy bundle of sticks on his shoulders.

Returning upon their steps, they passed down the valley and through the long street to the tumble-down old Lutheran church. A flight of stone steps leads from the street to the green terrace or platform on which the church stands, and which, in ancient times, was the church-yard, or, as the Germans more devoutly say, God's-acre; where generations are scattered like seeds, and that which is sown in corruption shall be raised hereafter in incorruption. On the steps stood an old man—a very old man—holding a little girl by the hand. He took off his greasy cap as they passed, and wished them good day. His teeth were gone; he could hardly articulate a syllable. The Baron asked him how old the church was. He gave no answer; but when the question was repeated, came close up to them, and, taking off his cap again, turned his ear attentively, and said:—

“I am hard of hearing.”

“Poor old man,” said Flemming; “he is as much a ruin as the church we are entering. It will not be long before he, too, shall be sown as seed in this God's-acre!”

The little girl ran into a house close at hand, and brought out the great key. The church-door swung open, and, descending a few steps, they passed through a low-roofed passage into the church. All was in ruin. The grave-stones in the pavement were started from their places; the vaults beneath yawned; the roof above was falling piecemeal; there were rents in the old tower; and mysterious passages, and side doors with crazy flights of wooden steps, leading down into the church-yard. Amid all this ruin, one thing only stood erect; it was a statue of a knight in armour, standing in a niche under the pulpit.

“Who is this?” said Flemming to the old sexton; “who is this, that stands here so solemnly in marble, and seems to be keeping guard over the dead men below?”

"I do not know," replied the old man; "but I have heard my grandfather say it was the statue of a great warrior."

"There is history for you!" exclaimed the Baron. "There is fame! To have a statue of marble, and yet have your name forgotten by the sexton of your parish, who can remember only that he once heard his grandfather say that you were a great warrior!"

Flemming made no reply, for he was thinking of the days, when, from that old pulpit, some bold reformer thundered down the first tidings of a new doctrine, and the roof echoed with the grand old hymn of Martin Luther.

When he communicated his thoughts to the Baron, the only answer he received was:—

"After all, what is the use of so much preaching? Do you think the fishes, that heard the sermon of St. Anthony, were any better than those who did not? I commend to your favourable notice the fish-sermon of this saint, as recorded by Abraham à Sancta Clara. You will find it in your favourite Wonder-Horn."

Thus passed the day at Langenschwalbach; and the evening at the Allée-Saal was quite solitary; for as yet no company had arrived to fill its chambers, or sit under the trees before the door. The next morning even Flemming and the Baron were gone; for the German's heart was beating with strong desire to embrace his sister; and the heart of his friend cared little whither he went, so be it he were not too much alone.

After a few hours' drive, they were looking down from the summit of a hill directly upon the house-tops of Ems. There it lay, deep sunk in the hollow beneath them, as if some inhabitant of Sirius, like him spoken of in Voltaire's tale of *Micromegas*, held it in the hollow of his hand.

High and peaked rise the hills that throw their shadows into this romantic valley, and at their base winds the river Lahn. Our travellers drove through the one long street composed entirely of hotels and lodging-houses. Sick people looked out of the windows as they passed. Others were walking leisurely up and down, beneath the few decapitated trees, which represent a public promenade; and a boy, with a blue frock and crimson cap, was driving three donkeys down the street. In short, they were in a fashionable watering-place; as yet sprinkled only by a few pattering drops of the summer rain of strangers, which generally follows the first hot days.

On alighting at the London Hotel, the Baron found—not his sister, but only a letter from her, saying she had changed her mind and gone to the Baths of Franconia. This was a disappointment, which the Baron pocketed with the letter, and said not a word more about either. It was his way—his philosophy in small things and great. In the evening, they went to an æsthetic tea, at the house of the Frau Kranich, the wife of a rich banker of Frankfort.

“I must tell you about this Frau Kranich,” said the Baron to Flemming, on the way. “She is a woman of talent and beauty, and just in the prime of life; but, unfortunately, very ambitious. Her mania is, to make a figure in the fashionable world; and to this end she married a rich banker of Frankfort, old enough to be her father, not to say her grandfather, hoping, doubtless, that he would soon die; for, if ever a woman wished to be a widow, she is that woman. But the old fellow is tough and won’t die. Moreover, he is deaf, and crabbed, and penurious, and half the time bedridden. The wife is a model of virtue, notwithstanding her weakness. She nurses the old gentleman as

if he were a child. And, to crown all, he hates society, and will not hear of his wife's receiving or going into company."

"How, then, can she give soirées?" asked Flemming.

"I was just going to tell you," continued the Baron. "The gay lady has no taste for long evenings with the old gentleman in the back chamber,—for being thus chained like a criminal under Mazentius, face to face with a dead body. So she puts him to bed first, and ——"

"Gives him opium."

"Yes, I dare say; and then gives herself a soirée, without his knowing anything about it. This course of deception is truly hateful in itself, and must be particularly so to her, for she is not a low or an immoral woman; but one of those, who, not having strength enough to complete the sacrifice they have had strength enough to commence, are betrayed into a life of duplicity and falsehood."

They had now reached the house, and were ushered into a room gaily lighted and filled with guests. The hostess came forward to receive them, dressed in white, and sailing down the room like a swan. When the customary salutations had passed and Flemming had been duly presented, the Baron said, not without a certain degree of malice:—

"And, my dear Frau Kranich, how is your good husband to-night?"

This question was about as discreet as a cannon-ball. But the lady replied, in the simplicity of her heart, and not in the least disconcerted:—

"The same as ever, my dear Baron. It is astonishing how he holds out. But let us not talk of these things now. I must introduce your friend to his countryman, the Grand Duke of Mississippi; alike remarkable for his wealth, his

modesty, and the extreme simplicity of his manners. He drives only six horses. Besides, he is known as a man of learning and piety;—has his private chapel, and private clergyman, who always preaches against the vanity of worldly riches. He has also a private secretary, whose sole duty is to smoke to him, that he may enjoy the aroma of Spanish cigars, without the trouble of smoking.”

“Decidedly a man of genius!”

Here Flemming was introduced to his illustrious countryman; a person who seemed to consist chiefly of linen, such a display did he make of collar, bosom, and wristbands.

“Pray, Mr. Flemming, what do you think of that Rembrandt?” said he, pointing to a picture on the wall. “Exquisite picture! The grandeur of sentiment and splendour of chiaroscuro are of the first order. Just observe the liquidity of the water, and the silveriness of the clouds! Great power! There is a bravura of handling in that picture, Sir, which it requires the eye of the connoisseur to appreciate.”

“Yes, a most undoubted—copy!”

And here their conversation ended; for at that moment the little Moldavian Prince Jerkin made his way through the crowd, with his snuff-box as usual in his hand, and hurried up to Flemming, whom he had known in Heidelberg. He was eager to let every one know that he spoke English, and in his haste began by making a mistake.

“Good bye! Good bye! Mr. Flemming!” said he, instead of good evening. “I am ravished to see you in Ems. Nice place;—all that there is of most nice. I drink my water and am good! Do you not think the Frau Kranich has a very beautiful leather?”

He meant skin. Flemming laughed outright; but it

was not perceived by the Prince, because at that moment he was pushed aside, in the rush of a gallopade, and Flemming beheld his face no more. At the same moment the Baron introduced a friend of his, who also spoke English, and said :—

“You will sup with me to-night. I have some Rhine wine, which will be a seduction to you.”

Soon after the Baron stood with an impassioned, romantic lady leaning on his arm, examining a copy of Raphael's Fornarina.

“Ach! I wish I had been the Fornarina,” sighed the impassioned, romantic lady.

“Then, my dear Madam,” replied the Baron, “I wish I had been Raphael.”

And so likewise said to himself a very tall man with fiery red hair and fancy whiskers, who was waltzing round and round in one spot, and in a most extraordinary waistcoat; thus representing a fiery floating-light, to warn men of the hidden rocks on which the breath of vanity drives them shipwreck. At length, his partner, tired of spinning, sank upon a sofa, like a child's top, when it reels and falls.

“You do not like the waltz?” said an elderly French gentleman, remarking the expression of Flemming's countenance.

“Oh, yes; among the figurantes of the opera. But I confess, it sometimes makes me shudder to see a young rake clasp his arms round the waist of a pure and innocent girl. What would you say, were you to see him sitting on a sofa with his arms round your wife?”

“Mere prejudice of education,” replied the French gentleman. “I know that situation. I have read all about it in the *Bibliothèque de Romans Choisis*!”

And merrily went the dance; and bright eyes and flushed cheeks were not wanting among the dancers;

“And they waxed red, and waxed warm,
And rested, panting, arm-in-arm;”

and the Strauss-waltzes sounded pleasantly in the ears of Flemming, who, though he never danced, yet, like Henry of Ofterdingen, in the romance of Novalis, thought to music. The wheeling waltz set the wheels of his fancy going. And thus the moments glided on, and the footsteps of Time were not heard amid the sound of music and voices.

But suddenly this scene of gaiety was interrupted. The door opened wide; and the short figure of a gray-haired old man presented itself, with a flushed countenance and wild eyes. He was but half-dressed, and in his hand held a silver candlestick without a light. A sheet was wound round his head, like a turban; and he tottered forward with a vacant, bewildered look, exclaiming:—

“I am Mahomet, the king of the Jews!”

At the same moment he fell in a swoon, and was borne out of the room by the servants. Flemming looked at the lady of the festival, and she was deadly pale. For a moment, all was confusion; and the dance and the music stopped. The impression produced on the company was at once ludicrous and awful. They tried in vain to rally. The whole society was like a dead body, from which the spirit has departed. Ere long, the guests had all dispersed, and left the lady of the mansion to her mournful, expiring lamps, and still more mournful reflections.

“Truly,” said Flemming to the Baron, as they wended their way homeward, “this seems not like reality; but like one of the sharp contrasts we find in novels. Who shall

say, after this, that there is not more romance in real life than we find written in books?"

"Not more romance," said the Baron, "but a different romance."

A still more tragic scene had been that evening enacted in Heidelberg. Just as the sun set, two female figures walked along the romantic woodland pathway, leading to the Angel's Meadow, a little green opening on the brow of one of the high hills which see themselves in the Neckar and hear the solemn bells of Kloster-Neuburg. The evening shadows were falling broad and long; and the cuckoo began to sing.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" said the eldest of the two figures, repeating an old German popular rhyme,—

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!
Tell me true,
Tell me fair and fine,
How long must I unmarried pine?"

It was the voice of an evil spirit, that spoke in the person of Madeleine; and the pale and shrinking figure, that walked by her side, and listened to those words, was Emma of Ilmenau. A young man joined them, where the path turns into the thick woodlands; and they disappeared among the shadowy branches. It was the Polish Count.

The forget-me-nots looked up to heaven with their meek blue eyes, from their home in the Angel's Meadow. Calmly stood the mountain of All-Saints, in its majestic, holy stillness;—the river flowed so far below, that the murmur of its waters was not heard;—there was not a sigh of the evening wind among the leaves— not a sound upon the earth nor in the air;—and yet that night there fell a star from heaven!

CHAPTER X.

THE PARTING.

It was now that season of the year, which an old English writer calls the amiable month of June, and at that hour of the day, when, face to face, the rising moon beholds the setting sun. As yet the stars were few in heaven. But, after the heat of the day, the coolness and the twilight descended like a benediction upon the earth, by all those gentle sounds attended which are the meek companions of the night.

Flemming and the Baron had passed the afternoon at the castle. They had rambled once more together, and for the last time, over the magnificent ruin. On the morrow they were to part, perhaps for ever. The Baron was going to Berlin, to join his sister; and Flemming, driven forward by the restless spirit within him, longed once more for a change of scene, and was to start for the Tyrol and Switzerland. Alas! he never said to the passing hour, "Stay, for thou art fair!" but reached forward into the dark future, with unsatisfied longings and aimless desires that were never still.

As the day was closing, they sat down on the terrace of Elizabeth's Garden. The sun had set beyond the blue Alsatian hills; and on the valley of the Rhine fell the purple mist, like the mantle of the departing prophet from his fiery chariot. Over the castle walls and the trees of the garden rose the large moon; and between the contending daylight and moonlight there were as yet no shadows. But at length the shadows came,—transparent and faint outlines, that deepened into form. In the valley below only

the river gleamed, like steel; and here and there the lamps were lighted in the town. Solemnly stood the leafy lindentrees in the garden near them, their trunks in darkness and their summits bronzed with moonlight; and in his niche in the great round tower, overhung with ivy, like a majestic phantom, stood the gray statue of Louis, with his venerable beard, and shirt of mail, and flowing mantle; and the mild, majestic countenance looked forth into the silent night, as the countenance of a seer who reads the stars. At intervals, the wind of the summer night passed through the ruined castle and the trees, and they sent forth a sound as if Nature were sighing in her dreams; and for a moment, overhead, the broad leaves gently clashed together, like brazen cymbals, with a tinkling sound; and then all was still, save the sweet, passionate song of nightingales, that nowhere sing more sweetly than in the gardens of Heidelberg Castle.

The hour, the scene, and the near-approaching separation of the two young friends had filled their hearts with a pleasant, though at the same time not painless excitement. They had been conversing about the magnificent old ruin, and the ages in which it had been built, and the vicissitudes of time and war, that had battered down its walls, and left it "tenantless, save to the cranny wind."

"How sorrowful and sublime is the face of that statue yonder!" said Flemming. "It reminds me of the old Danish hero Beowulf; for 'careful, sorrowing, he seeth in his son's bower the wine-hall deserted, the resort of the wind, noiseless; the knight sleepeth; the warrior lieth in darkness; there is no noise of the harp, no joy in the dwellings, as there was before.'"

"Even as you say," replied the Baron; "but it often astonishes me, that, coming from that fresh green world of

yours beyond the sea, you should feel so much interest in these old things; nay, at times, seem so to have drunk in their spirit, as really to live in the times of old. For my part, I do not see what charm there is in the pale and wrinkled countenance of the Past, so to entice the soul of a young man. It seems to me like falling in love with one's grandmother. Give me the Present,—warm, glowing, palpitating with life. She is my mistress; and the Future stands waiting like my wife that is to be,—for whom, to tell the truth, I care very little just now. Indeed, my friend, I wish you would take more heed of this philosophy of mine, and not waste the golden hours of youth in vain regrets for the past, and indefinite, dim longings for the future. Youth comes but once in a lifetime."

"Therefore," said Flemming, "let us so enjoy it as to be still young when we are old. For my part, I grow happier as I grow older. When I compare my sensations and enjoyments now with what they were ten years ago, the comparison is vastly in favour of the present. Much of the fever and fretfulness of life is over. The world and I look each other more calmly in the face. My mind is more self-possessed. It has done me good to be somewhat parched by the heat and drenched by the rain of life."

"Now you speak like an old philosopher," answered the Baron, laughing. "But you deceive yourself. I never knew a more restless, feverish spirit than yours. Do not think you have gained the mastery yet. You are only riding at anchor here in an eddy of the stream; you will soon be swept away again in the mighty current and whirl of accident. Do not trust this momentary calm. I know you better than you know yourself. There is something Faust-like in you; you would fain grasp the highest and the deepest, and 'reel from desire to enjoyment, and in

enjoyment languish for desire.' When a momentary change of feeling comes over you, you think the change permanent, and thus live in constant self-deception."

"I confess," said Flemming, "there may be some truth in what you say. There are times when my soul is restless; and a voice sounds within me, like the trump of the archangel, and thoughts that were buried long ago come out of their graves. At such times my favourite occupations and pursuits no longer charm me. The quiet face of Nature seems to mock me."

"There certainly are seasons," replied the Baron, "when Nature seems not to sympathise with her beloved children. She sits there so eternally calm and self-possessed, so very motherly and serene, and cares so little whether the heart of her child breaks or not, that at times I almost lose my patience. About that, too, she cares so little, that, out of sheer obstinacy, I become good-humoured again, and then she smiles."

"I think we must confess, however," continued Flemming, "that all this springs from our own imperfection, not from hers. How beautiful is this green world which we inhabit! See yonder, how the moonlight mingles with the mist! What a glorious night is this! Truly, every man has a Paradise around him, until he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden. And even then there are holy hours, when this angel sleeps, and man comes back, and, with the innocent eyes of a child, looks into his lost Paradise again,—into the broad gates and rural solitudes of Nature. I feel this often. We have much to enjoy in the quiet and retirement of our own thoughts. Boisterous mirth and loud laughter are not my mood. I love that tranquillity of soul, in which we feel the blessing of existence, and which in itself is a prayer

and a thanksgiving. I find, however, that, as I grow older, I love the country less, and the town more."

"Yes," interrupted the Baron, "and presently you will love the town less and the country more. Say at once, that you have an undefined longing for both; and prefer town or country, according to the mood you are in. I think a man must be of a very quiet and happy nature, who can long endure the country; and, moreover, very well contented with his own insignificant person, very self-complacent, to be continually occupied with himself and his own thoughts. To say the least, a town life makes one more tolerant and liberal in one's judgment of others. One is not eternally wrapped up in self-contemplation; which, after all, is only a more holy kind of vanity."

In conversation like this the hours glided away; till at length, from the Giant's Tower, the castle clock struck twelve, with a sound that seemed to come from the Middle Ages. Like watchmen from their belfries, the city clocks answered it, one by one. Then distant and muffled sounds were heard. Inarticulate words seemed to blot the foggy air, as if written on wet paper. These were the bells of Handschusheim, and of other villages on the broad plain of the Rhine and among the hills of the Odenwald; mysterious sounds, that seemed not of this world.

Beneath them, in the shadow of the hills, lay the valley, --fathomless, black, impenetrable. Above were the cloistered stars, that, nun-like, walk the holy aisles of heaven. The city was asleep in the valley below; all asleep and silent, save the clocks, that had just struck twelve, and the veering, golden weathercocks, that were swimming in the moonlight, like golden fishes in a glass vase. And again the wind of the summer night passed through the old castle, and the trees, and the nightingales recorded under

the dark, shadowy leaves, and the heart of Flemming was full.

When he had retired to his chamber, a feeling of utter loneliness came over him. The night before one begins a journey is always a dismal night; for, as Byron says,

“In leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple!”

and how much more so when the place and people are pleasant! as was the case with those that Flemming was now leaving. No wonder he was sad and sleepless. Thoughts came and went, and bright and gloomy fancies, and dreams and visions, and sweet faces looked under his closed eyelids, and vanished away, and came again, and again departed. He heard the clock strike from hour to hour, and said, “Another hour is gone.” At length the birds began to sing; and ever and anon the cock crew. He arose, and looked forth into the gray dawn; and before him lay the city he was soon to leave, all white and ghastly, like a city that had arisen from its grave.

“All things must change,” said he to the Baron, as he embraced him, and held him by the hand. “Friends must be torn asunder, and swept along in the current of events, to see each other seldom, and perchance no more. For ever and ever in the eddies of time and accident we whirl away. Besides which, some of us have a perpetual motion in our wooden heads, as Wodenblock had in his wooden leg; and like him we travel on, without rest or sleep, and have hardly time to take a friend by the hand in passing; and at length are seen hurrying through some distant land, worn to a skeleton, and all unknown.”

Book the Third.

“Take away the lights, too ;
The moon lends me too much to find my fears,
And those devotions I am now to pay
Are written in my heart, not in thy book ;
And I shall read them there without a taper.”

CHAPTER I.

SUMMER-TIME.

THEY were right—those old German Minnesingers—to sing the pleasant summer-time ! What a time it is ! How June stands illuminated in the calendar ! The windows are all wide open ; only the Venetian blinds closed. Here and there a long streak of sunshine streams in through a crevice. We hear the low sound of the wind among the trees ; and, as it swells and freshens, the distant doors clap to with a sudden sound. The trees are heavy with leaves ; and the gardens full of blossoms, red and white. The whole atmosphere is laden with perfume and sunshine. The birds sing. The cock struts about, and crows loftily. Insects chirp in the grass. Yellow buttercups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and the red blossoms of the clover like rubies. The elm-trees reach their long, pendulous branches almost to the ground. White clouds sail aloft ; and vapours fret the blue sky with silver threads. The white village gleams afar against the dark hills. Through the meadow winds the river—careless, indolent.

It seems to love the country, and is in no haste to reach the sea. The bee only is at work—the hot and angry bee. All things else are at play; he never plays, and is vexed that any one should.

People drive out from town to breathe, and to be happy. Most of them have flowers in their hands; bunches of apple-blossoms, and still oftener lilacs. Ye denizens of the crowded city, how pleasant to you is the change from the sultry streets to the open field, fragrant with clover-blossoms! how pleasant the fresh, breezy country air, dashed with brine from the meadows! how pleasant, above all, the flowers—the manifold, beautiful flowers!

It is no longer day. Through the trees rises the red moon, and the stars are scarcely seen. In the vast shadow of night, the coolness and the dews descend. I sit at the open window to enjoy them; and hear only the voice of the summer wind. Like black hulks, the shadows of the great trees ride at anchor on the billowy sea of grass. I cannot see the red and blue flowers, but I know that they are there. Far away in the meadow gleams the silver Charles. The tramp of horses' hoofs sounds from the wooden bridge. Then all is still, save the continuous wind of the summer night. Sometimes I know not if it be the wind or the sound of the neighbouring sea. The village clock strikes; and I feel that I am not alone.

How different it is in the city! It is late, and the crowd is gone. You step out upon the balcony, and lie in the very bosom of the cool, dewy night, as if you folded her garments about you. Beneath lies the public walk with trees, like a fathomless, black gulf, into whose silent darkness the spirit plunges and floats away, with some beloved spirit clasped in its embrace. The lamps are still burning up and down the long street. People go by, with grotesque

shadows, now foreshortened, and now lengthening away into the darkness and vanishing, while a new one springs up behind the walker, and seems to pass him, revolving like the sail of a windmill. The iron gates of the park shut with a jangling clang. There are footsteps and loud voices;—a tumult—a drunken brawl—an alarm of fire;—then silence again. And now at length the city is asleep, and we can see the night. The belated moon looks over the roofs, and finds no one to welcome her. The moonlight is broken. It lies here and there in the squares, and the opening of streets—angular, like blocks of white marble.

Under such a green, triumphal arch, O Reader, with the odour of flowers about thee, and the song of birds, shalt thou pass onward into the enchanted land, as through the Ivory Gate of dreams! And as a prelude and majestic march, one sweet human voice, coming from the bosom of the Alps, sings this sublime ode, which the Alpine echoes repeat afar.

“Come, golden Evening! in the west
 Enthroned the storm-dispelling sun,
 And let the triple rainbow rest
 O'er all the mountain-tops. 'Tis done;—
 The tempest ceases; bold and bright,
 The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
 Down sinks the sun; on presses night;—
 Mont Blanc is lovely still!

“There take thy stand, my spirit;—spread
 The world of shadows at thy feet;
 And mark how calmly, overhead,
 The stars, like saints in glory, meet.
 While hid in solitude sublime,
 Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
 And hear the passing foot of Time
 Step through the silent gloom.

- ' All in a moment, crash on crash,
 From precipice to precipice,
 An avalanche's ruins dash
 Down to the nethermost abyss,
 Invisible; the ear alone
 Pursues the uproar till it dies;
 Echo to echo, groan for groan,
 From deep to deep, replies.
- " Silence again the darkness seals,
 Darkness that may be felt;—but soon
 The silver-clouded east reveals
 The midnight spectre of the moon;
 In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
 Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme
 Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
 With her awakening beam.
- " Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights
 Unreal mockeries appear;
 With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
 Emerging as she climbs the sphere;
 A crowd of apparitions pale!
 I hold my breath in chill suspense,
 They seem so exquisitely frail,
 Lest they should vanish hence.
- " I breathe again, I freely breathe;
 Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,
 Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
 As beautiful as Dian's face:
 Pride of the land that gave me birth!
 All that thy waves reflect I love,
 Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,
 Looks fairer than above.
- " Safe on thy banks again I stray;
 The trance of poesy is o'er,
 And I am here at dawn of day,
 Gazing on mountains as before,
 Where all the strange mutations wrought
 Were magic feats of my own mind;
 For, in that fairy land of thought,
 Whate'er I seek, I find."

CHAPTER II.

FOOT-TRAVELLING.

TELL me, my soul, why art thou restless? Why dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desire? The present is thine,—and the past;—and the future shall be! Oh, that thou didst look forward to the great hereafter with half the longing wherewith thou longest for an earthly future,—which a few days, at most, will bring thee! to the meeting of the dead, as to the meeting of the absent! Thou glorious spirit-land! Oh, that I could behold thee as thou art,—the region of life, and light, and love, and the dwelling-place of those beloved ones whose being has flowed onward, like a silver-clear stream into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of Eternity!

Such were the thoughts that passed through the soul of Flemming, as he lay in utter solitude and silence on the rounded summit of one of the mountains of the Furca Pass, and gazed, with tears in his eyes, and ardent longing in his heart, into the blue, swimming heaven overhead, and at the glaciers and snowy mountain-peaks around him. Highest and whitest of all stood the peak of the Jungfrau, which seemed near him, though it rose afar off from the bosom of the Lauterbrunner Thal. There it stood, holy and high and pure, the bride of heaven, veiled and clothed in white, and lifting the thoughts of the beholder heavenward. Oh, he little thought then, as he gazed at it with longing and delight, how soon a form was to arise in his own soul, as holy, and high, and pure as this, and like this point heavenward!

Thus lay the traveller on the mountain summit, reposing

his weary limbs on the short, brown grass, which more resembled moss than grass. He had sent his guide forward, that he might be alone. His soul within him was wild with a fierce and painful delight. The mountain air excited him; the mountain solitudes enticed, yet maddened him. Every peak, every sharp, jagged iceberg, seemed to pierce him. The silence was awful and sublime. It was like that in the soul of a dying man, when he hears no more the sounds of earth. He seemed to be laying aside his earthly garments. The heavens were near unto him; but between him and heaven every evil deed he had done arose gigantic, like those mountain-peaks, and breathed an icy breath upon him. Oh, let not the soul that suffers dare to look Nature in the face, where she sits majestically aloft in the solitude of the mountains! for her face is hard and stern, and turns not in compassion upon her weak and erring child. It is the countenance of an accusing archangel, who summons us to judgment. In the valley she wears the countenance of a Virgin Mother, looking at us with tearful eyes, and a face of pity and love!

But yesterday Flemming had come up the valley of the Saint Gothard Pass, through Amsteg, where the Kerstelenbach comes dashing down the Maderaner Thal, from its snowy cradle overhead. The road is steep, and runs on zigzag terraces. The sides of the mountains are barren cliffs; and from their cloud-capped summits, unheard amid the roar of the great torrent below, come streams of snow-white foam, leaping from rock to rock, like the mountain chamois. As you advance, the scene grows wilder and more desolate. There is not a tree in sight,—not a human habitation. Clouds, black as midnight, lower upon you from the ravines above; and the mountain torrent beneath is but a sheet of foam, and sends up an incessant roar. A

sudden turn in the road brings you in sight of a lofty bridge, stepping from cliff to cliff with a single stride. A mighty cataract howls beneath it, like an evil spirit, and fills the air with mist; and the mountain wind claps its hands and shrieks through the narrow pass, Ha! ha! This is the Devil's Bridge. It leads the traveller across the fearful chasm, and through a mountain gallery into the broad, green, silent meadow of Andermath.

Even the sunny morning, which followed this gloomy day, had not chased the desolate impression from the soul of Flemming. His excitement increased as he lost himself more and more among the mountains; and now, as he lay alone on the summit of the sunny hill, with only glaciers and snowy peaks about him, his soul, as I have said, was wild with a fierce and painful delight.

A human voice broke his reverie. He looked, and beheld, at a short distance from him, the athletic form of a mountain herdsman, who was approaching the spot where he lay. He was a young man, clothed in a rustic garb, and holding a long staff in his hand. When Flemming rose, he stood still, and gazed at him, as if he loved the face of man, even of a stranger, and longed to hear a human voice, though it might speak in an unknown tongue. He answered Flemming's salutation in a rude mountain dialect, and in reply to his questions said:—

“I, with two others, have charge of two hundred head of cattle on these mountains. Through the two summer months, we remain here night and day; for which we receive each a Napoleon.”

Flemming gave him half his summer wages. He was glad to do a good deed in secret, and yet so near heaven. The man received it as his due, like a toll-keeper; and soon after departed, leaving the traveller alone. And the

traveller went his way down the mountain, as one distraught. He stopped only to pluck one bright blue flower, which bloomed alone in the vast desert, and looked up at him, as if to say, "Oh, take me with you! leave me not here companionless!"

Ere long he reached the magnificent glacier of the Rhone; a frozen cataract, more than two thousand feet in height, and many miles broad at its base. It fills the whole valley between two mountains, running back to their summits. At the base it is arched, like a dome; and above, jagged and rough, and resembles a mass of gigantic crystals, of a pale emerald tint, mingled with white. A snowy crust covers its surface; but at every rent and crevice the pale green ice shines clear in the sun. Its shape is that of a glove, lying with the palm downwards, and the fingers crooked and close together. It is a gauntlet of ice, which, centuries ago, Winter, the king of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the Sun; and year by year the Sun strives in vain to lift it from the ground on the point of his glittering spear. A feeling of wonder and delight came over the soul of Flemming when he beheld it, and he shouted and cried aloud:—

"How wonderful! how glorious!"

After lingering a few hours in the cold, desolate valley, he climbed in the afternoon the steep Mayen-Wand, on the Grimsel; passed the Lake of the Dead, with its ink-black waters; and through the melting snow, and over slippery stepping-stones in the beds of numberless shallow brooks, descended to the Grimsel Hospital, where he passed the night, and thought it the most lone and desolate spot that man ever slept in.

• On the morrow, he rose with the day; and the rising sun found him already standing on the rustic bridge which

hangs over the verge of the Falls of the Aar at Handeck, where the river pitches down a precipice into a narrow and fearful abyss shut in by perpendicular cliffs. At right angles with it comes the beautiful Aerlenbach; and half-way down the double cascade mingles into one. Thus he pursued his way down the Hasli Thal into the Bernese Oberland—restless, impatient, he knew not why—stopping seldom, and never long—and then rushing forward again, like the rushing river whose steps he followed, and in whose ice-cold waters ever and anon he bathed his wrists, to cool the fever in his blood; for the noonday sun was hot.

His heart dilated in the dilating valley, that grew broader and greener at every step. The sight of human faces and human dwellings soothed him; and through the fields of summer grain, in the broad meadows of Imgrund, he walked with a heart that ached no more, but trembled only, as our eyelids when we have done weeping. As he climbed the opposite hill, which hems in this romantic valley, and, like a heavy yoke, chafes the neck of the Aar, he believed the ancient tradition, which says that once the valley was a lake. From the summit of the hill he looked southward upon a beautiful landscape of gardens, and fields of grain, and woodlands, and meadows, and the ancient castle of Resti, looking down upon Meyringen. And now all around him were the singing of birds, and grateful shadows of the leafy trees, and sheeted waterfalls dropping from the woodland cliffs, seen only, but unheard—the fluted columns breaking into mist, and fretted with frequent spires and ornaments of foam, and not unlike the towers of a Gothic church inverted. There, in one white sheet of foam the Riechenbach pours down into its deep beaker, into which the sun never shines. Face to face it beholds

the Alpbach falling from the opposite hill "like a downward smoke." When Flemming saw the innumerable runnels, sliding down the mountain-side, and leaping, all life and gladness, he would fain have clasped them in his arms and been their playmate, and revelled with them in their freedom and delight. Yet he was weary with the day's journey, and entered the village of Meyringen, embowered in cherry-trees, which were then laden with fruit, more like a wayworn traveller than an enthusiastic poet. As he went up the tavern-steps he said in his heart, with the Italian Aretino: "He who has not been at a tavern knows not what a paradise it is. O holy tavern! O miraculous tavern!—holy, because no carking cares are there, nor weariness, nor pain; and miraculous, because of the spits, which of themselves turn round and round! Of a truth, all courtesy and good manners come from taverns, so full of bows, and *Signor, sì!* and *Signor, nò!*"

But even in the tavern he could not rest long. The same evening at sunset he was floating on the lake of Brienz, in an open boat, close under the cascade of the Giessbach, hearing the peasants sing the Ranz des Vaches. He slept that night at the other extremity of the lake, in a large house, which, like Saint Peter's at Joppa, stood by the water's side. The next day he wasted in writing letters, musing in this green nest, and paddling about the lake again; and in the evening went across the beautiful meadows to Interlachen, where many things happened to him, and detained him long.

CHAPTER III.

INTERLACHEN.

INTERLACHEN! How peacefully, by the margin of the swift-rushing Aar, thou liest on the broad lap of those romantic meadows, all overshadowed by the wide arms of giant trees! Only the round towers of thine ancient cloister rise above their summits; the round towers themselves but a child's playthings under the great church-towers of the mountains. Close beside thee are lakes, which the flowing band of the river ties together. Before thee opens the magnificent valley of Lauterbrunnen, where the cloud-hooded Monk and pale Virgin stand like Saint Francis and his Bride of Snow; and around thee are fields, and orchards, and hamlets green, from which the church-bells answer each other at evening. The evening sun was setting when I first beheld thee. The sun of life will set ere I forget thee! Surely it was a scene like this that inspired the soul of the Swiss poet, in his Song of the Bell!

“Bell! thou soundest merrily,
 When the bridal party
 To the church doth hie!
 Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
 When, on Sabbath morning,
 Fields deserted lie!

“Bell! thou soundest merrily;
 Tellest thou at evening,
 Bed-time draweth nigh!
 Bell! thou soundest mournfully,
 Tellest thou the bitter
 Parting hath gone by!

“Say! how canst thou mourn?
 How canst thou rejoice?
 Art but metal dull!
 And yet all our sorrowings,
 And all our rejoicings,
 Thou dost feel them all!

“God hath wonders many,
 Which we cannot fathom,
 Placed within thy form!
 When the heart is sinking,
 Thou alone canst raise it,
 Trembling in the storm!”

Paul Flemming alighted at one of the principal hotels. The landlord came out to meet him. He had great eyes and a green coat; and reminded Flemming of the inn-keeper mentioned in the Golden Ass, who had been changed by magic into a frog, and croaked to his customers from the lees of a wine-cask. His house, he said, was full, and so was every house in Interlachen; but, if the gentleman would walk in, he would procure a chamber for him in the neighbourhood.

On the sofa sat a gentleman, reading; a stout gentleman of perhaps forty-five, round, ruddy, and with a head, which, being a little bald on the top, looked not unlike a crow's nest with one egg in it. A good-humoured face turned from the book as Flemming entered; and a good-humoured voice exclaimed:—

“Ha! ha! Mr. Flemming! Is it you, or your apparition? I told you we should meet again! though you were for taking an eternal farewell of your fellow-traveller.”

Saying these words, the stout gentleman rose and shook Flemming heartily by the hand. And Flemming returned the shake as heartily, recognising in this ruddy personage

a former travelling-companion, Mr. Berkley, whom he had left, a week or two previous, toiling up the Righi. Mr. Berkley was an Englishman of fortune; a good-humoured, humane old bachelor; remarkable alike for his common sense and his eccentricity. That is to say, the basis of his character was good, sound common sense, trodden down and smoothed by education; but this level groundwork his strange and whimsical fancy used as a dancing-floor, whereon to exhibit her eccentric tricks. His ruling passion was cold-bathing; and he usually ate his breakfast sitting in a tub of cold water, and reading a newspaper. He kissed every child he met; and to every old man said, in passing, "God bless you!" with such an expression of voice and countenance, that no one could doubt his sincerity. He reminded one of Roger Bontemps, or the Little Man in Gray, though with a difference.

"The last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. Berkley," said Flemming, "was at Goldau, just as you were going up the Righi. I hope you were gratified with a fine sunrise on the mountain-top."

"No, I was not!" replied Mr. Berkley. "It is all a humbug! a confounded humbug! They made such a noise about their sunrise, that I determined I would not see it. So I lay snug in bed, and only peeped through the window-curtain. That was enough. Just above the house, on the top of the hill, stood some fifty half-dressed, romantic individuals, shivering in the wet grass; and, a short distance from them, a miserable wretch, blowing a long, wooden horn. 'That's your sunrise on the Righi, is it?' said I; and went to sleep again. The best thing I saw at the Culm was the advertisement on the bed-room doors, saying, that if the women would wear the quilts and blankets for shawls, when they went out to see the sunrise,

they must pay for the washing. Take my word for it, the Right is a great humbug!"

"Where have you been since?"

"At Zürich and Schaffhausen. If you go to Zürich, beware how you stop at the Raven. They will cheat you. They cheated me; but I had my revenge; for, when we reached Schaffhausen, I wrote in the Traveller's Book—

Beware of the Raven of Zurich!
 'Tis a bird of omen ill;
 With a noisy and an unclean nest,
 And a very, very long bill.

If you go to the Golden Falken, you will find it there. I am the author of those lines!"

"Bitter as Juvenal!" exclaimed Flemming.

"Not in the least bitter," said Mr. Berkley. "It is all true. Go to the Raven and see. But this Interlachen! this Interlachen! It is the loveliest spot on the face of the earth," he continued, stretching out both arms as if to embrace the object of his affection. "There,—only look out there!"

Here he pointed to the window. Flemming looked, and beheld a scene of transcendent beauty. The plain was covered already by the brown shade of the summer twilight. From the cottage roofs in Unterseen rose here and there a thin column of smoke over the tops of the trees, and mingled with the evening shadows. The valley of Lauterbrunnen was filled with a blue haze. Far above, in the clear, cloudless heaven, the white forehead of the Jungfrau blushed at the last kiss of the departing sun. It was a glorious Transfiguration of Nature! And when the village bells began to ring, and a single voice at a great distance was heard *yodling* forth a ballad, it rather broke than in-

creased the enchantment of a scene, where silence was more musical than sound.

For a long time they gazed at the gloaming landscape, and spake not. At length people came in, and laid aside their shawls and hats, and exchanged a word or two with Berkley. To Flemming they were all unknown. The conversation turned upon the various excursions of the day. Some had been at the Staubbach, others at the Grindelwald, others at the Lake of Thun; and nobody before had ever experienced half the rapture which they had experienced that day. And thus they sat in the twilight, as people love to do at the close of a summer day. As yet the lamps had not been lighted, and one could not distinguish faces; but voices only, and forms, like shadows.

Presently a female figure, clothed in black, entered the room and sat down by the window. She rather listened to the conversation than joined in it; but the few words she said were spoken in a voice so musical and full of soul, that it moved the soul of Flemming, like a whisper from heaven.

Oh, how wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only; as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in the still, small voice, and in a voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man!

Flemming would fain have sat and listened for hours to the sound of that unknown voice. He felt sure, in his secret heart, that the being from whom it came was beautiful. His imagination filled up the faint outline which the

eye beheld in the fading twilight, and the figure stood already in his mind like Raphael's beautiful Madonna in the Dresden gallery. He was never more mistaken in his life. The voice belonged to a beautiful being, it is true; but her beauty was different from that of any Madonna which Raphael ever painted; as he would have seen, had he waited till the lamps were lighted. But in the midst of his reverie and saint-painting, the landlord came in, and told him he had found a chamber, which he begged him to go and look at.

Flemming took his leave and departed. Berkley went with him, to see, he said, what kind of nest his young friend was to sleep in.

"The chamber is not what I could wish," said the landlord, as he led them across the street. "It is in the old cloister. But to-morrow or next day, you can, no doubt, have a room at the house."

The name of the cloister struck Flemming's imagination pleasantly. He was owl enough to like ruins and old chambers, where nuns or friars had slept. And he said to Berkley:—

"So, you perceive, my nest is to be in a cloister. It already makes me think of a bird's-nest I once saw on an old tower of Heidelberg Castle, built in the jaws of a lion, which formerly served as a spout. But pray tell me, who was that young lady with the soft voice?"

"What young lady with the soft voice?"

"The young lady in black, who sat by the window."

"Oh, she is the daughter of an English officer, who died not long ago at Naples. She is passing the summer here with her mother."

"What is her name?"

"Ashburton."

“Is she beautiful?”

“Not beautiful; but very intellectual. A woman of genius, I should say.”

And now they had reached the walls of the cloister, and passed under an arched gateway, and close beneath the round towers, which Flemming had already seen, rising with their cone-shaped roofs above the trees, like tall tapers, with extinguishers upon them.

“It is not so bad as it looks,” said the landlord, knocking at a small door, in the main building. “The bailiff lives in one part of it.”

A servant girl, with a candle in her hand, opened the door, and conducted Flemming and Berkley to the chamber which had been engaged. It was a large room on the lower floor, wainscoted with pine, and unpainted. Three lofty and narrow windows, with leaden lattices and small panes, looked southward towards the valley of Lauterbrunnen and the mountains. In one corner was a large square bed, with a tester and checked curtains. In another, a huge stove of painted tiles, reaching almost to the ceiling. An old sofa, a few high-backed, antique chairs, and a table, completed the furniture of the room.

Thus Flemming took possession of his monkish cell and dormitory. He ordered tea, and began to feel at home. Berkley passed the evening with him. On going away, he said:—

“Good night! I leave you to the care of the Virgin and all the Saints. If the ghost of any old monk comes back after his prayer-book, my compliments to him. If I were a younger man, you certainly should see a ghost. Good night!”

When he had departed, Flemming opened the lattice of one of the windows. The moon had risen, and silvered the dark outline of the nearest hills; while, afar off, the snowy

summits of the Jungfrau and the Silver-Horn shone like a white cloud in the sky. Close beneath the windows was a flower-garden; and the breath of the summer night came to him with dewy fragrance. There was a grateful seclusion about the place. He blessed the happy accident which gave him such a lodging, and fell asleep that night thinking of the nuns who once had slept in the same quiet cells; but neither wimpled nun nor cowled monk appeared to him in his dreams;—not even the face of Mary Ashburton; nor did he hear her voice.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVENING AND THE MORNING STAR.

OLD Froissart tells us, in his Chronicles, that, when King Edward beheld the Countess of Salisbury at her castle-gate, he thought he had never seen before so noble nor so fair a lady: he was stricken thereupon to the heart with a sparkle of fine love, that endured long after; he thought no lady in the world so worthy to be beloved as she. And so likewise thought Paul Flemming, when he beheld the English lady in the fair light of a summer morning. I will not disguise the truth. She is my heroine; and I mean to describe her with great truth and beauty, so that all shall be in love with her, and I most of all.

Mary Ashburton was in her twentieth summer. Like the fair maiden Amoret, she was sitting in the lap of womanhood. They did her wrong who said she was not beautiful; and yet

“She was not fair,
Nor beautiful;—those words express her not.
But, Oh, her looks had something excellent,
That wants a name!”

Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. At times it wore an expression of seriousness—of sorrow even; and then seemed to make the very air bright with what the Italian poets so beautifully call the *lampeggiar dell' angelico riso*—the lightning of the angelic smile.

And, Oh, those eyes—those deep unutterable eyes, with “down-falling eyelids, full of dreams and slumber,” and within them a cold, living light, as in mountain lakes at evening, or in the river of Paradise, for ever gliding,

“With a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.”

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful, which, like the planets, have a steady, lam-bent light—are luminous, but not sparkling. Such eyes the Greek poets give to the Immortals.

The lady's figure was striking. Every step, every attitude was graceful, and yet lofty, as if inspired by the soul within. Angels in the old poetic philosophy have such forms; it was the soul itself imprinted on the air. And what a soul was hers! A temple dedicated to Heaven, and, like the Pantheon at Rome, lighted only from above. And earthly passions in the form of gods were no longer there, but the sweet and thoughtful faces of Christ, and the Virgin Mary, and the Saints. Thus there was not one discordant thing in her; but a perfect harmony of figure, and face, and soul—in a word, of the whole being. And he who had a soul to comprehend hers must of necessity love her, and, having once loved her, could love no other woman for evermore.

No wonder, then, that Flemming felt his heart drawn towards her, as, in her morning walk, she passed him, sitting alone under the great walnut-trees near the cloister, and thinking of heaven, but not of her. She, too, was alone. Her cheek was no longer pale; but glowing and bright, with the inspiration of the summer air. Flemming gazed after her, till she disappeared, even as a vision of his dreams, he knew not whither. He was not yet in love, but very near it; for he thanked God that he had made such beautiful beings to walk the earth.

Last night he had heard a voice to which his soul responded; and he might have gone on his way, and taken no farther heed. But he would have heard that voice afterwards, whenever at evening he thought of this evening at Interlachen. To-day he had seen more clearly the vision, and his restless soul grew calm. The place seemed pleasant to him; and he could not go. He did not ask himself whence came this calm. He felt it, and was happy in the feeling; and blessed the landscape and the summer morning, as if they possessed the wonder-working power.

"A pleasant morning-dream to you," said a friendly voice; and at the same moment some one laid his hand upon Flemming's shoulder. It was Berkley. He had approached unseen and unheard.

"I see by the smile on your countenance," he continued, "that it is no day-incubus."

"You are right," replied Flemming. "It was a pleasant dream, which you have put to flight."

"And I am glad to see that you have also put to flight the gloomy thoughts which used to haunt you. I like to see people cheerful and happy. Why give way to sadness in this beautiful world?"

“Ah! this beautiful world!” said Flemming, with a smile. “Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn on our hearths nor in our hearts; and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad.”

“And who says we do not?” interrupted Berkley. “Come, come! Let us go to breakfast. The morning air has given me a rude appetite. I long to say grace over a fresh egg, and eat salt with my worst enemies; namely, the Cockneys at the hotel. After breakfast you must give yourself up wholly to me. I shall take you to the Grindelwald!”

“To-day, then, you do not breakfast like Diogenes, but consent to leave your tub.”

“Yes, for the pleasure of your company. I shall also blow out the light in my lantern, having found you.”

“Thank you.”

The breakfast passed without any unusual occurrence. Flemming watched the entrance of every guest; but she came not,—the guest he most desired to see.

“And now for the Grindelwald!” said Berkley.

“Why such haste? We have the whole day before us. There is time enough.”

“Not a moment to lose, I assure you. The carriage is at the door.”

They drove up the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and turned

eastward among the mountains of the Grindelwald. There they passed the day; half-frozen by the icy breath of the Great Glacier, upon whose surface stand pyramids and blocks of ice, like the tombstones of a cemetery. It was a weary day to Flemming. He wished himself at Interlachen; and was glad, when, towards evening, he saw once more the cone-roofed towers of the cloister rising above the walnut-trees.

That evening is written in red letters in his history. It gave him another revelation of the beauty and excellence of woman's character and intellect; not wholly new to him, yet now renewed and fortified. It was from the lips of Mary Ashburton that the revelation came. Her form arose, like a tremulous evening-star, in the firmament of his soul. He conversed with her, and with her alone; and knew not when to go. All others were to him as if they were not there. He saw their forms, but saw them as the forms of inanimate things. At length her mother came; and Flemming beheld in her but another Mary Ashburton, with beauty more mature;—the same forehead and eyes, the same majestic figure; and, as yet, no trace of age. He gazed upon her with a feeling of delight, not unmingled with holy awe. She was to him the rich and glowing Evening, from whose bosom the tremulous star was born.

Berkley took no active part in the conversation, but did what was much more to the purpose,—that is to say, arranged a drive for the next day with the Ashburtons, and of course invited Flemming, who went home that night with a halo round his head, and wondering much at a dandy, who stood at the door of the hotel, and said to his companion, as Flemming passed:—

“What do you call this place? I have been here two hours already, and find it devilish dull!”

CHAPTER V.

A RAINY DAY.

WHEN Flemming awoke the next morning, he saw the sky dark and lowering. From the mountain tops hung a curtain of mist, whose heavy folds waved to and fro in the valley below. Over all the landscape the soft summer rain was falling. No admiring eyes would look up that day at the Staubbach.

A rainy day in Switzerland puts a sudden stop to many diversions. The coachman may drive to the inn, and then back to the stable; but no farther. The sunburnt guide may sit at the alehouse door, and welcome; and the boatman whistle and curse the clouds, at his own sweet will;—but no foot stirs abroad for all that; no traveller moves, if he has time to stay. The rainy day gives him time for reflection. He has leisure now to take cognizance of his impressions, and make up his account with the mountains. He remembers, too, that he has friends at home; and writes up the journal, neglected for a week or more, and letters neglected longer; or finishes the rough pencil-sketch, begun yesterday in the open air. On the whole, he is not sorry it rains—though disappointed.

Flemming was both sorry and disappointed; but he did not on that account fail to go over to the Ashburtons at the appointed hour. He found them sitting in the parlour. The mother was reading, and the daughter retouching a sketch of the Lake of Thun. After the usual salutations, Flemming seated himself near the daughter, and said:—

“We shall have no Staubbach to-day, I presume; only this Giessbach from the clouds.”

“Nothing more, I suppose. So we must be content to stay in-doors, and listen to the sound of the eaves-dropping rain. It gives me time to finish some of these rough sketches.”

“It is a pleasant pastime,” said Flemming; “and I perceive you are very skilful. I am delighted to see that you can draw a straight line. I never before saw a lady’s sketch-book in which all the towers did not resemble the Leaning Tower of Pisa. I always tremble for the little men under them.”

“How absurd!” exclaimed Mary Ashburton, with a smile that passed through the misty air of Flemming’s thoughts like a sunbeam. “For one, I succeed much better in straight lines than in any others. Here I have been trying a half-hour to make this water-wheel round; and round it never will be.”

“Then let it remain as it is. It looks uncommonly picturesque, and may pass for a new invention.”

The lady continued to sketch, and Flemming to gaze at her beautiful face; often repeating to himself those lines in Marlow’s Faust:—

“Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!”

He certainly would have betrayed himself to the maternal eye of Mrs. Ashburton, had she not been wholly absorbed in the follies of a fashionable novel. Ere long, the fair sketcher had paused for a moment; and Flemming had taken her sketch-book in his hands and was looking it through from the beginning with ever-increasing delight, half of which he dared not express, though he favoured her with some comments and bursts of admiration.

“This is truly a very beautiful sketch of Murten and the battle-field! How quietly the landscape sleeps there by

the lake, after the battle! Did you ever read the ballad of Veit Weber, the shoemaker, on this subject? He says, the routed Burgundians jumped into the lake, and the Swiss Leaguers shot them down like wild ducks among the reeds. He fought in the battle, and wrote the ballad afterwards:—

‘He had himself laid hand on sword,
He who this rhyme did write;
Till evening mowed he with the sword,
And sang the song at night.’ ”

“You must give me the whole ballad,” said Miss Ashburton; “it will serve to illustrate the sketch.”

“And the sketch to illustrate the ballad. And now we suddenly slide down the Alps into Italy, and are even in Rome, if I mistake not. ‘This is surely a head of Homer?’”

“Yes,” replied the lady, with a little enthusiasm. “Do you not remember the marble bust at Rome? When I first beheld that bust, it absolutely inspired me with awe. It is not the face of a man, but of a god!”

“And you have done it no injustice in your copy,” said Flemming, catching a new enthusiasm from hers. “With what a classic grace the fillet, passing round the majestic forehead, confines his flowing locks, which mingle with his beard! The countenance, too, is calm, majestic, godlike! Even the fixed and sightless eyeballs do not mar the image of the seer! Such were the sightless eyes of the blind old man of Chios. They seem to look with mournful solemnity into the mysterious future; and the marble lips to repeat that prophetic passage in the Hymn to Apollo:—‘Let me also hope to be remembered in ages to come. And when any one, born of the tribes of men, comes hither, a weary traveller, and inquires, who is the sweetest of the singing-men that resort to your feasts, and whom you most delight to hear, do you make answer for me: It is the Blind Man

who dwells in Chios; his songs excel all that can ever be sung! But do you really believe that this is a portrait of Homer?"

"Certainly not! It is only an artist's dream. It was thus that Homer appeared to him in his visions of the antique world. Every one, you know, forms an image in his fancy of persons and things he has never seen; and the artist reproduces them in marble or on canvass."

"And what is the image in your fancy? Is it like this?"

"No; not entirely. I have drawn my impressions from another source. Whenever I think of Homer, which is not often, he walks before me, solemn and serene, as in the vision of the great Italian; in countenance neither sorrowful nor glad, followed by other bards, and holding in his right hand a sword!"

"That is a finer conception than this," said Flemming. "And I perceive from your words, as well as from this book, that you have a true feeling for Art, and understand what it is. You have had bright glimpses into the enchanted land."

"I trust," replied the lady, modestly, "that I am not wholly without this feeling. Certainly I have as strong and passionate a love of Art as of Nature."

"But does it not often offend you to hear people speaking of Art and Nature as opposite and discordant things? Surely nothing can be more false. Nature is a revelation of God; Art a revelation of man. Indeed, Art signifies no more than this. Art is Power. That is the original meaning of the word. It is the creative power by which the soul of man makes itself known, through some external manifestation or outward sign. As we can always hear the voice of God, walking in the garden, in the cool of the day, or under the star-light, where, to quote one of this poet's

verses, 'high prospects and the brows of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for shows,'—so under the twilight and the star-light of past ages, do we hear the voice of man, walking amid the works of his hands, and city walls and towers, and the spires of churches, thrust up themselves for shows."

The lady smiled at his warmth ; and he continued :—

"This, however, is but a similitude ; and Art and Nature are more nearly allied than by similitudes only. Art is the revelation of man ; and not merely that, but likewise the revelation of Nature, speaking through man. Art pre-exists in Nature, and Nature is reproduced in Art. As vapours from the ocean, floating landward and dissolved in rain, are carried back in rivers to the ocean, so thoughts and the semblances of things that fall upon the soul of man in showers flow out again in living streams of Art, and lose themselves in the great ocean, which is Nature. Art and Nature are not, then, discordant, but ever harmoniously working in each other."

Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm. Flemming spake with such evident interest in the subject, that Miss Ashburton did not fail to manifest some interest in what he said ; and encouraged by this, he proceeded :—

"Thus in this wondrous world wherein we live, which is the World of Nature, man has made unto himself another world, hardly less wondrous, which is the World of Art. And it lies enfolded and compassed about by the other,

'And the clear region where 'twas born
Round in itself encloses.'

Taking this view of Art, I think we understand more easily the skill of the artist, and the difference between him and the mere amateur. What we call miracles and wonders of

Art are not so to him who created them; for they were created by the natural movements of his own great soul. Statues, paintings, churches, poems, are but shadows of himself;—shadows in marble, colours, stone, words. He feels and recognises their beauty; but he thought these thoughts and produced these things as easily as inferior minds do thoughts and things inferior; perhaps more easily. Vague images and shapes of beauty floating through the soul, the semblances of things as yet indefinite or ill-defined, and perfect only when put in Art—this Possible Intellect, as the Scholastic Philosophers have termed it—the artist shares in common with us all. The lovers of Art are many. . But the Active Intellect, the creative power—the power to put these shapes and images in Art, to embody the indefinite, and render perfect—is his alone. He shares the gift with few. He knows not even whence nor how this is. He knows only that it is; that God has given him the power, which has been denied to others.”

“I should have known you were just from Germany,” said the lady, with a smile, “even if you had not told me so. You are an enthusiast for the Germans. For my part, I cannot endure their harsh language.”

“You would like it better, if you knew it better,” answered Flemming. “It is not harsh to me; but homelike, hearty, and full of feeling—like the sound of happy voices at a fireside, of a winter’s night, when the wind blows, and the fire crackles, and hisses, and snaps. I do indeed love the Germans; the men are so hale and hearty, and the Fräuleins so tender and true!”

“I always think of men with pipes and beer, and women with knitting-work.”

“Oh, those are English prejudices!” exclaimed Flemming. “Nothing can be more——”

“ And their very literature presents itself to my imagination under the same forms.”

“ I see you have read only English criticisms ; and have an idea that all German books smell, as one of your English critics says, ‘ of groceries, of brown papers filled with greasy cakes and slices of bacon, and of fryings in frowzy back-parlours ; ’ and this shuts you out from a glorious world of poetry, romance, and dreams ! ”

Mary Ashburton smiled, and Flemming continued to turn over the leaves of the sketch-book, with an occasional criticism and witticism. At length he came to a leaf which was written in pencil. People of a lively imagination are generally curious, and always so when a little in love.

“ Here is a pencil-sketch,” said he, with an entreating look, “ which I would fain examine with the rest.”

“ You may do so, if you wish ; but you will find it the poorest sketch in the book. I was trying one day to draw the picture of an artist’s life in Rome, as it presented itself to my imagination ; and this is the result. Perhaps it may awaken some pleasant recollection in your mind.”

Flemming waited no longer ; but read with the eyes of a lover, not of a critic, the following description, which inspired him with a new enthusiasm for Art, and for Mary Ashburton.

“ I often reflect with delight upon the young artist’s life in Rome. A stranger from the cold and gloomy North, he has crossed the Alps, and with the devotion of a pilgrim journeyed to the Eternal City. He dwells, perhaps, upon the Pincian Hill ; and hardly a house there, which is not inhabited by artists from foreign lands. The very room he lives in has been their abode time out of mind. Their names are written all over the walls ; perhaps some further record of them is left in a rough sketch upon the window-

shutter, with an inscription and a date. These things consecrate the place, in his imagination. Even these names, though unknown to him, are not without associations in his mind.

“In that warm latitude he rises with the day. The night-vapours are already rolling away over the Campagna seaward. As he looks from his window, above and beyond their white folds he recognises the tremulous blue sea at Ostia. Over Soracte rises the sun—over his own beloved mountain; though no longer worshipped there, as of old. Before him, the antique house of Claude, Lorraine casts its long brown shadow down into the heart of modern Rome. The city lies still asleep and silent. But above its dark roofs more than two hundred steeples catch the sunshine on their gilded weathercocks. Presently the bells begin to ring, and, as the artist listens to their pleasant chimes, he knows that in each of those churches, over the high altar, hangs a painting by some great master's hand, whose beauty comes between him and heaven, so that he cannot pray, but wonder only.

“Among these works of art he passes the day; but oftenest in St. Peter's and the Vatican. Up the vast marble staircase—through the Corridor Chiaramonti—through vestibules, galleries, chambers—he passes, as in a dream. All are filled with busts and statues, or painted in daring frescoes. What forms of strength and beauty! what glorious creations of the human mind! and in that last chamber of all, standing alone upon his pedestal, the Apollo found at Actium—in such a majestic attitude—with such a noble countenance, life-like, god-like!

“Or perhaps he passes into the chambers of the painters; but goes no further than the second. For in the middle of that chamber a large painting stands upon the heavy

easel, as if unfinished; though more than three hundred years ago the great artist completed it, and then laid his pencil away for ever, leaving this last benediction to the world. It is the Transfiguration of Christ, by Raphael. A child looks not at the stars with greater wonder than the artist at this painting. He knows how many studious years are in that picture. He knows the difficult path that leads to perfection, having himself taken some of the first steps. Thus he recalls the hour, when that broad canvass was first stretched upon its frame, and Raphael stood before it, and laid the first colours upon it, and beheld the figures one by one born into life, and 'looked upon the work of his own hands with a smile, that it should have succeeded so well.' He recalls, too, the hour, when, the task accomplished, the pencil dropped from the master's dying hand, and his eyes closed to open on a more glorious transfiguration, and at length the dead Raphael lay in his own studio, before this wonderful painting, more glorious than any conqueror under the banners and armorial hatchments of his funeral!

"Think you that such sights and thoughts as these do not move the heart of a young man and an artist? And when he goes forth into the open air, the sun is going down, and the gray ruins of an antique world receive him. From the Palace of the Cæsars he looks down into the Forum, or towards the Coliseum; or westward sees the last sunshine strike the bronze Archangel which stands upon the Tomb of Adrian. He walks amid a world of Art in ruins. The very street lamps, that light him homeward, burn before some painted or sculptured image of the Madonna! What wonder is it, if dreams visit him in his sleep—nay, if his whole life seem to him a dream? What wonder, if, with a feverish heart and quick hand,

he strive to reproduce those dreams in marble or on canvas?"

Foolish Paul Flemming! who both admired and praised this little sketch, and yet was too blind to see that it was written from the heart, and not from the imagination! Foolish Paul Flemming! who thought that a girl of twenty could write thus without a reason! Close upon this followed another pencil sketch, which he likewise read, with her permission. It was this.

"The whole period of the Middle Ages seems very strange to me. At times I cannot persuade myself that such things could have been as history tells us; that such a strange world was a part of our world; that such a strange life was a part of the life which seems to us, who are living it now, so passionless and common-place. It is only when I stand amid ruined castles, that look at me so mournfully, and behold the heavy armour of old knights, hanging upon the wainscot of Gothic chambers; or when I walk amid the aisles of some dusky minster, whose walls are narrative of hoar antiquity, and whose very bells have been baptized, and see the carved oaken stalls in the choir, where so many generations of monks have sat and sung, and the tombs, where now they sleep in silence, to awake no more to their midnight psalms;—it is only at such times that the history of the Middle Ages is a reality to me, and not a passage in romance.

"Likewise the illuminated manuscripts of those ages have something of this power of making the dead Past a living Present in my mind. What curious figures are emblazoned on the creaking parchment, making its yellow leaves laugh with gay colours! You seem to come upon them unawares. Their faces have an expression of wonder. They seem all to be just startled from their sleep by the

sound you made when you unloosed the brazen clasps, and opened the curiously carved oaken covers, that turn on hinges, like the great gates of a city. To the building of that city some diligent monk gave the whole of a long life. With what strange denizens he peopled it! Adam and Eve standing under a tree, with apples in their hands; the patriarch Abraham, with a tree growing out of his body, and his descendants sitting like owls upon its branches; ladies with flowing locks of gold; knights in armour, with most fantastic, long-toed shoes; jousts and tournaments; and Minnesingers, and lovers whose heads reach to the towers where their ladies sit;—and all so angular, so naïve, so childlike,—all in such simple attitudes, with such great eyes, and holding up such long, lank fingers!—These things are characteristic of the Middle Ages, and persuade me of the truth of history.”

At this moment Berkley entered, with a Swiss cottage, which he had bought as a present for somebody's child in England; and a cane with a chamois-horn on the end of it, which he had bought as a present for himself. This was the first time that Flemming had been sorry to see the good-natured man, whose presence now interrupted the delightful conversation he was carrying on “under four eyes” with Mary Ashburton. He really thought him tedious, and wondered it had never occurred to him before. Mrs. Ashburton, too, must needs lay down her book; and the conversation became general. Strange to say, the Swiss dinner-hour, of one o'clock, did not come a moment too soon for Flemming. It did not even occur to him that it was early; for he was seated beside Mary Ashburton; and at dinner one can say so much, without being overheard.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER DINNER, AND AFTER THE MANNER OF THE
BEST CRITICS.

WHEN the learned Thomas Diafoirus wooed the fair Angélique, he drew from his pocket a medical thesis, and presented it to her, as the first-fruits of his genius; and, at the same time, invited her, with her father's permission, to attend the dissection of a woman, upon whom he was to lecture. Paul Flemming did nearly the same thing; and so often, that it had become a habit. He was continually drawing from his pocket or his memory some scrap of song or story; and inviting some fair Angélique, either with her father's permission or without, to attend the dissection of an author upon whom he was to lecture. He soon gave proofs of this to Mary Ashburton.

“What books have we here for afternoon reading?” said Flemming, taking a volume from the table, when they had returned from the dining-room. “Oh, it is Uhland's poems. Have you read anything of his? He and Tieck are generally considered the best living poets of Germany. They dispute the palm of superiority. Let me give you a lesson in German, this afternoon, Miss Ashburton; so that no one may accuse you of ‘omitting the sweet benefit of time, to clothe your age with angel-like perfection.’ I have opened at random upon the ballad of the Black Knight. Do you repeat the German after me, and I will translate to you. *Pfingsten war, das Fest der Freude!*”

“I should never persuade my unwilling lips to pronounce such sounds. So I beg you not to perplex me with your German, but read me the ballad in English.”

“ Well, then, listen. I will improvise a translation for your own particular benefit.

“ ’Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.
Thus began the king, and spake:
‘ So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg’s walls
A luxuriant spring shall break.’

“ Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.
From balcony the king looked on ;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers
Before the monarch’s stalwart son.

“ To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable knight.
‘ Sir Knight ! your name and scutcheon ? say !’
‘ Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear ;
I ’m a prince of mighty sway !’

“ When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle ’gan to rock.
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,—
Hardly rises from the shock.

“ Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torchlight through the high halls glances,
Waves a mighty shadow in ;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden’s hand,
Doth with her the dance begin :

“ Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets faded, to the ground.

“ To the sumptuous banquet came
 Every knight and every dame.
 ’Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
 With mournful mind
 The ancient king reclined,
 Gazed at them in silent thought.

“ Pale the children both did look,
 But the guest a beaker took :
 ‘Golden wine will make you whole!’
 The children drank,
 Gave many a courteous thank :
 ‘Oh, that draught was very cool!’

“ Each the father’s breast embraces,
 Son and daughter; and their faces
 Colourless grow utterly.
 Whichever way
 Looks the fear-struck father gray,
 He beholds his children die.

“ ‘Woe! the blessed children both
 Takest thou in the joy of youth :
 Take me, too, the joyless father!’
 Spake the grim guest,
 From his hollow, cavernous breast :
 ‘Roses in the spring I gather!’ ”

“ That is indeed a striking ballad!” said Miss Ashburton,
 “ but rather too grim and ghostly for this dull afternoon.”

“ It begins joyously enough with the feast of Pentecost,
 and the crimson banners at the old castle. Then the con-
 trast is well managed. The knight in black mail and the
 waving in of the mighty shadow in the dance, and the
 dropping of the faded flowers, are all strikingly presented
 to the imagination. However, it tells its own story, and
 needs no explanation. Here is something in a different
 vein, though still melancholy. The Castle by the Sea.
 Shall I read it?”

“ Yes, if you like.”

Flemming read :—

“ ‘Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

“ ‘And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening’s crimson glow.’

“ ‘Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.’

“ ‘The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme?’

“ ‘The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.’

“ ‘And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride,
And the wave of their crimson mantles,
And the golden crown of pride?

“ ‘Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there,
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?’

“ ‘Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;
No maiden was by their side!’

“How do you like that?”

“It is very graceful, and pretty. But Uhland seems to leave a great deal to his reader’s imagination. All his

readers should be poets themselves, or they will hardly comprehend him. I confess, I hardly understand the passage where he speaks of the castle's stooping downward to the mirrored wave below, and then soaring upward into the gleaming sky. I suppose, however, he wishes to express the momentary illusion we experience when beholding a perfect reflection of an old tower in the sea. We look at it as if it were not a mere shadow in the water; and yet the real tower rises far above, and seems to float in the crimson evening clouds. Is that the meaning?"

"I should think it was. To me it is all a beautiful cloud landscape, which I comprehend and feel, and yet should find some difficulty perhaps in explaining."

"And why need one always explain? Some feelings are quite untranslatable. No language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet, when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty all at once; as glowworms, which gleam with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought in where the candles are lighted, are found to be only worms, like so many others."

"Very true. We ought sometimes to be content with feeling. Here, now, is an exquisite piece, which soothes one like the fall of evening shadows—like the dewy coolness of twilight after a sultry day. I shall not give you a bald translation of my own, because I have laid up in my memory another, which, though not very literal, equals the original in beauty. Observe how finely it commences.

"Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

“Then, in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

“One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

“So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,—
Friends, who closed their course before me.

“Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more!

“Take, O boatmen, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me!

“Oh, that is beautiful—‘beautiful exceedingly!’ Who translated it?”

“I do not know. I wish I could find him out. It is certainly admirably done; though in the measure of the original there is something like the rocking motion of a boat, which is not preserved in the translation.”

“And is Uhland always so soothing and spiritual?”

“Yes, he generally looks into the spirit-world. I am now trying to find here a little poem on the Death of a Country Clergyman, in which he introduces a striking picture. But I cannot turn to it. No matter. He describes the spirit of the good old man, returning to earth on a bright summer morning, and standing amid the golden corn and the red and blue flowers, and mildly greeting the

reapers as of old. But there is nothing morbid in Uhland's mind. He is always fresh and invigorating, like a breezy morning. In this he differs entirely from such writers as Salis and Matthisson."

"And who are they?"

"Two melancholy gentlemen to whom life was only a Dismal Swamp, upon whose margin they walked with cambric handkerchiefs in their hands, sobbing and sighing, and making signals to Death to come and ferry them over the lake. And now their spirits stand in the green fields of German song like two weeping willows bending over a grave. To read their poems is like wandering through a village church-yard on a summer evening, reading the inscriptions upon the grave-stones, and recalling sweet images of the departed; while above you,

Hark! in the holy grove of palms,
Where the stream of life runs free,
Echoes, in the angels' psalms,
'Sister spirit! hail to thee!'

"How musically those lines flow! Are they Matthisson's?"

"Yes; and they do indeed flow musically. I wish I had his poems here. I should like to read to you his *Elegy on the Ruins of an Ancient Castle*. It is an imitation of Gray's *Elegy*. You have been at Baden-Baden?"

"Yes; last summer."

"And have not forgotten——"

"The old castle? Of course not. What a magnificent ruin it is!"

"That is the scene of Matthisson's poem, and seems to have filled the melancholy bard with more than wonted inspiration."

“I should like very much to see the poem—I remember that old ruin with so much delight.”

“I am sorry I have not a translation of it for you. Instead of it, I will give you a sweet and mournful poem from Salis. It is called the Song of the Silent Land.

“Into the Silent Land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, Oh, thither,

Into the Silent Land?

“Into the Silent Land!

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions

Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band,

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand

Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land!

“O Land! O Land!

For all the broken-hearted

The mildest herald by our fate allotted

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand

To lead us with a gentle hand

Into the land of the great departed,

Into the Silent Land!

Is not that a beautiful poem?”

Mary Ashburton made no answer. She had turned away to hide her tears. Flemming wondered that Berkley could say she was not beautiful. Still he was rather pleased than offended at it. He felt at that moment how sweet a thing it would be to possess one who should seem beautiful to him alone, and yet to him be more beautiful than all the world beside! How bright the world became to him at that thought! It was like one of those paintings in which all the light streams from the face of the Virgin.

Oh, there is nothing holier, in this life of ours, than the first consciousness of love—the first fluttering of its silken wings; the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy!

Old histories tell us that the great Emperor Charlemagne stamped his edicts with the hilt of his sword. The greater emperor, Death, stamps his with the blade; and they are signed and executed with the same stroke. Flemming received that night a letter from Heidelberg, which told him that Emma of Ilmenau was dead. The fate of this poor girl affected him deeply; and he said in his heart:—

“Father in heaven! Why was the lot of this weak and erring child so hard? What had she done, to be so tempted in her weakness, and perish? Why didst thou suffer her gentle affections to lead her thus astray?”

And through the silence of the awful midnight, the voice of an avalanche answered from the distant mountains, and seemed to say:—

“Peace! peace! Why dost thou question God’s providence?”

CHAPTER VII.

TAKE CARE!

FAIR is the valley of Lauterbrunnen, with its green meadows and overhanging cliffs. The ruined castle of Unspunnen stands like an armed warder at the gate of the enchanted land. In calm serenity the snowy mountains rise beyond. Fairer than the Rock of Balmarusa, yon frowning precipice looks down upon us; and from the topmost cliff, the white pennon of the Brook of Dust shimmers and waves in the sunny air!

It was a bright, beautiful morning after night-rain.

Every dew-drop and rain-drop had a whole heaven within it; and so had the heart of Paul Flemming, as with Mrs. Ashburton and her dark-eyed daughter, he drove up the Valley of Lauterbrunnen—the Valley of Fountains-Only.

“How beautiful the Jungfrau looks this morning!” exclaimed he, looking at Mary Ashburton.

She thought he meant the mountain, and assented. But he meant her likewise.

“And the mountains beyond,” he continued; “the Monk and the Silver-horn, the Wetter-horn, the Schreck-horn, and the Schwarz-horn—all those sublime apostles of Nature, whose sermons are avalanches! Did you ever behold anything more grand?”

“Oh, yes! Mont Blanc is more grand, when you behold it from the hills opposite. It was there that I was most moved by the magnificence of Swiss scenery. It was a morning like this; and the clouds, that were hovering about on their huge, shadowy wings, made the scene only the more magnificent. Before me lay the whole panorama of the Alps; pine forests standing dark and solemn at the base of the mountains; and half-way up a veil of mist; above which rose the snowy summits and sharp needles of rock, which seemed to float in the air, like a fairy world. Then the glaciers stood on either side, winding down through the mountain ravines; and, high above all, rose the white, dome-like summit of Mont Blanc. And ever and anon from the shroud of mist came the awful sound of an avalanche, and a continual roar, as of the wind through a forest of pines, filled the air. It was the roar of the Arve and Aveyron, breaking from their icy fountains. Then the mists began to pass away; and it seemed as if the whole firmament were rolling together. It recalled to my mind that sublime passage in the Apocalypse:—‘I

saw a great white throne; and him that sat thereon; before whose face the heavens and the earth fled away, and found no place!' I cannot believe that upon this earth there is a more magnificent scene!"

"It must be grand, indeed," replied Flemming. "And those mighty glaciers,—huge monsters with bristling crests, creeping down into the valley! for it is said they really move."

"Yes; it filled me with a strange sensation of awe to think of this. They seemed to me like the dragons of Northern Romance, which come down from the mountains and devour whole villages. A little hamlet in Chamouni was once abandoned by its inhabitants, terrified at the approach of the icy dragon. But is it possible you have never been at Chamouni?"

"Never. The great marvel still remains unseen by me."

"Then how can you linger here so long? Were I in your place, I would not lose an hour."

These words passed over the opening blossoms of hope in the soul of Flemming like a cold wind over the flowers in spring-time. He bore it as best he could, and changed the subject.

I do not mean to describe the Valley of Lauterbrunnen, nor the bright day passed there. I know that my gentle reader is blessed with the divine gift of a poetic fancy; and can see already how the mountains rise, and the torrents fall, and the beautiful valley lies between; and how, along the dusty road, the herdsman blows his horn, and travellers come and go in *charabans*, like Punch and Judy in a show box. He knows already how romantic ladies sketch romantic scenes; and how cold meat tastes under the shadow of trees; and how time flies when we are in love, and the beloved one near. One little incident I must, however, mention, lest his fancy should not suggest it.

Flemming was still sitting with the ladies on the green slope near the Staubbach, or Brook of Dust, when a young man clad in green came down the valley. It was a German mechanic, with flaxen ringlets hanging over his shoulders, and a guitar in his hand. His step was free and elastic, and his countenance wore the joyous expression of youth and health. He approached the company with a courteous salutation; and, after the manner of travelling apprentices, asked charity with the confident air of one unaccustomed to refusal. Nor was he refused in this instance. The presence of those we love makes us compassionate and generous. Flemming gave him a piece of gold; and, after a short conversation, he seated himself, at a little distance, on the grass, and began to play and sing. Wonderful and many were the soft accords and plaintive sounds that came from that little instrument, touched by the student's hand. Every feeling of the human heart seemed to find an expression there, and awaken a kindred feeling in the hearts of those who heard him. He sang strange German songs, so full of longing, and of pleasing sadness, and hope, and fear, and passionate desire, and soul-subduing sorrow, that the tears came into Mary Ashburton's eyes, though she understood not the words he sang. Then his countenance glowed with triumph, and he beat the strings like a drum, and sang:—

“ Oh, how the drum beats so loud!
Close beside me in the fight,
My dying brother says, Good Night!
And the cannon's awful breath
Screams the loud halloo of Death!
And the drum,
And the drum,
Beats so loud!”

Many were the words of praise when the young musician

ended; and, as he rose to depart, they still entreated for one song more. Whereupon he played a lively prelude; and, looking full into Flemming's face, sang, with a pleasant smile and still in German, this little song:—

- “ I know a maiden fair to see;
 Take care!
 She can both false and friendly be.
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee!
- “ She has two eyes, so soft and brown;
 Take care!
 She gives a side-glance and looks down.
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee!
- “ And she has hair of a golden hue;
 Take care!
 And what she says, it is not true.
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee!
- “ She has a bosom as white as snow;
 Take care!
 She knows how much it is best to show.
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee!
- “ She gives thee a garland woven fair!
 Take care!
 It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear.
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee!”

The last stanza he sung in a laughing, triumphant tone,

which resounded above the loud clang of his guitar like the jeering laugh of Till Eulenspiegel. Then, slinging his guitar over his shoulder, he took off his green cap, and made a leg to the ladies, in the style of Gil Blas; waved his hand in the air, and walked quickly down the valley, singing, "Adé! Adé! Adé!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

THE power of magic in the Middle Ages created monsters who followed the unhappy magician everywhere. The power of love in all ages creates angels, who likewise follow the happy or unhappy lover everywhere, even in his dreams. By such an angel was Paul Flemming now haunted, both when he waked and when he slept. He walked as in a dream, and was hardly conscious of the presence of those around him. A sweet face looked at him from every page of every book he read; and it was the face of Mary Ashburton!—a sweet voice spake to him in every sound he heard; and it was the voice of Mary Ashburton! Day and night succeeded each other, with pleasant interchange of light and darkness; but to him the passing of time was only as a dream. When he arose in the morning, he thought only of her, and wondered if she were yet awake; and when he lay down at night, he thought only of her, and how, like the lady Christabel,

"Her gentle limbs she did undress,
And lay down in her loveliness."

And the livelong day he was with her, either in reality or in day-dreams hardly less real; for, in each delirious vision

of his waking hours, her beauteous form passed like the form of Beatrice through Dante's heaven; and, as he lay in the summer afternoon, and heard at times the sound of the wind in the trees, and the sound of Sabbath bells ascending up to heaven, holy wishes and prayers ascended with them from his inmost soul, beseeching that he might not love in vain! And whenever, in silence and alone, he looked into the silent, lonely countenance of Night, he recalled the impassioned lines of Plato:—

“Lookest thou at the stars? If I were heaven,
With all the eyes of heaven would I look down on thee!”

Oh, how beautiful it is to love! Even thou, that sneerest at this page, and laughest in cold indifference or scorn, if there are near thee,—thou, too, must acknowledge its truth, when thou art alone; and confess that a foolish world is prone to laugh in public at what in private it reveres, as one of the highest impulses of our nature,—namely, Love!

One by one the objects of our affection depart from us. But our affections remain, and like vines stretch forth their broken, wounded tendrils for support. The bleeding heart needs a balm to heal it; and there is none but the love of its kind—none but the affection of a human heart! Thus the wounded, broken affections of Flemming began to lift themselves from the dust and cling around this new object. Days and weeks passed; and, like the Student Crisostomo, he ceased to love, because he began to adore. And with this adoration mingled the prayer, that, in that hour when the world is still, and the voices that praise are mute, and reflection cometh like twilight, and the maiden, in her day-dreams, counted the number of her

friends, some voice in the sacred silence of her thoughts might whisper his name!

They were sitting together one morning, on the green, flowery meadow, under the ruins of Burg Unspunnen. She was sketching the ruins. The birds were singing, one and all, as if there were no aching hearts, no sin nor sorrow, in the world. So motionless was the bright air, that the shadow of the trees lay engraven on the grass. The distant snow-peaks sparkled in the sun, and nothing frowned, save the square tower of the old ruin above them.

"What a pity it is," said the lady, as she stopped to rest her weary fingers, "what a pity it is, that there is no old tradition connected with this ruin!"

"I will make you one, if you wish," said Flemming.

"Can you make old traditions?"

"Oh, yes! I made three, the other day, about the Rhine, and one very old one about the Black Forest. A lady with dishevelled hair; a robber with a horrible slouched hat; and a night storm among the roaring pines."

"Delightful! Do make one for me."

"With the greatest pleasure. Where will you have the scene? Here, or in the Black Forest?"

"In the Black Forest, by all means! Begin."

"I will unite this ruin and the forest together. But first promise not to interrupt me. If you snap the golden threads of thought, they will float away on the air like the film of the gossamer, and I shall never be able to recover them."

"I promise."

"Listen, then, to the Tradition of 'THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.'"

"Begin."

Flemming was reclining on the flowery turf at the lady's

feet, looking up with dreamy eyes into her sweet face, and then into the leaves of the linden-trees overhead.

“Gentle Lady! Dost thou remember the linden-trees of Bülach—those tall and stately trees, with velvet down upon their shining leaves, and rustic benches underneath their overhanging eaves? A leafy dwelling, fit to be the home of elf or fairy, where first I told my love to thee, thou cold and stately Hermione! A little peasant girl stood near, and listened all the while, with eyes of wonder and delight, and an unconscious smile, to hear the stranger still speak on in accents deep yet mild—none else was with us in that hour, save God and that little child!”

“Why, it is in rhyme!”

“No, no! the rhyme is only in your imagination. You promised not to interrupt me, and you have already snapped asunder the gossamer threads of as sweet a dream as was ever spun from a poet’s brain.”

“It certainly did rhyme!”

“This was the reverie of the Student Hieronymus, as he sat at midnight in a chamber of this old tower, with his hands clasped together, and resting upon an open volume, which he should have been reading. His pale face was raised, and the pupils of his eyes dilated, as if the spirit-world were open before him, and some beauteous vision were standing there, and drawing the student’s soul through his eyes up into heaven—as the evening sun, through parting summer-clouds, seems to draw into its bosom the vapours of the earth. Oh, it was a lovely vision! I can see it before me now!

“Near the student stood an antique bronze lamp, with strange figures carved upon it. It was a magic lamp, which once belonged to the Arabian astrologer El Geber, in Spain. Its light was beautiful as the light of stars;

and, night after night, as the lonely wight sat alone and read in this lofty tower, through the mist, and mirk, and dropping rain, it streamed out into the darkness, and was seen by many wakeful eyes. To the poor Student Hieronymus it was a wonderful Aladdin's Lamp; for in its flame a Divinity revealed herself unto him, and showed him treasures. Whenever he opened a ponderous, antiquated tome, it seemed as if some angel opened for him the gates of Paradise; and already he was known in the land as Hieronymus the Learned.

“But, alas! he could read no more. The charm was broken. Hour after hour he passed with his hands clasped before him, and his fair eyes gazing at vacancy. What could so disturb the studies of this melancholy wight? Lady, he was in love! Have you ever been in love? He had seen the face of the beautiful Hermione; and as, when we have thoughtlessly looked at the sun, our dazzled eyes, though closed, behold it still; so he beheld by day and by night the radiant image of her upon whom he had too rashly gazed. Alas! he was unhappy; for the proud Hermione disdained the love of a poor student, whose only wealth was a magic lamp. In marble halls, and amid the gay crowd that worshipped her, she had almost forgotten that such a being lived as the Student Hieronymus. The adoration of his heart had been to her only as the perfume of a wild-flower which she had carelessly crushed with her foot in passing. But he had lost all; for he had lost the quiet of his thoughts; and his agitated soul reflected only broken and distorted images of things. The world laughed at the poor student, who, in his threadbare cassock, dared to lift his eyes to the Lady Hermione; while he sat alone, in his desolate chamber, and suffered in silence. He remembered many things which he would fain

have forgotten: but which, if he had forgotten them, he would have wished again to remember. Such were the linden-trees of Bülach, under whose pleasant shades he had told his love to Hermione. This was the scene which he wished most to forget, yet loved most to remember; and of this he was now dreaming, with his hands clasped upon his book, and that music in his thoughts, which you, Lady, mistook for rhyme.

“Suddenly, with a melancholy clang, the convent clock struck twelve. It roused the Student Hieronymus from his dream; and rang in his ears, like the iron hoofs of the steeds of Time. The magic hour had come, when the Divinity of the lamp most willingly revealed herself to her votary. The bronze figures seemed alive; a white cloud rose from the flame and spread itself through the chamber, whose four walls dilated into magnificent cloud-vistas; a fragrance, as of wild-flowers, filled the air; and a dreamy music, like distant, sweet-chiming bells, announced the approach of the midnight Divinity. Through his streaming tears the heart-broken Student beheld her once more descending a pass in the snowy cloud-mountains, as, at evening, the dewy Hesperus comes from the bosom of the mist, and assumes his station in the sky. At her approach his spirit grew more calm; for her presence was, to his feverish heart, like a tropical night,—beautiful and soothing and invigorating. At length she stood before him, revealed in all her beauty; and he comprehended the visible language of her sweet but silent lips, which seemed to say,—‘What would the Student Hieronymus to-night?’—‘Peace!’ he answered, raising his clasped hands, and smiling through his tears. ‘The Student Hieronymus implores peace!’—‘Then go,’ said the spirit, ‘go to the Fountain of Oblivion in the deepest solitude of the Black

Forest, and cast this scroll into its waters; and thou shalt be at peace once more.' Hieronymus opened his arms to embrace the Divinity, for her countenance assumed the features of Hermione; but she vanished away; the music ceased; the gorgeous cloud-land sank and fell asunder; and the Student was alone within the four bare walls of his chamber. As he bowed his head downward, his eye fell upon a parchment scroll, which was lying beside the lamp. Upon it was written only the name of Hermione!

"The next morning Hieronymus put the scroll into his bosom, and went his way in search of the Fountain of Oblivion. A few days brought him to the skirts of the Black Forest. He entered, not without a feeling of dread, that land of shadows; and passed onward under melancholy pines and cedars, whose branches grew abroad and mingled together, and, as they swayed up and down, filled the air with solemn twilight and a sound of sorrow. As he advanced into the forest, the waving moss hung, like curtains, from the branches overhead, and more and more shut out the light of heaven; and he knew that the Fountain of Oblivion was not far off. Even then the sound of falling waters was mingling with the roar of the pines above him; and ere long he came to a river, moving in solemn majesty through the forest, and falling with a dull, leaden sound into a motionless and stagnant lake, above which the branches of the forest met and mingled, forming perpetual night. This was the Fountain of Oblivion.

"Upon its brink the Student paused, and gazed into the dark waters with a steadfast look. They were limpid waters, dark with shadows only. And as he gazed, he beheld, far down in their silent depths, dim and ill-defined outlines, wavering to and fro, like the folds of a white

garment in the twilight. Then more distinct and permanent shapes arose,—shapes familiar to his mind, yet forgotten and remembered again, as the fragments of a dream; till at length, far, far below him he beheld the great City of the Past, with silent marble streets, and moss-grown walls, and spires uprising with a wave-like, flickering motion. And, amid the crowd that thronged those streets, he beheld faces once familiar and dear to him; and heard sorrowful, sweet voices singing, ‘Oh, forget us not! forget us not!’ and then the distant, mournful sound of funeral bells, that were tolling below, in the City of the Past. But in the gardens of that city there were children playing, and among them one who wore his features, as they had been in childhood. He was leading a little girl by the hand, and caressed her often, and adorned her with flowers. Then, like a dream, the scene changed, and the boy had grown older, and stood alone, gazing into the sky; and, as he gazed, his countenance changed again, and Hieronymus beheld him, as if it had been his own image in the clear water; and before him stood a beauteous maiden, whose face was like the face of Hermione, and he feared lest the scroll had fallen into the water, as he bent over it. Starting, as from a dream, he put his hand into his bosom, and breathed freely again, when he found the scroll still there. He drew it forth, and read the blessed name of Hermione, and the city beneath him vanished away, and the air grew fragrant as with the breath of May-flowers, and a light streamed through the shadowy forest and gleamed upon the lake; and the Student Hieronymus pressed the dear name to his lips and exclaimed, with streaming eyes, ‘Oh, scorn me as thou wilt, still, still will I love thee; and thy name shall irradiate the gloom of my life, and make the waters of Oblivion smile!’ And the name was no longer

Hermione, but was changed to Mary; and the Student Hieronymus—is lying at your feet. O gentle Lady!

‘I did hear you talk
Far above singing; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so! Alas! I found it love.’”

CHAPTER IX.

A TALK ON THE STAIRS.

No! I will not describe that scene; nor how pale the stately lady sat on the border of the green, sunny meadow! The hearts of some women tremble like leaves at every breath of love which reaches them, and then are still again. Others, like the ocean, are moved only by the breath of a storm, and not so easily lulled to rest. And such was the proud heart of Mary Ashburton. It had remained unmoved by the presence of this stranger; and the sound of his footsteps and his voice excited in it no emotion. He had deceived himself! Silently they walked homeward through the green meadow. The very sunshine was sad; and the rising wind, through the old ruin above them, sounded in his ears like a hollow laugh!

Flemming went straight to his chamber. On the way he passed the walnut-trees under which he had first seen the face of Mary Ashburton. Involuntarily he closed his eyes. They were full of tears. Oh, there are places in this fair world, which we never wish to see again, however dear they may be to us! The towers of the old Franciscan convent never looked so gloomily as then, though the bright summer sun was shining full upon them.

In his chamber he found Berkley. He was looking out of the window, whistling.

"This evening I leave Interlachen for ever," said Flemming, rather abruptly. Berkley stared.

"Indeed! Pray, what is the matter? You look as pale as a ghost!"

"And have good reason to look pale," replied Flemming bitterly. "Hoffinann says, in one of his note-books, that, on the eleventh of March, at half-past eight o'clock, precisely, he was an ass. That is what I was this morning, at half-past ten o'clock, precisely, and am now, and I suppose always shall be."

He tried to laugh, but could not. He then related to Berkley the whole story, from beginning to end.

"This is a miserable piece of business!" exclaimed Berkley, when he had finished. "Strange enough! And yet I have long ceased to marvel at the caprices of women. Did not Pan captivate the chaste Diana? Did not Titania love Nick Bottom, with his ass's head? Do you think that maidens' eyes are no longer touched with the juice of love-in-idleness? Take my word for it, she is in love with somebody else. There must be some reason for this. No; women never have any reasons, except their will. But never mind. Keep a stout heart. Care killed a cat. After all—what is she? Who is she? Only a——"

"Hush! hush," exclaimed Flemming, in great excitement. "Not one word more, I beseech you. Do not think to console me, by depreciating her. She is very dear to me still; a beautiful, high-minded, noble woman."

"Yes," answered Berkley; "that is the way with you all, you young men. You see a sweet face, or a something, you know not what, and flickering reason says, Good night; amen to common sense! The imagination invests the beloved object with a thousand superlative charms; adorns her with all the purple and fine linen, all the rich apparel

and furniture, of human nature. I did the same, when I was young. I was once as desperately in love as you are now; and went through all the

‘Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul, dear and divine annihilations;
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarefied delights.’

I adored, and was rejected. ‘You are in love with certain attributes,’ said the lady. ‘Damn your attributes, Madam,’ said I; ‘I know nothing of attributes.’ ‘Sir,’ said she, with dignity, ‘you have been drinking.’ So we parted. She was married afterwards to another, who knew something about attributes, I suppose. I have seen her once since, and only once. She had a baby in a yellow gown. I hate a baby in a yellow gown. How glad I am she did not marry me! One of these days, you will be glad you have been rejected. Take my word for it.”

“All that does not prevent my lot from being a very melancholy one!” said Flemming sadly.

“Oh, never mind the lot,” cried Berkley, laughing, “so long as you don’t get Lot’s wife. If the cucumber is bitter, throw it away, as the philosopher Marcus Antoninus says, in his Meditations. Forget her, and all will be as if you had not known her.”

“I shall never forget her,” replied Flemming, rather solemnly. “Not my pride, but my affections, are wounded; and the wound is too deep ever to heal. I shall carry it with me always. I enter no more into the world; but will dwell only in the world of my own thoughts. All great and unusual occurrences, whether of joy or sorrow, lift us above this earth; and we should do well always to preserve this elevation. Hitherto I have not done so. But now I will

no more descend; I will sit apart and above the world with my mournful, yet holy thoughts."

"Whew! You had better go into society; the whirl and delirium will cure you in a week. If you find a lady who pleases you very much, and you wish to marry her, and she will not listen to such a horrid thing, I see but one remedy, which is to find another, who pleases you more, and who will listen to it."

"No, my friend; you do not understand my character," said Flemming, shaking his head. "I love this woman with a deep and lasting affection. I shall never cease to love her. This may be madness in me; but so it is. Alas and alas! Paracelsus of old wasted life in trying to discover its elixir, which, after all, turned out to be alcohol; and instead of being made immortal upon earth, he died drunk on the floor of a tavern. The like happens to many of us. We waste our best years in distilling the sweetest flowers of life into love-potions, which, after all, do not immortalise, but only intoxicate us. By Heaven! we are all of us mad."

"But are you sure the case is utterly hopeless?"

"Utterly! utterly!"

"And yet I perceive you have not laid aside all hope. You still flatter yourself that the lady's heart may change. The great secret of happiness consists not in enjoying, but in renouncing. But it is hard, very hard. Hope has as many lives as a cat or a king. I dare say you have heard the old proverb, 'The king never dies.' But perhaps you have never heard, that, at the court of Naples, when the dead body of a monarch lies in state, his dinner is carried up to him as usual, and the court physician tastes it, to see that it be not poisoned, and then the servants bear it out again, saying, 'The king does not dine to-day.' Hope in

our souls is king; and we also say, 'The king never dies.' Even when in reality he lies dead within us, in solemn mockery we offer him his accustomed food, but are constrained to say, 'The king does not dine to-day.' It must be an evil day, indeed, when a king of Naples has no heart for his dinner! but you yourself are a proof that the king never dies. You are feeding your king, although you say he is dead."

"To show you that I do not wish to cherish hope," replied Flemming, "I shall leave Interlachen to-morrow morning. I am going to the Tyrol."

"You are right," said Berkley; "there is nothing so good for sorrow as rapid motion in the open air. I shall go with you; though probably your conversation will not be very various; nothing but Edward and Kunigunde."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Go to Berlin, and you will find out. However, jesting apart, I will do all I can to cheer you, and make you forget the Dark Ladie, and this untoward accident."

"Accident!" said Flemming. "This is no accident, but God's providence, which brought us together, to punish me for my sins."

"Oh, my friend," interrupted Berkley, "if you see the finger of Providence so distinctly in every act of your life, you will end by thinking yourself an Apostle and Envoy Extraordinary. I see nothing so very uncommon in what has happened to you."

"What! not when our souls are so akin to each other? when we seemed so formed to be together—to be one?"

"I have often observed," replied Berkley coldly, "that those who are of kindred souls rarely wed together; almost as rarely as those who are akin by blood. Therefore, mad lover, do not think to persuade thyself and thy scornful

lady that you have kindred souls ; but rather the contrary—that you are much unlike, and each wanting in those qualities which most mark and distinguish the other. Trust me, thy courtship will then be more prosperous. But good morning. I must prepare for this sudden journey.”

On the following morning, Flemming and Berkley started on their way to Innsbruck, like Huon of Bordeaux and Scherasmin on their way to Babylon. Berkley's self-assumed duty was to console his companion ; a duty which he performed like an ancient Spanish Despenadora, whose business was to attend the sick, and put her elbow into the stomach of the dying to shorten their agony.

Book the Fourth.

“Mortal, they softly say,
 Peace to thy heart!
 We too, yes, mortal,
 Have been as thou art;
 Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
 Seeing in part,
 Tried, troubled, tempted,
 Sustained,—as thou art.”

CHAPTER I.

A MISERERE.

IN the Orlando Innamorato, Malagigi, the necromancer, puts all the company to sleep by reading to them from a book. Some books have this power of themselves and need no necromancer. Fearing, Gentle Reader, that mine may be of this kind, I have provided these introductory chapters from time to time, like stalls or Misereres in a church, with flowery canopies and poppy-heads over them, where thou mayest sit down and sleep.

No,—the figure is not a bad one. This book does somewhat resemble a minster, in the Romanesque style, with pinnacles, and flying buttresses, and roofs,

“Gargoyled with greyhounds, and with many lions
 Made of fine gold, with divers sundry dragons.”

You step into its shade and coolness out of the hot streets of life; a mysterious light streams through the painted

glass of the marigold windows, staining the cusps and crumpled leaves of the window-shafts, and the cherubs and holy-water-stoups below. Here and there is an image of the Virgin Mary; and other images, "in divestures, called weepers, stand in housings made about the tomb;" and, above all, swells the vast dome of heaven, with its star-mouldings, and the flaming constellations, like the mosaics in the dome of St. Peter's. Have you not heard funeral psalms from the chantry? Have you not heard the sound of church bells, as I promised,—mysterious sounds from the Past and Future, as from the belfries outside the cathedral,—even such a mournful, mellow, watery peal of bells as is heard sometimes at sea, from cities afar off below the horizon?

I know not how this Romanesque, and at times flamboyant, style of architecture may please the critics. They may wish, perhaps, that I had omitted some of my many ornaments, my arabesques, and roses, and fantastic spouts, and Holy-Roods and Galilee-steeple. But would it then have been Romanesque?

But perhaps, gentle reader, thou art one of those who think the days of romance gone for ever. Believe it not! Oh, believe it not! Thou hast at this moment in thy heart as sweet a romance as was ever written. Thou art not less a woman, because thou dost not sit aloft in a tower, with a tassel-gentle on thy wrist. Thou art not less a man, because thou wearest no hauberk, nor mail-sark, and goest not on horse-back after foolish adventures. Every one has a romance in his own heart. All that has blessed or awed the world lies there; and

"The oracle within him, that which lives,
He must invoke and question,—not dead books,
Not ordinances not mould-rotten papers."

Sooner or later, some passages of every one's romance must be written, either in words or actions. They will proclaim the truth ; for Truth is thought which has assumed its appropriate garments, either of words or actions ; while Falsehood is thought which, disguised in words or actions not its own, comes before the blind old world, as Jacob came before the patriarch Isaac, clothed in the goodly raiment of his brother Esau. And the world, like the patriarch, is often deceived ; for, though the voice is Jacob's voice, yet the hands are the hands of Esau, and the False takes away the birthright and the blessing from the True. Hence it is that the world so often lifts up its voice and weeps.

That very pleasing and fanciful Chinese romance, the *Shadow in the Water*, ends with the hero's marrying both the heroines. I hope my gentle reader feels curious to know the end of this romance, which is a shadow upon the earth ; and see whether there be any marriage at all in it.

That is the very point I am now thinking of, as I sit here at my pleasant chamber-window, and enjoy the balmy air of a bright summer morning, and watch the motions of the golden robin, that sits on its swinging nest on the outermost pendulous branch of yonder elm. The broad meadows and the steel-blue river remind me of the meadows of Unterseen and the river Aar ; and beyond them rise magnificent snow-white clouds, piled up like Alps. Thus the shades of Washington and William Tell seem to walk together on these Elysian Fields ; for it was here, that, in days long gone, our great patriot dwelt ; and yonder clouds so much resemble the snowy Alps, that they remind me irresistibly of the Swiss. Noble examples of a high purpose and a fixed will ! Do they not move, *Hýperion*-like,

on high? Were they not, likewise, sons of Heaven and Earth?

Nothing can be more lovely than these summer mornings; nor than the southern window at which I sit and write, in this old mansion, which is like an Italian villa. But, Oh, this lassitude,—this weariness,—when all around me is so bright! I have this morning a singular longing for flowers; a wish to stroll among the roses and carnations, and inhale their breath, as if it would revive me. I wish I knew the man who called flowers “the fugitive poetry of Nature.” From this distance, from these scholastic shades,—from this leafy, blossoming, and beautiful Cambridge,—I stretch forth my hand to grasp his, as the hand of a poet!—Yes; this morning I would rather stroll with him among the gay flowers, than sit here and write. I feel so weary!

Old men with their staves, says the Spanish poet, are ever knocking at the door of the grave. But I am not old. The Spanish poet might have included the young also.—No matter! Courage and forward! The romance must be finished, and finished soon.

O thou poor authorling! Reach a little deeper into the human heart! Touch those strings,—touch those deeper strings, and more boldly, or the notes will die away like whispers, and no ear shall hear them, save thine own! And, to cheer thy solitary labour, remember that the secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of Oblivion. They are out of sight; but without them no superstructure can stand secure!

And now, Reader, since the sermon is over, and we are still sitting here in this Miserere, let us read aloud a page from the old parchment manuscript on the

lettern before us; let us sing it through these dusky aisles, like a Gregorian chant, and startle the sleeping congregation!

“I have read of the great river Euripus, which ebbeth and floweth seven times a day, and with such violence, that it carrieth ships upon it with full sail directly against the wind. Seven times in an hour ebbeth and floweth rash opinion in the torrent of indiscreet and troublesome apprehensions, carrying critic calumny and squint-eyed detraction mainly against the wind of wisdom and judgment.”

In secula seculorum! Amen!

CHAPTER II.

CURFEW BELLS.

WELCOME, Disappointment! Thy hand is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend! Thy voice is stern and harsh, but it is the voice of a friend! Oh, there is something sublime in calm endurance, something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining, which makes disappointment oftentimes better than success!

The Emperor Isaac Angelus made a treaty with Saladin, and tried to purchase the Holy Sepulchre with gold. Richard Lion-heart scorned such alliance, and sought to recover it by battle. Thus do weak minds make treaties with the passions they cannot overcome, and try to purchase happiness at the expense of principle. But the resolute will of a strong man scorns such means; and struggles nobly with his foe, to achieve great deeds. Therefore, who-soever thou art that sufferest, try not to dissipate thy sorrow

by the breath of the world, nor drown its voice in thoughtless merriment. It is a treacherous peace that is purchased by indulgence. Rather take this sorrow to thy heart, and make it a part of thee, and it shall nourish thee till thou art strong again.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life, they all lie behind us; at noon, we trample them under foot; and in the evening, they stretch long, broad, and deepening before us. Are not, then, the sorrows of childhood as dark as those of age? Are not the morning shadows of life as deep and broad as those of its evening? Yes; but morning shadows soon fade away, while those of evening reach forward into the night and mingle with the coming darkness. Man is begotten in delight and born in pain; and in these are the rapture and labour of his life foreshadowed from the beginning. But the life of man upon this fair earth is made up, for the most part, of little pains and little pleasures. The great wonder-flowers bloom but once in a lifetime.

A week had already elapsed since the events recorded in the last chapter. Paul Flemming went his way, a melancholy man, "drinking the sweet wormwood of his sorrow." He did not rail at Providence and call it fate, but suffered and was silent. It is a beautiful trait in the lover's character, that he thinks no evil of the object loved. What he suffered was no swift storm of feeling, that passes away with a noise, and leaves the heart clearer; but a dark phantom had risen up in the clear night, and, like that of Adamastor, hid the stars; and if it ever vanished away for a season, still the deep sound of the moaning main would be heard afar, through many a dark and lonely hour. And thus he journeyed on, wrapped in desponding gloom, and mainly heedless of all things around him. His mind was

distempered. That one face was always before him ; that one voice for ever saying :—

“ You are not the Magician.”

Painful, indeed, it is to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love. But this, too, in our life must we learn to bear without a murmur ; for it is a tale often repeated.

There are persons in this world to whom all local associations are naught. The genius of the place speaks not to them. Even on battle-fields, where the voice of this genius is loudest, they hear only the sound of their own voices ; they meet there only their own dull and pedantic thoughts, as the old grammarian Brunetto Latini met on the plain of Roncesvalles a poor student riding on a bay mule. This was not always the case with Paul Flemming, but it had become so now. He felt no interest in the scenery around him. He hardly looked at it. Even the difficult mountain passes, where, from his rocky eyrie the eagle-eyed Tyrolese peasant had watched his foe, and the roaring, turbid torrent underneath, which had swallowed up the bloody corse, that fell from the rocks like a crushed worm, awakened no lively emotion in his breast. All around him seemed dreamy and vague ; all within dim, as in a sun's eclipse. As the moon, whether visible or invisible, has power over the tides of the ocean, so the face of that lady, whether present or absent, had power over the tides of his soul ; both by day and night, both waking and sleeping. In every pale face and dark eye he saw a resemblance to her ; and what the day denied him in reality the night gave him in dreams.

“ This is a strange, fantastic world,” said Berkley, after a very long silence, during which the two travellers had been sitting each in his corner of the travelling carriage, wrapped

in his own reflections. "A very strange, fantastic world; where each one pursues his own golden bubble, and laughs at his neighbour for doing the same. I have been thinking how a moral Linnæus would classify our race. I think he would divide it—not as Lord Byron did, into two great classes, the bores and those who are bored—but into three, namely: Happy Men, Lucky Dogs, and Miserable Wretches. This is more true and philosophical, though perhaps not quite so comprehensive. He is the Happy Man, who, blessed with modest ease, a wife and children, sits enthroned in the hearts of his family, and knows no other ambition than that of making those around him happy. But the Lucky Dog is he, who, free from all domestic cares, saunters up and down his room, in morning gown and slippers; drums on the window, of a rainy day; and, as he stirs his evening fire, snaps his fingers at the world, and says, 'I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for.' I had a friend who is now no more. He was taken away in the bloom of life, by a very rapid—widow. He was by birth and by profession a beau—born with a quizzing-glass and a cane. Cock of the walk, he flapped his wings, and crowed among the feathered tribe. But, alas! a fair, white partlet has torn his crest out, and he shall crow no more. In the evening he rocks the cradle, and gets up in the night when the child cries. Like a Goth of the Dark Ages, he consults his wife on all mighty matters, and looks upon her as a being of more than human goodness and wisdom. In short, the women all say he is a very domestic man, and makes a good husband; which, under the rose, is only a more polite way of saying he is henpecked. He is a Happy Man. I have another dear friend, who is a sexagenary bachelor. He has one of those well-oiled dispositions which turn upon the hinges of the world without creaking.

The hey-day of life is over with him: but his old age is sunny and chirping; and a merry heart still nestles in his tottering frame, like a swallow that builds in a tumble-down chimney. He is a professed Squire of Dames. The rustle of a silk gown is music to his ears, and his imagination is continually lantern-led by some will-with-a-wisp in the shape of a lady's stomacher. In his devotion to the fair sex—the muslin, as he calls it—he is the gentle flower of chivalry. It is amusing to see how quick he strikes into the scent of a lady's handkerchief. When once fairly in pursuit, there is no such thing as throwing him out. His heart looks out at his eye; and his inward delight tingles down to the tail of his coat. He loves to bask in the sunshine of a smile; when he can breathe the sweet atmosphere of kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, his soul is in its element; and his supreme delight is to pass the morning, to use his own quaint language, 'in making dodging calls, and wriggling round among the ladies!' He is a Lucky Dog."

"And as a specimen of the class of Miserable Wretches, I suppose you will take me," said Flemming, making an effort to enter into his friend's humour. "Certainly I am wretched enough. You may make me the stuffed bear,—the specimen of this class."

"By no means," replied Berkley; "you are not reduced so low. He only is utterly wretched, who is the slave of his own passions, or those of others. This, I trust, will never be your condition. Why so wan and pale, fond lover? Do you remember Sir John Suckling's song?"

'Why so wan and pale, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

'Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, if speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

'Quit, quit, for shame! this cannot move,
This cannot take her!
If of herself she do not love,
Nothing will make her!
The devil take her!'

How do you like that?"

"To you I say quit, quit for shame!" replied Flemming
"Why quote the songs of that witty and licentious age?
Have you no better consolation to offer me? How many,
many times must I tell you, that I bear the lady no ill-will?
I do not blame her for not loving me. I desire her happi-
ness, even at the sacrifice of my own."

"That is generous in you, and deserves a better fate.
But you are so figurative in all you say, that a stranger
would think you had no real feeling, and only fancied your-
self in love."

"Expression of feeling is different with different minds.
It is not always simple. Some minds, when excited,
naturally speak in figures and similitudes. They do not
on that account feel less deeply. This is obvious in our
most common modes of speech. It depends upon the
individual."

"Kyrie Eleyson!"

"Well, abuse my figures of speech as much as you please.
What I insist upon is, that you shall not abuse the lady.
When did you ever hear me breathe a whisper against
her?"

"Oho! Now you speak like Launce to his dog!"

Their conversation, which had begun so merrily, was here suddenly interrupted by a rattling peal of thunder, that announced a near-approaching storm. It was late in the afternoon, and the whole heaven black with low, trailing clouds. Still blacker the storm came sailing up majestically from the south-west, with almost unbroken volleys of distant thunder. The wind seemed to be storming a cloud redoubt; and marched onward with dust, and the green banners of the trees flapping in the air, and heavy cannonading, and occasionally an explosion, like the blowing up of a powder-waggon. Mingled with this was the sound of thunder-bells from a village not far off. They were all ringing dolefully to ward off the thunderbolt. At the entrance of the village stood a large wooden crucifix, around which was a crowd of priests and peasants, kneeling in the wet grass, by the roadside, with their hands and eyes lifted to heaven, and praying for rain. Their prayer was soon answered.

The travellers drove on with the driving wind and rain. They had come from Landeck, and hoped to reach Innsbruck before midnight. Night closed in, and Flemming fell asleep with the loud storm overhead, and at his feet the roaring Inn, a mountain torrent leaping onward as wild and restless as when it first sprang from its cradle in the solitudes of Engaddin; meet emblem of himself, thus rushing through the night. His slumber was long, but broken; and at length he awoke in terror; for he heard a voice pronounce in his ear distinctly these words:—

“They have brought the dead body.”

They were driving by a churchyard at the entrance of a town; and among the tombs a dim lamp was burning before an image of the Virgin. It had a most unearthly appearance. Flemming almost feared to see the congrega-

tion of the dead go into the church and sing their midnight mass. He spoke to Berkley, but received no answer; he was in a deep sleep.

“Then it was only a dream,” said he to himself; “yet how distinct the voice was! Oh, if we had spiritual organs, to see and hear things now invisible and inaudible to us, we should behold the whole air filled with the departing souls of that vast multitude which every moment dies,—should behold them streaming up like thin vapours heavenward, and hear the startling blast of the archangel’s trump sounding incessant through the universe and proclaiming the awful judgment-day! Truly, the soul departs not alone on its last journey, but spirits of its kind attend it, when not ministering angels; and they go in families to the unknown land! Neither in life nor in death are we alone.”

He slept again at intervals; and at length, though long after midnight, reached Innsbruck between sleeping and waking; his mind filled with dim recollections of the unspeakably dismal night-journey;—the climbing of hills, and plunging into dark ravines; the momentary rattling of the wheels over paved streets of towns, and the succeeding hollow rolling and tramping on the wet earth; the blackness of the night; the thunder and lightning and rain; the roar of waters, leaping through deep chasms by the roadside; and the wind through the mountain-passes, sounding loud and long, like the inextinguishable laughter of the gods.

The travellers on the morrow lingered not long in Innsbruck. They did not fail, however, to visit the tomb of Maximilian in the Franciscan Church of the Holy Cross, and gaze with some admiration upon the twenty-eight gigantic bronze statues of Godfrey of Bouillon, and King Arthur, and Ernest the Iron-man, and Frederick of the

Empty Pockets, kings and heroes, and others, which stand leaning on their swords between the columns of the church, as if guarding the tomb of the dead. These statues reminded Flemming of the bronze giants which strike the hours on the belfry of San Basso, in Venice, and of the flail-armed monsters that guarded the gateway of Angulaffers castle in Oberon. After gazing awhile at these motionless sentinels, they went forth, and strolled through the public gardens, with the jagged mountains right over their heads, and all around them tall, melancholy pines, like Tyrolese peasants, with shaggy hair; and at their feet the mad torrent of the Inn, sweeping with turbid waves through the midst of the town. In the afternoon, they drove on towards Salzburg, through the magnificent mountain-passes of Waidering and Unken.

CHAPTER III.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

ON the following morning, Flemming awoke in a chamber of the Golden Ship at Salzburg, just as the clock in the Dome-church opposite was striking ten. The window-shutters were closed, and the room was nearly dark. He was lying with his hands crossed upon his breast, and his eyes looking up at the white curtains overhead. He thought them the white marble canopy of a tomb, and himself the marble statue lying beneath. When the clock ceased striking, the eight-and-twenty gigantic bronze statues from the Church of Holy Rood in Innsbruck stalked into the chamber, and arranged themselves along the walls, which spread into dimly-lighted aisles and arches. On the painted windows he saw Interlachen, with its Franciscan

cloister, and the Square Tower of the ruins. In a pendent, overhead, stood the German mechanic, as Saint Vitus; and on a lavatory, or basin of holy-water, below, sat a cherub, with the form and features of Berkley. Then the organ-pipes began to blow, and he heard the voices of an invisible choir chanting. And anon the gilded gates in the bronze screen before the chancel opened, and a bridal procession passed through. The bride was clothed in the garb of the Middle Ages; and held a book in her hand, with velvet covers, and golden clasps. It was Mary Ashburton. She looked at him as she passed. Her face was pale; and there were tears in her sweet eyes. Then the gates closed again; and one of the oaken poppy-heads over a carved stall, in the shape of an owl, flapped its broad wings, and hooted, "To-whit! to-who!" Then the whole scene changed; and he thought himself a monk's-head on a gutter-spout; and it rained dismally; and Berkley was standing underneath with an umbrella, laughing!

In other words, Flemming was in a raging fever, and delirious. He remained in this state for a week. The first thing he was conscious of was hearing the doctor say to Berkley:—

"The crisis is passed. I now consider him out of danger."

He then fell into a sweet sleep; the wild fever had swept away like an angry, red cloud, and the refreshing summer rain began to fall like dew upon the parched earth. Still another week, and Flemming was "sitting clothed, and in his right mind." Berkley had been reading to him; and still held the book in his hand, with his fore-finger between the leaves. It was a volume of Hoffmann's writings.

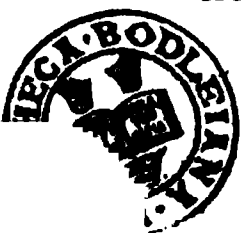
"How very strange it is," said he, "that you can hardly open the biography of any German author, but you will

find it begin with an account of his grandfather! It will tell you how the venerable old man walked up and down the garden among the gay flowers, wrapped in his morning gown, which is likewise covered with flowers, and perhaps wearing on his head a little velvet cap. Or you will find him sitting by the chimney-corner in the great chair, smoking his ancestral pipe, with shaggy eyebrows, and eyes like bird-nests under the eaves of a house, and a mouth like a Nuremberg nutcracker's. The future poet climbs upon the old man's knees. His genius is not recognised yet. He is thought for the most part a dull boy. His father is an austere man, or perhaps dead. But the mother is still there, a sickly, saint-like woman, with knitting-work; and an elder sister, who has already been in love, and wears rings on her fingers:—

‘Death’s heads, and such mementoes,
Her grandmother and worm-eaten aunts left to her,
To tell her what her beauty must arrive at.’ ”

“But this is not the case with the life of Hoffmann, if I recollect right.”

“No, not precisely. Instead of the grandfather, we have the grandmother, a stately dame, who has long since shaken hands with the vanities of life. The mother, separated from her husband, is sick in mind and body, and flits to and fro like a shadow. Then there is an affectionate maiden aunt; and an uncle, a retired judge, the terror of little boys,—the Giant Despair of this Doubting Castle in Königsberg; and occasionally the benign countenance of a venerable grand-uncle, whom Lamotte Fouqué called a hero of the olden time, in morning gown and slippers, looks in at the door and smiles. In the upper story of the same house lived a poor boy with his mother, who was so far



crazed as to believe herself to be the Virgin Mary, and her son the Saviour of the world. Wild fancies, likewise, were to sweep through the brain of that child. He was to meet Hoffmann elsewhere and be his friend in after years, though as yet they knew nothing of each other. This was Werner, who has made some noise in German literature as the author of many wild Destiny-Dramas."

"Hoffmann died, I believe, in Berlin."

"Yes. He left Königsberg at twenty years of age, and passed the next eight years of his life in the Prussian-Polish provinces, where he held some petty office under government, and took to himself many bad habits and a Polish wife. After this he was Music-Director at various German theatres, and led a wandering, wretched life for ten years. He then went to Berlin as Clerk of the Exchange, and there remained till his death, which took place some seven or eight years afterward."

"Did you ever see him?"

"I was in Berlin during his lifetime, and saw him frequently. I shall never forget the first time. It was at one of the *Æsthetic Teas* given by a literary lady *unter den Linden*, where the lions were fed with convenient food, from tea and bread and butter up to oysters and Rhine wine. During the evening, my attention was arrested by the entrance of a strange little figure, with a wild head of brown hair. His eyes were bright gray; and his thin lips closely pressed together with an expression of not unpleasing irony. This strange-looking personage began to bow his way through the crowd with quick, nervous, hinge-like motions, much resembling those of a marionnette. He had a hoarse voice, and such a rapid utterance, that, although I understand German well enough for ordinary purposes, I could not make out one half he said. Ere long

he had seated himself at the pianoforte, and was improvising such wild, sweet fancies, that the music of one's dreams is not more sweet and wild. Then suddenly some painful thought seemed to pass over his mind, as if he imagined that he was there to amuse the company. He rose from the pianoforte, and seated himself in another part of the room; where he began to make grimaces, and talk loud while others were singing. Finally he disappeared like a hobgoblin, laughing, 'Ho! ho! ho!' I asked a person beside me who this strange being was. 'That was Hoffmann,' was the answer. 'The Devil!' said I. 'Yes,' continued my informant; 'and if you should follow him now, you would see him plunge into an obscure and unfrequented wine-cellar, and there, amid boon companions, with wine and tobacco-smoke, and quirks and quibbles, and quaint, witty sayings, turn the dim night into glorious day.' "

"What a strange being!"

"I once saw him at one of his night-carouses. He was sitting in his glory, at the head of the table; not stupidly drunk, but warmed with wine, which made him madly eloquent, as the Devil's Elixir did the monk Medardus. There, in the full tide of witty discourse, or, if silent, his gray hawk-eye flashing from beneath his matted hair, and taking note of all that was grotesque in the company round him, sat this unfortunate genius, till the day began to dawn. Then he found his way homeward, having, like the souls of the envious in Purgatory, his eyelids sewed together with iron wire;—though his was from champagne bottles. At such hours he wrote his wild, fantastic tales. To his excited fancy everything assumed a spectral look. The shadows of familiar things about him stalked like ghosts through the haunted chambers of his soul; and the old

portraits on the walls winked at him, and seemed stepping down from their frames; till, aghast at the spectral throng about him, he would call his wife from her bed, to sit by him while he wrote."

"No wonder he died in the prime of life!"

"No. The only wonder is, that he could have followed this course of life for six years. I am astonished that it did not kill him sooner."

"But death came at last in an appalling shape."

"Yes; his forty-sixth birthday found him sitting at home in his arm-chair, with his friends around him. But the rare old wine—he always drank the best—touched not the sick man's lips that night. His wonted humour was gone. Of all his 'jibes, his gambols, his songs, his flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar, not one now, to mock his own grinning!—quite chap-fallen.' The conversation was of death and the grave. And when one of his friends said that life was not the highest good, Hoffmann interrupted him, exclaiming, with a startling earnestness—'No, no! Life, life, only life! on any condition whatsoever!' Five months after this he had ceased to suffer, because he had ceased to live. He died piecemeal. His feet and hands, his legs and arms, gradually, and in succession, became motionless, dead. But his spirit was not dead, nor motionless; and, through the solitary day or sleepless night, lying in his bed, he dictated to an amanuensis his last stories. Strange stories, indeed, were they for a dying man to write! Yet such delight did he take in dictating them, that he said to his friend Hitzig, that, upon the whole, he was willing to give up for ever the use of his hands, if he could but preserve the power of writing by dictation. Such was his love of life—of what he called the sweet habitude of being!"

“ Was it not he, who in his last hours expressed such a longing to behold the green fields once more, and exclaimed — ‘ Heaven ! it is already summer, and I have not yet seen a single green tree ? ’ ”

“ Yes, that was Hoffmann. Soon afterwards he died. The closing scene was striking. He gradually lost all sensation, though his mind remained vigorous. Feeling no more pain, he said to his physician—‘ It will soon be over now. I feel no more pain.’ He thought himself well again ; but the physician knew that he was dying, and said — ‘ Yes, it will soon be over ! ’ The next morning he called his wife to his bedside, and begged her to fold his motionless hands together. Then, as he raised his eyes to heaven, she heard him say, ‘ We must, then, think of God also ! ’ More sorrowful words than these have seldom fallen from the lips of man. Shortly afterwards the flame of life glared up within him ; he said he was well again ; that in the evening he should go on with the story he was writing ; and wished that the last sentence might be read over to him. Shortly after this they turned his face to the wall, and he died.”

“ And thus passed to its account a human soul, after much self-inflicted suffering. Let us tread lightly upon the poet’s ashes. For my part, I confess that I have not the heart to take him from the general crowd of erring, sinful men, and judge him harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed—the brief pulsations of joy—the feverish inquietude of hope and fear—the tears of regret—the feebleness of purpose—the pressure of want—

the desertion of friends—the scorn of a world that has little charity—the desolation of the soul's sanctuary—and threatening voices within—health gone—happiness gone—even hope, that stays longest with us, gone—I have little heart for aught else than thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came,

‘Even as a little girl,
Weeping and laughing in her childish sport.’”

“You are right. And it is worth a student's while to observe calmly how tobacco, wine, and midnight did their work like fiends upon the delicate frame of Hoffmann; and no less thoroughly upon his delicate mind. He who drinks beer thinks beer; and he who drinks wine thinks wine; and he who drinks midnight thinks midnight. He was a man of rare intellect. He was endowed with racy humour, and sarcastic wit, and a glorious imagination. But the fire of his genius burned not peacefully and with a steady flame upon the hearth of his home. It was a glaring and irregular flame;—for the branches that he fed it with were not branches from the Tree of Life—but from another tree that grew in Paradise—and they were wet with the unhealthy dews of night, and more unhealthy wine; and thus, amid smoke and ashes, the fire burned fitfully, and went out with a glare which leaves the beholder blind.”

“This fire within him was a Meleager's firebrand; and, when it burned out, he died. And, as you say, marks of all this are clearly visible in Hoffmann's writings. Indeed, when I read his strange fancies, it is with me as when in the summer night I hear the rising wind among the trees, and the branches bow, and beckon with their long fingers, and voices go gibbering and mocking through the air. A feeling of awe and mysterious dread comes over me. I

wish to hear the sound of living voice or footstep near me—to see a friendly and familiar face. In truth, if it be late at night, the reader as well as the writer of these unearthly fancies would fain have a patient, meek-eyed wife, with her knitting-work, at his elbow.”

Berkley smiled; but Flemming continued without noticing the smile, though he knew what was passing in the mind of his friend:—

“The life and writings of this singular being interest me in a high degree. Sometimes we may learn more from a man’s errors than from his virtues. Moreover, from the common sympathies of our nature, souls that have struggled and suffered are dear to me. Willingly do I recognise their brotherhood. Scars upon their foreheads do not so deform them that they cease to interest. They are always signs of struggle; though, alas! too often, likewise, of defeat. Seasons of unhealthy, dreamy, vague delight are followed by seasons of weariness and darkness. Where are then the bright fancies, that, amid the great stillness of the night, arise like stars in the firmament of our souls? The morning dawns, the light of common day shines in upon us, and the heavens are without a star! From the lives of such men we learn that mere pleasant sensations are not happiness; that sensual pleasures are to be drunk sparingly, and, as it were, from the palm of the hand; and that those who bow down upon their knees to drink of these bright streams that water life are not chosen of God either to overthrow or to overcome!”

“I think you are very lenient in your judgment. This is not the usual defect of critics. Like Shakspeare’s Samphire-gatherer, they have a dreadful trade! and, to make the simile complete, they ought to hang for it!”

“Methinks it would be hard to hang a man for the sake

of a simile. But now go on with the Phantasy-Pieces in Callot's manner."

"By the way, who was this Callot?"

"He was a Lorraine painter, of the seventeenth century, celebrated for his wild and grotesque conceptions. These sketches of Hoffmann are imitations of his style."

"And which of them shall I read to you next? The Ritter Glück; or the Musical Sufferings of John Kreisler; or that exquisite story of the Golden Jar, wherein is depicted the life of Poesy in this common-place world of ours?"

"Read the Golden Jar."

And thereupon Berkley began to read the story of the Student Anselmus, and his adventures with the gold-green snakes, the bronzed apple-woman, and Veronica's blue eyes; together with whatsoever more is written in that incomprehensible tale of wonders. But long ere he had made an end, Flemming was lapped in the Elysium of sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

SAINT GILGEN.

It was a bright Sunday morning when Flemming and Berkley left behind them the cloud-capped hills of Salzburg, and journeyed eastward towards the lakes. The landscape around them was one to attune their souls to holy musings. Field, forest, hill and vale, fresh air, and the perfume of clover-fields and new-mown hay, birds singing, and the sound of village bells, and the moving breeze among the branches,—no labourers in the fields, but peasants on their way to church, coming across the green pastures, with roses in their hats,—the beauty and

quiet of the holy day of rest,—all, all in earth and air, breathed upon the soul like a benediction.

They stopped to change horses at Hof, a handful of houses on the brow of a breezy hill, the church and inn standing opposite to each other, and nothing between them but the dusty road and the churchyard, with its iron crosses, and the fluttering tinsel of the funeral garlands. In the churchyard, and at the inn-door, were groups of peasants, waiting for divine service to begin. They were clothed in their holiday dresses. The men wore breeches and long boots, and frock-coats with large metal buttons; the women, straw hats, and gay calico gowns with short waists and scant folds. They were adorned with a profusion of great trumpery ornaments, and reminded Flemming of the Indians in the frontier villages of America. Near the churchyard-gate was a booth, filled with flaunting calicoes; and opposite sat an old woman behind a table, which was loaded with gingerbread. She had a roulette at her elbow, where the peasants risked a kreutzer for a cake. On other tables, cases of knives, scythes, reaping-hooks, and other implements of husbandry were offered for sale.

The travellers continued their journey, without stopping to hear mass. In the course of the forenoon, they came suddenly in sight of the beautiful lake of Saint Wolfgang, lying deep beneath them in the valley. On its shore, under them, sat the white village of Saint Gilgen, like a swan upon its reedy nest. They seemed to have taken it unawares, and, as it were, clapped their hands upon it in its sleep, and almost expected to see it spread its broad snow-white wings and fly away. The whole scene was one of surpassing beauty.

They drove leisurely down the steep hill, and stopped at the village inn. Before the door was a magnificent broad-

armed tree, with benches and tables beneath its shadow. On the front of the house was written in large letters, "Post-Tavern by Franz Schöndorfer;" and over this was a large sundial, and a half-effaced painting of a bear-hunt, covering the whole side of the house, and mostly red. As they drove up, a procession of priests with banners, and peasants with their hats in their hands, passed by towards the church. They were singing a solemn psalm. At the same moment, a smart servant girl, with a black straw hat set coquettishly on her flaxen hair, and a large silver spoon in her girdle, came out of the inn, and asked Flemming what he would please to order for breakfast.

Breakfast was soon ready, and was served at the head of the stairs, on an old-fashioned oaken table in the great hall into which the chambers opened. Berkley ordered at the same time a tub of cold water, in which he seated himself, with his coat on, and a bed-quilt thrown round his knees. Thus he sat for an hour; ate his breakfast, and smoked a pipe, and laughed a good deal. He then went to bed and slept till dinner-time. Meanwhile Flemming sat in his chamber and read. It was a large room in the front of the house, looking upon the village and the lake. The windows were latticed, with small panes, and the window-sills filled with fragrant flowers.

At length the heat of noon was over. Day, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of heaven, and Evening stooped down to unloose the latches of his sandalshoon. Flemming and Berkley sallied forth to ramble by the borders of the lake. Down the cool green glades and alleys, beneath the illuminated leaves of the forest, over the rising grounds in the glimmering fretwork of sunshine and leaf-shadow,—an exhilarating walk! The cool evening air by the lake was like a bath. They drank the freshness

of the hour in thirsty draughts, and their breasts heaved rejoicing and revived after the feverish, long confinement of the sultry summer day. And there, too, lay the lake, so beautiful and still! Did it not recall, think ye, the lake of Thun?

On their return homeward, they passed near the village churchyard.

“Let us go in and see how the dead rest,” said Flemming, as they passed beneath the belfry of the church; and they went in, and lingered among the tombs and the evening shadows.

How peaceful is the dwelling-place of those who inhabit the green hamlets and populous cities of the dead! They need no antidote for care—no armour against fate. No morning sun shines in at the closed windows and awakens them, nor shall until the last great day. At most, a straggling sunbeam creeps in through the crumbling wall of an old, neglected tomb—a strange visitor, that stays not long. And there they all sleep, the holy ones, with their arms crossed upon their breasts, or lying motionless by their sides—not carved in marble by the hand of man, but formed in dust by the hand of God. God’s peace be with them! No one comes to them now, to hold them by the hand, and with delicate fingers to smooth their hair. They heed no more the blandishments of earthly friendship. They need us not, however much we may need them. And yet they silently await our coming.

Beautiful is that season of life, when we can say, in the language of Scripture, “Thou hast the dew of thy youth.” But of these flowers Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and he is transformed into something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not; for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly

hopes. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes, Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not long delay. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave to welcome us, with the countenance of affection which they wore on earth; yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual! He spake well who said that graves are the footprints of angels!

Death has taken thee, too, and thou hast the dew of thy youth. He has placed thee upon his bosom, and his stern countenance wears a smile. The far country, toward which we journey, seems nearer to us, and the way less dark; for thou hast gone before, passing so quietly to thy rest, that day itself dies not more calmly.

It was in an hour of blessed communion with the souls of the departed, that the sweet poet Henry Vaughan wrote those few lines which have made death lovely.

“They are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

“It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dressed,
After the sun’s remove.

“I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

“O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and ye have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

“ Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

“ He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

“ And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep!

“ If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gave room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.

“ O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee:
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

“ Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective, still as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.”

Such were Flemming's thoughts, as he stood among the tombs at evening in the churchyard of Saint Gilgen. A holy calm stole over him. The fever of his heart was allayed. He had a moment's rest from pain; and went back to his chamber in peace. Whence came this holy calm—this long-desired tranquillity? He knew not; yet the place seemed consecrated. He resolved to linger there, beside the lake, which was a Pool of Bethesda for him; and let Berkley go on alone to the baths of Ischel. He

would wait for him there in the solitude of Saint Gilgen. Long after they had parted for the night, he sat in his chamber, and thought of what he had suffered, and enjoyed the silence within and without. Hour after hour slipped by unheeded, as he sat lost in his reverie. At length, his candle sank in its socket, gave one flickering gleam, and expired with a sob. This aroused him.

He went to the window, and peered out into the dark night. It was very late. Twice already since midnight had the great pulpit-orator Time, like a preacher in the days of the Puritans, turned the hour-glass on his high pulpit, the church belfry, and still went on with his sermon, thundering downward to the congregation in the churchyard and in the village. But they heard him not. They were all asleep in their narrow pews, namely, in their beds and in their graves. Soon afterward the cock crew; and the cloudy heaven, like the apostle who denied his Lord, wept bitterly.

CHAPTER V.

SAINT WOLFGANG

THE morning is lovely beyond expression. The heat of the sun is great; but a gentle wind cools the air. Birds never sang more loud and clear. The flowers, too, on the window-sill, and on the table—rose, geranium, and the delicate crimson cactus—are all so beautiful, that we think the German poet right, when he calls the flowers “stars in the firmament of the earth.” Out of doors all is quiet. Opposite the window stands the village school-house. There are two parasite trees, with their outspread branches nailed against the white walls, like the wings of culprit

kites. There the rods grow. Under them, on a bench at the door, sit school-girls ; and barefoot urchins in breeches are spelling out their lessons. The clock strikes twelve, and one by one they disappear, and go into the hive, like bees at the sound of a brass pan. At the door of the next house sits a poor woman, knitting in the shade ; and in front of her is an aqueduct, pouring its cool, clear water into a rough wooden trough. A travelling carriage, without horses, stands at the inn-door, and a postilion in red jacket is talking with a blacksmith, who wears blue woollen stockings and a leather apron. Beyond is a stable, and still farther a cluster of houses and the village church. They are repairing the belfry and the bulbous steeple. A little farther, over the roofs of the houses, you can see Saint Wolfgang's lake. Water so bright and beautiful hardly flows elsewhere. Green and blue and silver-white run into each other, with almost imperceptible change. And above are the pinnacles of the mountains ; some bald, and rocky, and cone-shaped, and others bold, and broad, and dark with pines.

Such was the scene which Paul Flemming beheld from his window a few mornings after Berkley's departure. The quiet of the place had soothed him. He had become more calm. His heart complained less loudly in the holy village silence, as we are wont to lower our voices when those around us speak in whispers. He began to feel at times an interest in the lowly things about him. The face of the landscape pleased him, but more than this the face of the poor woman who sat knitting in the shade. It was a pale, meek countenance, with more delicacy in its features than is usual among peasantry. It wore also an expression of patient suffering. As he was looking at her, a deformed child came out of the door, and hung upon her knees. She

caressed him affectionately. It was her child, in whom she beheld her own fair features distorted and hardly to be recognised, as one sometimes sees one's face reflected from the bowl of a spoon.

The child's deformity and the mother's tenderness interested the feelings of Flemming. The landlady told him something of the poor woman's history. She was the widow of a blacksmith, who had died soon after their marriage. But she survived to become a mother, as, in oaks, immediately after fecundation, the male flower fades and falls, while the female continues and ripens into perfect fruit. Alas! her child was deformed. Yet she looked upon him with eyes of maternal fondness and pity, loving him still more for his deformity. And in her heart she said, as the Mexicans say to their new-born offspring, "Child, thou art come into the world to suffer. Endure, and hold thy peace." Though poor, she was not entirely destitute; for her husband had left her, besides the deformed child, a life estate in a tomb in the churchyard of Saint Gilgen. During the week she laboured for other people, and on Sundays for herself, by going to church and reading the Bible. On one of the blank leaves she had recorded the day of her birth, and that of her child's, likewise her marriage and her husband's death. Thus she lived, poor, patient, and resigned. Her heart was a passion-flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ. Her ideas of heaven were few and simple. She rejected the doctrine that it was a place of constant activity, and not of repose, and believed, that, when she at length reached it, she should work no more, but sit always in a clean white apron, and sing psalms.

As Flemming sat meditating on these things, he paid new homage in his heart to the beauty and excellence of

the female character. He thought of the absent and the dead; and said, with tears in his eyes:—

“ Shall I thank God for the green summer, and the mild air, and the flowers, and the stars, and all that makes this world so beautiful, and not for the good and beautiful beings I have known in it? Has not their presence been sweeter to me than flowers? Are they not higher and holier than the stars? Are they not more to me than all things else?”

Thus the morning passed away in musings; and in the afternoon, when Flemming was preparing to go down to the lake, as his custom was, a carriage drew up before the door, and, to his great astonishment, out jumped Berkley. The first thing he did was to give the postmaster, who stood near the door, a smart cut with his whip. The sufferer gently expostulated, saying—

“ Pray, Sir, don't; I am lame.”

Whereupon Berkley desisted, and began instead to shake the postmaster's wife by the shoulders, and order his dinner in English. But all this was done so good-naturedly, and with such a rosy, laughing face, that no offence was taken.

“ So you have returned much sooner than you intended,” said Flemming, after the first friendly salutations.

“ Yes,” replied Berkley; “ I became tired of Ischel,—very tired. I did not find there the friends I expected. Now I am going back to Salzburg, and then to Gastein. There I shall certainly find them. You must go with me.”

Flemming declined the invitation; and proposed to Berkley that he should join him in his excursion on the lake.

“ You shall hear the grand echo of the Falkenstein,” said he, “ and behold the scene of the Bridal Tragedy; and then

we will go on as far as the village of Saint Wolfgang, which you have not yet seen, except across the lake."

"Well, this afternoon I devote to you; for to-morrow we part once more, and who knows when we shall meet again?"

They went down to the water's side without farther delay; and, taking a boat with two oars, struck across an elbow of the lake towards a barren rock by the eastern shore, from which a small white monument shone in the sun.

"That monument," said one of the boatmen, a stout young lad in leather breeches, "was built by a butcher, to the glory of Saint Wolfgang, who saved him from drowning. He was one day riding an ox to market along the opposite bank; when the animal, taking fright, sprang into the water, and swam over to this place, with the butcher on his back."

"And do you think he could have done this," asked Berkley, "if Saint Wolfgang had not helped him?"

"Of course not!" answered leather-breeches; and the Englishman laughed.

From this point they rowed along under the shore to a low promontory, upon which stood another monument, commemorating a more tragical event.

"This is the place I was speaking of," said Flemming, as the boatmen rested on their oars. "The melancholy and singular event it commemorates happened more than two centuries ago. There was a bridal party here upon the ice, one winter; and in the midst of the dance the ice broke, and the whole merry company were drowned together, except the fiddlers, who were sitting on the shore."

They looked in silence at the monument, and at the blue quiet water, under which the bones of the dancers lay buried,

hand in hand. The monument is of stone, painted white, with an overhanging roof to shelter it from storms. In a niche in front is a small image of the Saviour, in a sitting posture; and an inscription upon a marble tablet below says that it was placed there by Longinus Walther, and his wife, Barbara Juliana von Hainberg; themselves long since peacefully crumbled to dust, side by side, in some churchyard.

“That was breaking the ice with a vengeance!” said Berkley, as they pushed out into the lake again; and ere long they were floating beneath the mighty precipice of Falkenstein; a steep wall of rock, crowned with a chapel and a hermitage, where in days of old lived the holy Saint Wolfgang. It is now haunted only by an echo, so distinct and loud, that one might imagine the ghost of the departed saint to be sitting there, and repeating the voices from below,—not word by word, but sentence by sentence, as if he were passing them up to the recording angel.

“Ho! ho! ho!” shouted Berkley; and the sound seemed to strike the wall of stone, like the flapping of steel plates; —“Ho! ho! ho! How are you to-day, Saint Wolfgang? You infernal old rascal! How is the Frau von Wolfgang? —God save great George, our king! Damn your eyes! Hold your tongue! Ho! ho! ha! ha! hi!”

And the words were recorded above; and a voice repeated them with awful distinctness in the blue depths overhead; and Flemming felt in his inmost soul the contrast between the holy heavens, and the mockery of laughter, and the idle words, which fall back from the sky above us and soil not its purity.

In half an hour they were at the village of Saint Wolfgang, threading a narrow street, above which the roofs of quaint, picturesque old houses almost met. It led them

to a Gothic church; a magnificent one for a village;—in front of which was a small court, shut in by Italian-looking houses, with balconies, and flowers at the windows. Here a bronze fountain of elaborate workmanship was playing in the shade. On its summit stood an image of the patron saint of the village; and, running round the under lip of the water-basin below, they read this inscription in old German rhymes:—

“I am in the honour of Saint Wolfgang raised. Abbot Wolfgang Habel of Emensee, he hath made me for the use and delight of poor pilgrim wight. Neither gold nor wine hath he; at this water shall he merry be. In the year of the Lord fifteen hundred and fifteen hath the work completed been. God be praised!”

As they were deciphering, the rude characters of this pious inscription, a village priest came down a high flight of steps from the parsonage near the church, and courteously saluted the strangers. After returning the salutation, the mad Englishman, without preface, asked him how many natural children were annually born in the parish. The question seemed to astonish the good father; but he answered it civilly, as he did several other questions, which Flemming thought rather indiscreet, to say the least.

“You will excuse our curiosity,” said he to the priest, by way of apology. “We are strangers from distant countries. My friend is an Englishman, and I an American.”

Berkley, however, was not so easily silenced. After a few moments' conversation, he broke out into most audacious Latin, in which the only words clearly intelligible were:—

“Plurimum reverende, in Christo religiosissime, ac clarissime Domine, necnon et amice observandissime! Petrus sic est locutus: ‘Nec argentum mihi, nec aurum est; sed quod habeo, hoc tibi do; serge et ambula.’”

He seemed to be speaking of the fountain. The priest answered meekly,—

“ Non intellexi, Domine !”

But Berkley continued with great volubility to speak of his being a stranger in the land, and all men being strangers upon earth, and hoping to meet the good priest hereafter in the kingdom of heaven. The priest seemed confounded and abashed. Through the mist of a strange pronunciation, he could recognise only here and there a familiar word. He took out his snuff-box; and tried to quote a passage from Saint Paul:—

“ Ut dixit Sanctus Paulus : ‘ Qui bene facit ——’ ”

Here his memory failed him, or, as the French say, he was at the end of his Latin, and, stretching forth his long forefinger, he concluded in German:—

“ Yes;—I don’t—so clearly remember—what he did say.”

The Englishman helped him through with a moral phrase; and then, pulling off his hat, exclaimed very solemnly:—

“ Vale, Domine doctissime et reverendissime !”

And the Domine, as if pursued by a demon, made a sudden and precipitate retreat down a flight of steps into the street.

“ There !” said Berkley, laughing, “ I beat him at his own weapons. What do you say of my Latin ?”

“ I say of it,” replied Flemming, “ what Holofernes said of Sir Nathaniel’s:—‘ Priscian a little scratched—’twill serve.’ I think I have heard better. But what a whim ! I thought I should have laughed aloud.”

They were still sitting by the bronze fountain, when the priest returned, accompanied by a short man, with large feet, and a long blue surtout, so greasy, that it reminded one of Polilla’s in the Spanish play, which was lined with

lices of pork. His countenance was broad and placid, but his blue eyes gleamed with a wild, mysterious, sorrowful expression. Flemming thought the Latin contest was to be renewed, with more powder and heavier guns. He was mistaken. The stranger saluted him in German, and said, that, having heard he was from America, he had come to question him about that distant country, for which he was on the point of embarking. There was nothing peculiar in his manner, nor in the questions he asked, nor the remarks he made. They were the usual questions and remarks about cities and climate and sailing the sea. At length Flemming asked him the object of his journey to America. The stranger came close to him, and, lowering his voice, said very solemnly :—

“That holy man, Frederick Baraga, missionary among the Indians at Lacroix, on Lake Superior, has returned to his fatherland, Krain; and I am chosen by Heaven to go forth as Minister Extraordinary of Christ, to unite all nations and people in one church!”

Flemming almost started at the singular earnestness with which he uttered these words; and looked at him attentively, thinking to see the face of a madman. But the modest, unassuming look of that placid countenance was unchanged; only in the eyes burned a mysterious light, as if candles had been lighted in the brain, to magnify the daylight there.

“It is truly a high vocation,” said he, in reply. “But are you sure that this is no hallucination? Are you certain that you have been chosen by Heaven for this great work?”

“I am certain,” replied the German, in a tone of great calmness and sincerity; “and, if Saint Peter and Saint Paul should come down from heaven to assure me of it, my faith would be no stronger than it now is. It has been

declared to me by many signs and wonders. I can no longer doubt nor hesitate. I have already heard the voice of the Spirit, speaking to me at night; and I know that I am an apostle, and chosen for this work."

Such was the calm enthusiasm with which he spoke, that Flemming could not choose but listen. He felt interested in this strange being. There was something awe-inspiring in the spirit that possessed him. After a short pause, he continued:—

"If you wish to know who I am, I can tell you in few words. I think you will not find the story without interest."

He then went on to relate the circumstances recorded in the following chapter

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF BROTHER BERNARDUS.

"I was born in the city of Stein, in the land of Krain. My pious mother, Gertrude, sang me psalms and spiritual songs in childhood; and often, when I awoke in the night, I saw her still sitting patiently at her work by the stove, and heard her singing those hymns of heaven, or praying in the midnight darkness when her work was done. It was for me she prayed. Thus, from my earliest childhood, I breathed the breath of pious aspirations. Afterwards I went to Laybach, as a student of theology; and, after the usual course of study, was ordained a priest. I went forth to the care of souls; my own soul filled with the faith that ere long all people would be united in one church. Yet at times my heart was heavy, to behold how many nations there are who have not heard of Christ; and how those,

who are called Christians, are divided into numberless sects, and how among these are many who are Christians in name only. I determined to devote myself to the great work of the one church universal, and, for this purpose, to give myself wholly up to the study of the Evangelists and the Fathers. I retired to the Benedictine cloister of Saint Paul in the valley of Lavant. The father-confessor in the nunnery of Laak, where I then lived, strengthened me in this resolve. I had long walked with this angel of God in a human form, and his parting benediction sank deep into my soul. The Prince-Abbot Berthold, of blessed memory, was then head of the Benedictine convent. He received me kindly, and led me to the library; where I gazed with secret rapture on the vast folios of the Christian Fathers, from which, as from an arsenal, I was to draw the weapons of holy warfare. In the study of these the year of my novitiate passed. I became a Franciscan friar, and took the name of Brother Bernardus. Yet my course of life remained unchanged. I seldom left the cloister; but sat in my cell, and pored over those tomes of holy wisdom. About this time the aged confessor in Laak departed this life. His death was made known to me in a dream. It must have been after midnight, when I thought that I came into the church, which was brilliantly lighted up. The dead body of the venerable saint was brought in, attended by a great crowd. It seemed to me that I must go up into the pulpit and pronounce his funeral oration; and, as I ascended the stairs, the words of my text came into my mind:—‘Blessed in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.’ My funeral sermon ended in a strain of exultation; and I awoke with ‘Amen!’ upon my lips. A few days afterwards, I heard that on that night the old man died. After this event, I became restless and melancholy.

I strove in vain to drive from me my gloomy thoughts I could no longer study. I was no longer contented in the cloister. I even thought of leaving it.

“One night, I had gone to bed early, according to my custom, and had fallen asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a bright and wonderful light which shone all about me, and filled me with heavenly rapture. Shortly after, I heard a voice, which pronounced distinctly these words, in the Slavonian tongue:—‘Remain in the cloister!’ It was the voice of my departed mother. I was fully awake; yet saw nothing but the bright light, which disappeared when the words had been spoken. Still it was broad daylight in my chamber. I thought I had slept beyond my usual hour. I looked at my watch. It was just one o’clock after midnight. Suddenly the daylight vanished, and it was dark. In the morning I arose, as if new-born, through the wonderful light and the words of my mother’s voice. It was no dream. I knew it was the will of God that I should stay; and I could again give myself up to quiet study. I read the whole Bible through once more in the original text; and went on with the Fathers in chronological order. Often, after the apparition of the light, I awoke at the same hour; and though I heard no voice and saw no light, yet was refreshed with heavenly consolation.

“Not long after this, an important event happened in the cloister. In the absence of the deacon of the abbey, I was to preach the Thanksgiving sermon of Harvest-home. During the week, the Prince-Abbot Berthold gave up the ghost; and my sermon became at once a thanksgiving and funeral sermon. Perhaps it may not be unworthy of notice, that I was thus called to pronounce the burial discourse over the body of the last reigning spiritual Prince-Abbot in Germany. He was a man of God, and worthy of this honour.

“One year after this event, I was appointed Professor of Biblical Hermeneutics in Klagenfurt, and left the abbey for ever. In Klagenfurt I remained ten years, dwelling in the same house, and eating at the same table, with seventeen other professors. Their conversation naturally suggested new topics of study, and brought to my notice books which I had never before seen. One day I heard at table, that Maurus Cappellari, a monk of Camaldoli, had been elected Pope, under the name of Gregory Sixteenth. He was spoken of as a very learned man, who had written many books. At this time I was a firm believer in the Pope's infallibility; and when I heard these books mentioned, there arose in me an irresistible longing to read them. I inquired for them; but they were nowhere to be had. At length I heard that his most important work, *The Triumph of the Holy See and of the Church*, had been translated into German and published in Augsburg. Ere long the precious volume was in my hands. I began to read it with the profoundest awe. The farther I read, the more my wonder grew. The subject was of the deepest interest to me. I could not lay the book out of my hand till I had read it through with the closest attention. Now at length my eyes were opened. I saw before me a monk who had been educated in an Italian cloister; who, indeed, had read much, and yet only what was calculated to strengthen him in the prejudices of his childhood, and who had entirely neglected those studies upon which a bishop should most rely, in order to work out the salvation of man. I perceived, at the same time, that this was the strongest instrument for battering down the walls which separate Christian from Christian. I saw, though as yet dimly, the way in which the union of Christians in the one true church was to be accomplished. I knew not whether to be most astonished

at my own blindness, that, in all my previous studies, I had not perceived what the reading of this single book made manifest to me; or at the blindness of the Pope, who had undertaken to justify such follies, without perceiving that at the same moment he was himself lying in fatal error. But since I have learned more thoroughly the ways of the Lord, I am now no more astonished at this, but pray only to Divine Providence, who so mysteriously prepares all people to be united in one true church. I no longer believed in the Pope's infallibility; nay, I believed even, that, to the great injury of humanity, he lay in fatal error. I felt, moreover, that now the time had fully come when I should publicly show myself, and found in America a parish and a school, and become the spiritual guide of men and the schoolmaster of children.

“It was then, and on that account, that I wrote in the Latin tongue my great work on Biblical Hermeneutics. But in Germany it cannot be published. The Austrian censor of the press cannot find time to read it; though I think, that, if I have spent so many laborious days and sleepless nights in writing it, this man ought likewise to find time enough not only to read it, but to examine all the grounds of my reasoning, and point out to me any errors, if he can find any. Notwithstanding, the Spirit gave me no repose, but urged me ever mightily on to the perfection of my great work.

“One morning I sat writing, under peculiar influences of the Spirit, upon the Confusion of Tongues, the Division of the People, and the importance of the study of Comparative Philology, in reference to their union in one church. So wrapped was I in the thought, that I came late into my lecture-room; and after lecture returned to my chamber, where I wrote till the clock struck twelve. At dinner,

one of the Professors asked if any one had seen the star about which so much was said. The Professor of Physics said that the student Johannes Schminke had come to him in the greatest haste, and besought him to go out and see the wonderful star; but, being incredulous about it, he made no haste, and, when they came into the street, the star had disappeared. When I heard the star spoken of, my soul was filled with rapture; and a voice within me seemed to say, 'The great time is approaching; labour unweariedly in thy work.' I sought out the student, and, like Herod, inquired diligently at what time the star appeared. He informed me, that, just as the clock was striking eight, in the morning, he went out of his house to go to the college, and saw on the square a crowd looking at a bright star. It was the very hour when I was writing alone in my chamber on the importance of Comparative Philology in bringing about the union of all nations. I felt that my hour had come. Strangely moved, I walked up and down my chamber. The evening twilight came on. I lighted my lamp, and drew the green curtains before the windows, and sat down to read. But hardly had I taken the book into my hand, when the Spirit began to move me, and urge me then to make my last decision and resolve. I made a secret vow that I would undertake the voyage to America. Suddenly my troubled thoughts were still. An unwonted rapture filled my heart. I sat and read till the supper-bell rang. They were speaking at table of a red, glaring meteor, which had just been seen in the air, south-east from Klagenfurt, and had suddenly disappeared with a dull, hollow sound. It was the very moment at which I had taken my final resolution to leave my native land. Every great purpose and event of my life seemed heralded and attended by divine messengers;—the voices

of the dead; the bright morning star, shining in the clear sunshine; and the red meteor in the evening twilight.

“I now began seriously to prepare for my departure. The chamber I occupied had once been the library of a Franciscan convent. Only a thick wall separated it from the church. In this wall was a niche, with heavy folding-doors, which had served the Franciscans as a repository for prohibited books. Here also I kept my papers, and my great work on Biblical Hermeneutics. The inside of the doors was covered with horrible caricatures of Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and other great men. I used often to look at them with the deepest melancholy, when I thought that these great men likewise had laboured upon earth, and fought with Satan in the church. But they were persecuted, denounced, condemned to die. So perhaps will it be with me. I thought of this often, and armed myself against the fear of death. I was in constant apprehension, lest the police should search my chamber during my absence, and, by examining my papers, discover my doctrine and designs. But the Spirit said to me:—‘Be of good cheer; I will so blind the eyes of thy enemies, that it shall not once occur to them to think of thy writings.’

“At length, after many difficulties and temptations of the Devil, I am on my way to America. Yesterday I took leave of my dearest friend, Gregory Kuschler, in Hallstadt. He seemed filled with the Spirit of God, and has wonderfully strengthened me in my purpose. All the hosts of heaven looked on, and were glad. The old man kissed me at parting; and I ascended the mountain as if angels bore me up in their arms. Near the summit lay a newly fallen avalanche, over which, as yet, no footsteps had passed. This was my last temptation. ‘Ha!’ cried I aloud, ‘Satan has prepared a snare for me; but I will conquer him with

godly weapons.' I sprang over the treacherous snow with greater faith than Saint Peter walked the waters of the Lake of Galilee; and came down the valley, while the mountain peaks yet shone in the setting sun. God smiles upon me. I go forth full of hopeful courage. On Christmas next, I shall excommunicate the Pope."

Saying these words, he slowly and solemnly took his leave, like one conscious of the great events which awaited him, and withdrew with the other priest into the church. Flemming could not smile as Berkley did; for in the solitary, singular enthusiast, who had just left them, he saw only another melancholy victim to solitude and over-labour of the brain; and felt how painful a thing it is thus to become unconsciously the almsman of other men's sympathies, a kind of blind beggar for the charity of a good wish or a prayer.

The sun was now setting. Silently they floated back to Saint Gilgen, amid the cool evening shadows. The village clock struck nine as they landed; and as Berkley was to depart early in the morning, he went to bed betimes. On bidding Flemming good night, he said:—

"I shall not see you in the morning; so good by, and God bless you. Remember my parting words. Never mind trifles. In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer. Care killed a cat!"

"I have heard you say that so often," replied Flemming, laughing, "that I begin to believe it. But I wonder if Care shaved his left eyebrow, after doing the deed, as the ancient Egyptians used to do!"

"Aha! now you are sweeping cobwebs from the sky! Good night! Good night!"

A sorrowful event happened in the neighbourhood that night. The widow's child died suddenly. "Woe is me!"

—thus mourns the childless mother in one of the funeral songs of Greenland ;—“ Woe is me, that I should gaze upon thy place and find it vacant ! In vain for thee thy mother dries the sea-drenched garments !” Not in these words, but in thoughts like these, did the poor mother bewail the death of her child, thinking mostly of the vacant place, and the daily cares and solitudes of maternal love. Flemming saw a light in her chamber, and shadows moving to and fro, as he stood by the window, gazing into the starry, silent sky. But he little thought of the awful domestic tragedy which was even then enacted behind those thin curtains.

CHAPTER VII.

FOOTPRINTS OF ANGELS.

It was Sunday morning, and the church-bells were all ringing together. From the neighbouring villages came the solemn, joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow and faint and low,—all mingling into one harmonious chime, like the sound of some distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased ; and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole village, and the very air itself, seemed to pray,—so silent was it everywhere.

Two venerable old men—high priests and patriarchs were they in the land—went up the pulpit stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation,—for the pulpit stairs were in front, and very high.

Paul Flemming will never forget the sermon he heard that day,—no, not even if he should live to be as old as he who preached it. The text was, “ I know that my Redeemer

liveth." It was meant to console the pious, poor widow, who sat right below him at the foot of the pulpit stairs, all in black, and her heart breaking. He said nothing of the terrors of death, nor of the gloom of the narrow house; but, looking beyond these things, as mere circumstances to which the imagination mainly gives importance, he told his hearers of the innocence of childhood upon earth, and the holiness of childhood in heaven, and how the beautiful Lord Jesus was once a little child, and now in heaven the spirits of little children walked with him, and gathered flowers in the fields of Paradise. Good old man! In behalf of humanity I thank thee for these benignant words! And still more than I, the bereaved mother thanked thee; and from that hour, though she wept in secret for her child, yet—

"She knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again."

After the sermon, Paul Flemming walked forth alone into the churchyard. There was no one there, save a little boy, who was fishing with a pin hook in a grave half full of water. But a few moments afterward, through the arched gateway under the belfry, came a funeral procession. At its head walked a priest in white surplice, chanting. Peasants, old and young, followed him, with burning tapers in their hands. A young girl carried in her arms a dead child, wrapped in its little winding-sheet. The grave was close under the wall, by the church-door. A vase of holy water stood beside it. The sexton took the child from the girl's arms, and put it into a coffin; and, as he placed it in the grave, the girl held over it a cross wreathed with roses, and the priest and peasants sang a funeral hymn. When this was over, the priest sprinkled the grave and the crowd with holy water; and then they all went into

the church, each one stopping, as he passed the grave, to throw a handful of earth into it, and sprinkle it with the hyssop.

A few moments afterwards, the voice of the priest was heard saying mass in the church, and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton treading, with his clouted shoes, the fresh earth into the grave of the little child. He approached him, and asked the age of the deceased. The sexton leaned a moment on his spade, and, shrugging his shoulders, replied:—

“Only an hour or two. It was born in the night, and died this morning early.”

“A brief existence,” said Flemming. “The child seems to have been born only to be buried and have its name recorded on a wooden tombstone.”

The sexton went on with his work, and made no reply. Flemming still lingered among the graves, gazing with wonder at the strange devices by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome.

In the temple of Juno at Elis, Sleep and his twin-brother, Death, were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients, the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent death. And these were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold! Strange, that, in later days, this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the “land of the great departed, into the silent land,” should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse;—such the ghastly

skeleton with scythe and hour-glass;—the Reaper, whose name is Death!

One of the most popular themes of poetry and painting in the Middle Ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages it is written,—the apparition of the grim spectre, putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the “remarkable retirement” of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that, where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. It is a beautiful design, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings, and torch inverted.

And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak,—weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And, Oh, how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride and unrequited love, were in those tears through which he read, on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription:—

“Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back

again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, he said:—

"I will be strong!"

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends, and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him, as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these

sudden changes may have been long at work within us; but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance,—no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others, but to walk self-confident and self-possessed;—no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and careless of what the mysterious Future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable sweet feeling rose within him.

“Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps,” said he, “and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is Life,—

‘Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!’

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the

earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then come listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST PANG.

"FAREWELL to thee, Saint Gilgen!" said Flemming, as he turned on the brow of the hill to take his last look at the lake and the village below, and felt that this was one of the few spots on the wide earth to which he could say farewell with regret. "Thy majestic hills have impressed themselves upon my soul, as a seal upon wax. The quiet beauty of thy lake shall be to me for ever an image of peace and purity and stillness, and that inscription in thy little churchyard a sentence of wisdom for my after life."

Before the setting of the same sun which then shone on that fair landscape, he was far on his way towards Munich. He had left behind him the mountains of the Tyrol; and beheld them for the last time in the soft evening twilight, their bases green with forest trees, and here and there a sharp rocky spire, and a rounded summit capped with snow. There they lay, their backs like the backs of camels; a mighty caravan, reposing at evening in its march across the desert.

From Munich he passed through Augsburg and Ulm, on his way to Stuttgart. At the entrances of towns and villages he saw large crucifixes; and on the fronts of many houses, coarse paintings and images of saints. In Gunz-

burg three priests in black were slowly passing down the street, and women fell on their knees to receive a blessing. There were many beggars, too, in the streets; and an old man who was making hay in a field by the road-side, when he saw the carriage approaching, threw down his rake, and came tumbling over the ditch, uttering the most dismal wail, with his hat held out in both hands. The next day, the bright yellow jackets of the postilions, and the two great tassels of their bugle-horns, dangling down their backs, like cauliflowers, told him he was in Würtemberg; and, late in the evening, he stopped at a hotel in Stuttgard; and, from his chamber-window, saw, in the bright moonlight, the old Gothic cathedral, with its narrow, lancet windows and jutting buttresses, right in front of him. Ere long he had forgotten all his cares and sorrows in sleep, and with them his hopes, and wishes, and good resolves.

He was still sitting at breakfast in his chamber, the next morning, when the great bell of the cathedral opposite began to ring, and reminded him that it was Sunday. Ere long the organ answered from within, and from its golden lips breathed forth a psalm. The congregation began to assemble, and Flemming went up with them to the house of the Lord. In the body of the church he found the pews all filled or locked; they seemed to belong to families. He went up into the gallery, and looked over the psalm-book of a peasant, while the congregation sang the sublime old hymn of Martin Luther,—

“Our God, he is a tower of strength,
A trusty shield and weapon.”

During the singing, a fat clergyman, clad in black, with a surplice thrown loosely about him, came pacing along one of the aisles, from beneath the organ-loft, and ascended the

pulpit. After the hymn, he read a portion of Scripture, and then said:—

“ Let us unite in silent prayer.”

And turning round, he knelt in the pulpit, while the congregation remained standing. For a while there was a breathless silence in the church, which to Flemming was more solemnly impressive than any audible prayer. The clergyman then arose, and began his sermon. His theme was the Reformation; and he attempted to prove how much easier it was to enter the kingdom of Heaven through the gateways of the Reformed Evangelical Dutch Church, than by the aisles and penitential staircases of Saint Peter's. He then gave a history of the Reformation; and when Flemming thought he was near the end, he heard him say that he should divide his discourse into four heads. This reminded him of the sturdy old Puritan, Cotton Mather, who, after preaching an hour, would coolly turn the hour-glass on the pulpit, and say: “ Now, my beloved hearers, let us take another glass.” He stole out into the silent, deserted street, and went to visit the veteran sculptor Dannecker. He found him sitting alone, with his psalm-book, and the reminiscences of a life of eighty years. As Flemming entered, he arose from the sofa, and tottered towards him; a venerable old man, of low stature, and dressed in a loose white jacket, with a face like Franklin's, his white hair flowing over his shoulders, and a pale blue eye.

“ So you are from America,” said he. “ But you have a German name. Paul Flemming was one of our old poets. I have never been in America, and never shall go there. I am now too old. I have been in Paris and in Rome. But that was long ago. I am now eight-and-seventy years old.”

Here he took Flemming by the hand, and made him sit down by his side, on the sofa. And Flemming felt a mys-

terious awe creep over him, on touching the hand of the good old man, who sat so serenely amid the gathering shade of years, and listened to life's curfew-bell, telling, with eight-and-seventy solemn strokes, that the hour had come when the fires of all earthly passion must be quenched within, and man must prepare to lie down and rest till the morning.

"You see," he continued, in a melancholy tone, "my hands are cold; colder than yours. They were warmer once. I am now an old man."

"Yet these are the hands," answered Flemming, "that sculptured the beauteous Ariadne and the Panther. The soul never grows old."

"Nor does Nature," said the old man, pleased with this allusion to his great work, and pointing to the green trees before his window. "This pleasure I have left to me. My sight is still good. I can even distinguish objects on the side of yonder mountain. My hearing is also unimpaired. For all which I thank God."

Then, directing Flemming's attention to a fine engraving, which hung on the opposite wall of the room, he continued:—

"That is an engraving of Canova's Religion. I love to sit here and look at it for hours together. It is beautiful. He made the statue for his native town, where they had no church, until he built them one. He placed the statue in it. This engraving he sent me as a present. Ah, he was a dear, good man. The name of his native town I have forgotten. My memory fails me. I cannot remember names."

Fearful that he had disturbed the old man in his morning devotions, Flemming did not remain long, but took his leave with regret. There was something impressive in the

scene he had witnessed;—this beautiful old age of the artist; sitting by the open window, in the bright summer morning,—the labour of life accomplished, the horizon reached, where heaven and earth meet,—thinking it was angel's music, when he heard the church-bells ring; himself too old to go. As he walked back to his chamber, he thought within himself, whether he likewise might not accomplish something which should live after him,—might not bring something permanent out of this fast-fleeting life of man, and then sit down, like the artist, in serene old age, and fold his hands in silence. He wondered how a man felt, when he grew so old, that he could no longer go to church, but must sit at home and read the Bible in large print. His heart was full of indefinite longings, mingled with regrets; longings to accomplish something worthy of life; regret that as yet he had accomplished nothing, but had felt and dreamed only. Thus the warm days in spring bring forth passion-flowers and forget-me-nots. It is only after midsummer, when the days grow shorter and hotter, that fruit begins to appear. Then the heat of the day brings forward the harvest, and after the harvest the leaves fall, and there is a gray frost. Much meditating upon these things, Paul Flemming reached his hotel. At that moment a person clad in green came down the church-steps, and crossed the street. It was the German mechanic of Interlachen. Flemming started, as if a green snake had suddenly crossed his path. He took refuge in his chamber.

That night, as he was sitting alone in his chamber, having made his preparations to depart the following morning, his attention was arrested by the sound of a female voice in the next room. A thin partition, with a door separated it from his own. He had not before observed that the room was occupied. But, in the stillness of the

night, the tones of that voice struck his ear. He listened. It was a lady, reading the prayers of the English Church. The tones were familiar, and awakened at once a thousand painfully sweet recollections. It was the voice of Mary Ashburton! His heart could not be deceived; and all its wounds began to bleed afresh, like those of a murdered man, when the murderer approaches. His first impulse was of affection only, boundless, irrepressible, delirious, as of old in the green valley of Interlachen. He waited for the voice to cease, that he might go to her, and behold her face once more. And then his pride rose up within him, and rebuked this weakness. He remembered his firm resolve, and blushed to find himself so feeble. And the voice ceased, and yet he did not go. Pride had so far gained the mastery over affection. He lay down upon his bed, like a child as he was. All about him was silence, and the silence was holy, for she was near; so near that he could almost hear the beating of her heart. He knew now for the first time how weak he was, and how strong was his passion for that woman. His heart was like the altar of the Israelites of old; and, though drenched with tears, as with rain, it was kindled at once by the holy fire from heaven!

Towards morning he fell asleep, exhausted with the strong excitement; and, in that hour, when, sleep being "nigh unto the soul," visions are deemed prophetic, he dreamed. Oh, blessed vision of the morning, stay! thou wast so fair! He stood again on the green sunny meadow, beneath the ruined tower; and she was by his side, with her pale, speaking countenance and holy eyes; and he kissed her fair forehead; and she turned her face towards him, beaming with affection, and said, "I confess it now; you are the Magician!" and pressed him in a meek em-

brace, that he "might rather feel than see the swelling of her heart." And then she faded away from his arms, and her face became transfigured, and her voice like the voice of an angel in heaven;—and he awoke, and was alone!

It was broad daylight; and he heard the postilion, and the stamping of horses' hoofs on the pavement at the door. At the same moment his servant came in with coffee, and told him all was ready. He did not dare to stay. But, throwing himself into the carriage, he cast one look towards the window of the Dark Ladie, and a moment afterwards had left her for ever! He had drunk the last drop of the bitter cup, and now laid the golden goblet gently down, knowing that he should behold it no more!

No more! Oh, how majestically mournful are those words! They sound like the roar of the wind through a forest of pines!

END OF HYPERION.

O Û T R E - M E R :
A PILGRIMAGE BEYOND THE SEA.

I have passed manye landes and manye yles and contrees, and cherched manye fulle straunge places, and have ben in manye a fulle gode honourable companye. Now I am comen home to reste. And thus recordynge the tyme passed, I have fulfilled these thynges and putte hem wryten in this boke, as it woulde come into my mynde.

SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

The cheerful breeze sets fair ; we fill our sail,
And scud before it. When the critic starts,
And angrily unties his bags of wind,
Then we lay to, and let the blast go by.

HURDIS.

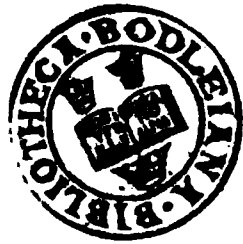
WORTHY AND GENTLE READER,

I dedicate this little book to thee with many fears and misgivings of heart. Being a stranger to thee, and having never administered to thy wants nor to thy pleasures, I can ask nothing at thy hands, saving the common courtesies of life. Perchance, too, what I have written will be little to thy taste; for it is little in accordance with the stirring spirit of the present age. If so, I crave thy forbearance for having thought that even the busiest mind might not be a stranger to those moments of repose, when the clock of time clicks drowsily behind the door, and trifles become the amusement of the wise and great.

Besides, what perils await the adventurous author who launches forth into the uncertain current of public favour in so frail a bark as this! The very rocking of the tide may upset him; or peradventure some freebooting critic, prowling about the great ocean of letters, may descry his strange colours, hail him through a gray goosequill, and perhaps sink him without more ado. Indeed, the success of an unknown author is as uncertain as the wind. "When a book is first to appear in the world," says a celebrated French writer, "one knows not whom to consult to learn its destiny. The stars preside not over its nativity. Their influences have no operation on it; and the most confident astrologers dare not foretell the diverse risks of fortune it must run."

It is from such considerations, worthy reader, that I would fain bespeak thy friendly offices at the outset. But, in asking these, I would not forestall thy good opinion too far, lest in the sequel I should disappoint thy kind wishes. I ask only a welcome and God-speed, hoping, that, when thou hast read these pages, thou wilt say to me, in the words of Nick Bottom, the weaver, "I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb."

Very sincerely thine,
THE AUTHOR.



OUTRE-MER.

THE PILGRIM OF OUTRE-MER.

I am a Palmer, as ye se,
Whiche of my lyfe muche part have spent
In many a fayre and farre cuntrie,
As pilgrims do of good intent.

The Four Ps.

“LYSTENYTH, ye godely gentylnen, and all that ben hereyn!” I am a pilgrim benighted on my way, and crave a shelter till the storm is over, and a seat by the fireside in this honourable company. As a stranger I claim this courtesy at your hands; and will repay your hospitable welcome with tales of the countries I have passed through in my pilgrimage.

This is a custom of the olden time. In the days of chivalry and romance, every baron bold, perched aloof in his feudal castle, welcomed the stranger to his halls, and listened with delight to the pilgrim's tale and the song of the troubadour. Both pilgrim and troubadour had their tales of wonder from a distant land, embellished with the magic of Oriental exaggeration. Their salutation was,

“Lordyng lystnith to my tale,
That is meryer than the nightingale.”

The soft luxuriance of the Eastern clime bloomed in the song of the bard; and the wild and romantic tales of regions so far off as to be regarded as almost a fairy land were well suited to the childish credulity of an age when

OUTRE-MER.

what is now called the Old World was in its childhood. Those times have passed away. The world has grown wiser and less credulous; and the tales which then delighted delight no longer. But man has not changed his nature. He still retains the same curiosity, the same love of novelty, the same fondness for romance and tales by the chimney-corner, and the same desire of wearing out the rainy day and the long winter evening with the illusions of fancy and the fairy sketches of the poet's imagination. It is as true now as ever, that

“Off talys, and tryfulles, many man tellys ;
Sume byn trew, and sume byn ellis ;
A man may dryfe forthe the day that long tyme dwellis
Wyth harpyng, and pipyng, and other mery spellis,
Wyth gle, and wyth game.”

The Pays d'Outre-Mer, or the Land beyond the Sea, is a name by which the pilgrims and crusaders of old usually designated the Holy Land. I, too, in a certain sense, have been a pilgrim of Outre-Mer; for to my youthful imagination the Old World was a kind of Holy Land, lying afar off beyond the blue horizon of the ocean; and when its shores first rose upon my sight, looming through the hazy atmosphere of the sea, my heart swelled with the deep emotions of the pilgrim, when he sees afar the spire which rises above the shrine of his devotion.

In this my pilgrimage, “I have passed many lands and countries, and searched many full strange places.” I have traversed France from Normandy to Navarre; smoked my pipe in a Flemish inn; floated through Holland in a *Trekschuit*; trimmed my midnight lamp in a German university; wandered and mused amid the classic scenes of Italy; and listened to the gay guitar and merry castanet on the borders of the blue Guadalquivir. The recollection of many of the

scenes I have passed through is still fresh in my mind ; while the memory of others is fast fading away, or is blotted out for ever. But now I will stay the too busy hand of time, and call back the shadowy past. Perchance the old and the wise may accuse me of frivolity ; but I see in this fair company the bright eye and listening ear of youth,—an age less rigid in its censure and more willing to be pleased. “To gentlewomen and their loves is consecrated all the wooing language, allusions to love-passions, and sweet embracements feigned by the Muse mongst hills and rivers ; whatsoever tastes of description, battel, story, abstruse antiquity, and law of the kingdome, to the more severe critic. To the one be contenting enjoyments of their auspicious desires ; to the other, a happy attendance of their chosen Muses.” *

And now, fair dames and courteous gentlemen, give me attentive audience :—

“Lordyng lystnith to my tale,
That is meryer than the nightingale.”

* Selden's Prefatory Discourse to the Notes in Drayton's Poly-Olbion.

FRANCE.

THE NORMAN DILIGENCE.

The French guides, otherwise called the postilions, have one most diabolicall custome in their travelling upon the wayes. Diabolicall it may be well called; for, whensoever their horses doe a little anger them, they will say, in their fury, *Allons, diable*,—that is, Go, thou divel. This I know by mine own experience.

• *COBYAT'S Crudities.*

It was early in the “leafy month of June” that I travelled through the beautiful province of Normandy. As France was the first foreign country I visited, everything wore an air of freshnes and novelty, which pleased my eye, and kept my fancy constantly busy. Life was like a dream. It was a luxury to breathe again the free air, after having been so long cooped up at sea; and, like a long-imprisoned bird let loose from its cage, I revelled in the freshnes and sunshine of the morning landscape.

On every side, valley and hill were covered with a carpet of soft velvet green. The birds were singing merrily in the trees, and the landscape wore that look of gaiety so well described in the quaint language of an old romance, making the “sad, pensive, and aching heart to rejoice, and to throw off mourning and sadness.” Here and there a cluster of chestnut-trees shaded a thatch-roofed cottage, and little patches of vineyard were scattered on the slope of the hills, mingling their delicate green with the deep hues of the early summer grain. The whole landscape had a iresh,

breezy look. It was not hedged in from the highways, but lay open to the eye of the traveller, and seemed to welcome him with open arms. I felt less a stranger in the land; and as my eye traced the dusty road winding along through a rich cultivated country, skirted on either side with blossoming fruit-trees, and occasionally caught glimpses of a little farm-house resting in a green hollow and lapped in the bosom of plenty, I felt that I was in a prosperous, hospitable, and happy land.

I had taken my seat on top of the diligence, in order to have a better view of the country. It was one of those ponderous vehicles which totter slowly along the paved roads of France, labouring beneath a mountain of trunks and bales of all descriptions; and, like the Trojan horse, bearing a groaning multitude within it. It was a curious and cumbersome machine, resembling the bodies of three coaches placed upon one carriage, with a cabriolet on top for outside passengers. On the panels of each door were painted the fleurs-de-lis of France, and upon the side of the coach emblazoned, in golden characters, "*Exploitation Générale des Messageries Royales des Diligences pour le Havre, Rouen, et Paris.*"

It would be useless to describe the motley groups that filled the four quarters of this little world. There was the dusty tradesman, with green coat and cotton umbrella; the sallow invalid, in skullcap and cloth shoes; the priest in his cassock; the peasant in his frock; and a whole family of squalling children. My fellow-travellers on top were a gay subaltern, with fierce mustache, and a nut-brown village beauty of sweet sixteen. The subaltern wore a military undress, and a little blue cloth cap, in the shape of a cow-bell, trimmed smartly with silver lace, and cocked on one side of his head. The brunette was decked out with a

staid white Norman cap, nicely starched and plaited, and nearly three feet high, a rosary and cross about her neck, a linsey-woolsey gown, and wooden shoes.

The personage who seemed to rule this little world with absolute sway was a short, puffy man, with a busy, self-satisfied air, and the sonorous title of *Monsieur le Conducteur*. As insignia of office, he wore a little round fur cap and fur-trimmed jacket; and carried in his hand a small leathern portfolio, containing his way-bill. He sat with us on top of the diligence, and with comic gravity issued his mandates to the postilion below, like some petty monarch speaking from his throne. In every dingy village we thundered through, he had a thousand commissions to execute and to receive; a package to throw out on this side, and another to take in on that; a whisper for the landlady at the inn; a love-letter and a kiss for her daughter; and a wink or a snap of his fingers for the chambermaid at the window. Then there were so many questions to be asked and answered, while changing horses! Everybody had a word to say. It was *Monsieur le Conducteur!* here; *Monsieur le Conducteur!* there. He was in complete bustle; till at length crying, *En route!* he ascended the dizzy height, and we lumbered away in a cloud of dust.

But what most attracted my attention was the grotesque appearance of the postilion and the horses. He was a comical-looking little fellow, already past the heyday of life, with a thin, sharp countenance, to which the smoke of tobacco and the fumes of wine had given the dusty look of parchment. He was equipped in a short jacket of purple velvet, set off with a red collar, and adorned with silken cord. Tight breeches of bright yellow leather arrayed his pipe-stem legs, which were swallowed up in a huge pair of wooden boots, iron-fastened, and armed with long, rattling

spurs. His shirt-collar was of vast dimensions, and between it and the broad brim of his high, bell-crowned, varnished hat projected an eel-skin queue, with a little tuft of frizzled hair, like a powder-puff, at the end, bobbing up and down with the motion of the rider, and scattering a white cloud around him.

The horses which drew the diligence were harnessed to it with ropes and leather thongs, in the most uncouth manner imaginable. They were five in number; black, white, and gray,—as various in size as in colour. Their tails were braided and tied up with wisps of straw; and when the postilion mounted and cracked his heavy whip, off they started; one pulling this way, another that,—one on the gallop, another trotting, and the rest dragging along at a scrambling pace, between a trot and a walk. No sooner did the vehicle get comfortably in motion, than the postilion, throwing the reins upon his horse's neck, and drawing a flint and steel from one pocket and a short-stemmed pipe from another, leisurely struck fire, and began to smoke. Ever and anon some part of the rope-harness would give way; *Monsieur le Conducteur* from on high would thunder forth an oath or two; a head would be popped out at every window; half a dozen voices exclaim at once, "What's the matter?" and the postilion, apostrophizing the *diable* as usual, would thrust his long whip into the leg of his boot, leisurely dismount, and, drawing a handful of packthread from his pocket, quietly set himself to mend matters in the best way possible.

In this manner we toiled slowly along the dusty highway. Occasionally the scene was enlivened by a group of peasants, driving before them a little ass, laden with vegetables for a neighbouring market. Then we would pass a solitary shepherd, sitting by the road-side, with a shaggy

dog at his feet, guarding his flock, and making his scanty meal on the contents of his wallet; or perchance a little peasant-girl, in wooden shoes, leading a cow by a cord attached to her horns, to browse along the side of the ditch. Then we would all alight to ascend some formidable hill on foot, and be escorted up by a clamorous group of sturdy mendicants,—annoyed by the ceaseless importunity of worthless beggary, or moved to pity by the palsied limbs of the aged, and the sightless eyeballs of the blind.

Occasionally, too, the postilion drew up in front of a dingy little cabaret, completely overshadowed by wide-spreading trees. A lusty grape-vine clambered up beside the door; and a pine-bough was thrust out from a hole in the wall, by way of tavern-bush. Upon the front of the house was generally inscribed in large black letters, "LOI ON DONNE À BOIRE ET À MANGER; ON LOGE À PIED ET À CHEVAL;" a sign which may be thus paraphrased—"Good entertainment for man and beast;" but which was once translated by a foreigner, "Here they give to eat and drink; they lodge on foot and on horseback!"

Thus one object of curiosity succeeded another; hill, valley, stream, and woodland flitted by me like the shifting scenes of a magic lantern, and one train of thought gave place to another; till at length, in the after part of the day, we entered the broad and shady avenue of fine old trees which leads to the western gate of Rouen, and a few moments afterwards were lost in the crowds and confusion of its narrow street.

THE GOLDEN LION INN.

Monsieur Vinot. Je veux absolument un Lion d'Or, parce qu'on dit, Où allez-vous? Au Lion d'Or! — D'où venez-vous? Du Lion d'Or! — Où irons-nous? Au Lion d'Or! — Où y a-t-il de bon vin? Au Lion d'Or! — *La Rose Rouge.*

THIS answer of Monsieur Vinot must have been running in my head as the diligence stopped at the Messagerie; for when the porter, who took my luggage, said:—

“*Où allez-vous, Monsieur?*”

I answered, without reflection (for, be it said with all the veracity of a traveller, at that time I did not know there was a Golden Lion in the city),—

“*Au Lion d'Or.*”

And so to the Lion d'Or we went.

The hostess of the Golden Lion received me with a courtesy and a smile, rang the house-bell for a servant, and told him to take the gentleman's things to number thirty-five. I followed him up stairs. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! Seven stories high, by Our Lady!—I counted them every one; and when I went down to remonstrate, I counted them again; so that there was no possibility of a mistake. When I asked for a lower room, the hostess told me the house was full; and when I spoke of going to another hotel, she said she should be so very sorry, so *désolée*, to have Monsieur leave her, that I marched up again to number thirty-five.

After finding all the fault I could with the chamber, I ended, as is generally the case with most men on such occasions, by being very well pleased with it. The only thing I could possibly complain of was my being lodged in the seventh story, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a gentleman who was learning to play the French horn:

But to remunerate me for these disadvantages, my window looked down into a market-place, and gave me a distant view of the towers of the cathedral, and the ruins of the church and abbey of St. Ouen.

When I had fully prepared myself for a ramble through the city, it was already sunset; and after the heat and dust of the day, the freshness of the long evening twilight was delightful. When I enter a new city, I cannot rest till I have satisfied the first cravings of curiosity by rambling through its streets. Nor can I endure a cicerone, with his eternal "This way, Sir." I never desire to be led directly to an object worthy of a traveller's notice, but prefer a thousand times to find my own way, and come upon it by surprise. This was particularly the case at Rouen. It was the first European city of importance that I visited. There was an air of antiquity about the whole city that breathed of the Middle Ages; and so strong and delightful was the impression that it made upon my youthful imagination, that nothing which I afterwards saw could either equal or efface it. I have since passed through that city, but I did not stop. I was unwilling to destroy an impression which, even at this distant day, is as fresh upon my mind as if it were of yesterday.

With these delightful feelings I rambled on from street to street, till at length, after threading a narrow alley, I unexpectedly came out in front of the magnificent cathedral. If it had suddenly risen from the earth, the effect could not have been more powerful and instantaneous. It completely overwhelmed my imagination; and I stood for a long time motionless, gazing entranced upon the stupendous edifice. I had before seen no specimen of Gothic architecture, save the remains of a little church at Havre; and the massive towers before me, the lofty windows of stained glass, the low portal, with its receding arches and

rude statues, all produced upon my untravelled mind an impression of awful sublimity. When I entered the church the impression was still more deep and solemn. It was the hour of vespers. The religious twilight of the place, the lamps that burned on the distant altar, the kneeling crowd, the tinkling bell, and the chant of the evening service that rolled along the vaulted roof in broken and repeated echoes, filled me with new and intense emotions. When I gazed on the stupendous architecture of the church, the huge columns that the eye followed up till they were lost in the gathering dusk of the arches above, the long and shadowy aisles, the statues of saints and martyrs that stood in every recess, the figures of armed knights upon the tombs, the uncertain light that stole through the painted windows of each little chapel, and the form of the cowed and solitary monk, kneeling at the shrine of his favourite saint, or passing between the lofty columns of the church—all I had read of, but had not seen—I was transported back to the Dark Ages, and felt as I can never feel again.

On the following day, I visited the remains of an old palace built by Edward the Third, now occupied as the Palais de Justice, and the ruins of the church and monastery of Saint Antoine. I saw the hole in the tower where the ponderous bell of the abbey fell through; and took a peep at the curious illuminated manuscript of Daniel d'Aubonne in the public library. The remainder of the morning was spent in visiting the ruins of the ancient abbey of St. Ouen, which is now transformed into the Hotel de Ville, and in strolling through its beautiful gardens, dreaming of the present and the past, and given up to "a melancholy of my own."

At the *Table d'Hôte* of the Golden Lion, I fell into conversation with an elderly gentleman, who proved to be

a great antiquarian, and thoroughly read in all the forgotten lore of the city. As our tastes were somewhat similar, we were soon upon very friendly terms; and after dinner we strolled out to visit some remarkable localities, and took the *gloria* together in the Chevalier Bayard.

When we returned to the Golden Lion, he entertained me with many curious stories of the spots we had been visiting. Among others, he related the following singular adventure of a monk of the abbey of St. Antoine, which amused me so much that I cannot refrain from presenting it to my readers. I will not, however, vouch for the truth of the story; for that the antiquarian himself would not do. He said he found it in an ancient manuscript of the Middle Ages, in the archives of the public library; and I give it as it was told me, without note or comment.

MARTIN FRANCO
AND
THE MONK OF SAINT ANTHONY.*

Seignor, oiez une merveille,
C'onques n'oïstes sa pareille,
Que je vos vueil dire et conter;
Or metez cuer a l'escouter

Fabliau du Bouchier d'Abbeville.

Lystyn Lordyngs to my tale,
And ye shall here of one story,
Is better than any wyne or ale,
That was ever made in this cuntry.

Ancient Metrical Romance.

IN times of old, there lived in the city of Rouen a tradesman named Martin Franco, who, by a series of misfortunes,

* The outlines of the following tale were taken from a Norman Fabliau of the thirteenth century, entitled *Le Segretain Moine*. To

had been reduced from opulence to poverty. But poverty, which generally makes men humble and laborious, only served to make him proud and lazy; and in proportion as he grew poorer and poorer, he grew also prouder and lazier. He contrived, however, to live along from day to day, by now and then pawning a silken robe of his wife, or selling a silver spoon, or some other trifle saved from the wreck of his better fortunes; and passed his time pleasantly enough in loitering about the market-place, and walking up and down on the sunny side of the street.

The fair Marguerite, his wife, was celebrated through the whole city for her beauty, her wit, and her virtue. She was a brunette, with the blackest eye, the whitest teeth, and the ripest nut-brown cheek in all Normandy; her figure was tall and stately, her hands and feet most delicately moulded, and her swimming gait like the motion of a swan. In happier days she had been the delight of the richest tradesmen in the city, and the envy of the fairest dames.

The friends of Martin Franco, like the friends of many a ruined man before and since, deserted him in the day of adversity. Of all that had eaten his dinners, and drunk his wine, and flattered his wife, none sought the narrow alley and humble dwelling of the broken tradesman save one, and that one was Friar Gui, the sacristan of the abbey of Saint Anthony. He was a little, jolly, red-faced friar, judge by the numerous imitations of this story which still exist in old Norman poetry, it seems to have been a prodigious favourite of its day, and to have passed through as many hands as did the body of Friar Gui. It probably had its origin in "The Story of the Little Hunchback," a tale of the Arabian Nights; and in modern times has been imitated in the poetic tale of "The Knight and the Friar," by George Colman.

with a leer in his eye, and rather a doubtful reputation ; but as he was a kind of travelling gazette, and always brought the latest news and gossip of the city, and besides was the only person that condescended to visit the house of Martin Franc,—in fine, for the want of a better, he was considered in the light of a friend.

In these constant assiduities, Friar Gui had his secret motives, of which the single heart of Martin Franc was entirely unsuspecting. The keener eye of his wife, however, soon discovered two faces under the hood ; but she persevered in misconstruing the friar's intentions, and in dexterously turning aside any expressions of gallantry that fell from his lips. In this way Friar Gui was for a long time kept at bay ; and Martin Franc preserved in the day of poverty and distress that consolation of all this world's afflictions,—a friend. But, finally, things came to such a pass, that the honest tradesman opened his eyes, and wondered he had been asleep so long. Whereupon he was irreverent enough to thrust Friar Gui into the street by the shoulders.

Meanwhile the times grew worse and worse. One family relic followed another,—the last silken robe was pawned, the last silver spoon sold ; until at length poor Martin Franc was forced to “drag the devil by the tail ;” in other words, beggary stared him full in the face. But the fair Marguerite did not even then despair. In those days a belief in the immediate guardianship of the saints was much more strong and prevalent than in these lewd and degenerate times ; and as there seemed no great probability of improving their condition by any lucky change which could be brought about by mere human agency, she determined to try what could be done by intercession with the patron saint of her husband. Accordingly she repaired

one evening to the abbey of St. Anthony, to place a votive candle and offer her prayer at the altar, which stood in the little chapel dedicated to St. Martin.

It was already sunset when she reached the church, and the evening service of the Virgin had commenced. A cloud of incense floated before the altar of the Madonna, and the organ rolled its deep melody along the dim arches of the church. Marguerite mingled with the kneeling crowd, and repeated the responses in Latin, with as much devotion as the most learned clerk of the convent. When the service was over, she repaired to the chapel of St. Martin, and, lighting her votive taper at the silver lamp which burned before his altar, knelt down in a retired part of the chapel, and, with tears in her eyes, besought the saint for aid and protection. While she was thus engaged, the church became gradually deserted, till she was left, as she thought, alone. But in this she was mistaken; for, when she arose to depart, the portly figure of Friar Gui was standing close at her elbow!

“Good evening, fair Marguerite,” said he. “St. Martin has heard your prayer, and sent me to relieve your poverty.”

“Then, by the Virgin!” replied she, “the good saint is not very fastidious in the choice of his messengers.”

“Nay, goodwife,” answered the friar, not at all abashed by this ungracious reply, “if the tidings are good, what matters it who the messenger may be? And how does Martin Franc these days?”

“He is well,” replied Marguerite; “and were he present, I doubt not would thank you heartily for the interest you still take in him and his poor wife.”

“He has done me wrong,” continued the friar. “But it is our duty to forgive our enemies; and so let the past be

forgotten. I know that he is in want. Here, take this to him, and tell him I am still his friend."

So saying, he drew a small purse from the sleeve of his habit, and proffered it to his companion. I know not whether it were a suggestion of St. Martin, but true it is that the fair wife of Martin Franc seemed to lend a more willing ear to the earnest whispers of the friar. At length she said,—

"Put up your purse; to-day I can neither deliver your gift nor your message. Martin Franc has gone from home."

"Then keep it for yourself."

"Nay, Sir Monk," replied Marguerite, casting down her eyes; "I can take no bribes here in the church, and in the very chapel of my husband's patron saint. You shall bring it to me at my house, if you will."

The friar put up the purse, and the conversation which followed was in a low and indistinct undertone, audible only to the ears for which it was intended. At length the interview ceased; and—O woman!—the last words that the virtuous Marguerite uttered, as she glided from the church, were,—

"To-night;—when the abbey-clock strikes twelve;—remember!"

It would be useless to relate how impatiently the friar counted the hours and the quarters as they chimed from the ancient tower of the abbey, while he paced to and fro along the gloomy cloister. At length the appointed hour approached; and just before the convent-bell sent forth its summons to call the friars of St. Anthony to their midnight devotions, a figure, with a cowl, stole out of a postern-gate, and, passing silently along the deserted streets, soon turned into the little alley

which led to the dwelling of Martin Franco. It was none other than Friar Gui. He rapped softly at the tradesman's door, and casting a look up and down the street, as if to assure himself that his motions were unobserved, slipped into the house.

"Has Martin Franco returned?" inquired he in a whisper.

"No," answered the sweet voice of his wife; "he will not be back to-night."

"Then all good angels befriend us!" continued the monk, endeavouring to take her hand.

"Not so, good Monk," said she, disengaging herself. "You forget the conditions of our meeting."

The friar paused a moment; and then, drawing a heavy leathern purse from his girdle, he threw it upon the table; at the same moment a footstep was heard behind him, and a heavy blow from a club threw him prostrate upon the floor. It came from the strong arm of Martin Franco himself!

It is hardly necessary to say that his absence was feigned. His wife had invented the story to decoy the monk, and thereby to keep her husband from beggary, and to relieve herself, once for all, from the importunities of a false friend. At first Martin Franco would not listen to the proposition; but at length he yielded to the urgent entreaties of his wife; and the plan finally agreed upon was, that Friar Gui, after leaving his purse behind him, should be sent back to the convent with a severer discipline than his shoulders had ever received from any penitence of his own.

The affair, however, took a more serious turn than was intended; for, when they tried to raise the friar from the ground—he was dead. The blow aimed at his shoulders fell upon his shaven crown; and, in the excitement of the moment, Martin Franco had dealt a heavier stroke than he

intended. Amid the grief and consternation which followed this discovery, the quick imagination of his wife suggested an expedient of safety. A bunch of keys at the friar's girdle caught her eye. Hastily unfastening the ring, she gave the keys to her husband, exclaiming—

“For the holy Virgin's sake, be quick! One of these keys doubtless unlocks the gate of the convent-garden. Carry the body thither, and leave it among the trees!”

Martin Franc threw the dead body of the monk across his shoulders, and with a heavy heart took the way to the abbey. It was a clear, starry night; and though the moon had not yet risen, her light was in the sky, and came reflected down in a soft twilight upon earth. Not a sound was heard through all the long and solitary streets; save at intervals the distant crowing of a cock, or the melancholy hoot of an owl from the lofty tower of the abbey. The silence weighed like an accusing spirit upon the guilty conscience of Martin Franc. He started at the sound of his own breathing, as he panted under the heavy burden of the monk's body; and if, perchance, a bat flitted near him on drowsy wings, he paused, and his heart beat audibly with terror. At length, he reached the garden-wall of the abbey, opened the postern-gate with the key, and, bearing the monk into the garden, seated him upon a stone bench by the edge of the fountain, with his head resting against a column, upon which was sculptured an image of the Madonna. He then replaced the bunch of keys at the monk's girdle, and returned home with hasty steps.

When the prior of the convent, to whom the repeated delinquencies of Friar Gui were but too well known, observed that he was again absent from his post at midnight-prayers, he waxed exceedingly angry; and no sooner were the duties of the chapel finished, than he sent a monk in

pursuit of the truant sacristan, summoning him to appear immediately at his cell. By chance it happened that the monk chosen for this duty was an enemy of Friar Gui; and very shrewdly supposing that the sacristan had stolen out of the garden-gate on some midnight adventure, he took that direction in pursuit. The moon was just climbing the convent-wall, and threw its silvery light through the trees of the garden, and on the sparkling waters of the fountain, that fell with a soft lulling sound into the deep basin below. As the monk passed on his way, he stopped to quench his thirst with a draught of the cool water, and was turning to depart, when his eye caught the motionless form of the sacristan, sitting erect in the shadow of the stone column.

"How is this, Friar Gui?" quoth the monk. "Is this a place to be sleeping at midnight, when the brotherhood are all at their prayers?"

Friar Gui made no answer.

"Up, up! thou eternal sleeper, and do penance for thy negligence. The prior calls for thee at his cell!" continued the monk, growing angry, and shaking the sacristan by the shoulder.

But still no answer.

"Then, by Saint Anthony, I'll wake thee!"

And saying this, he dealt the sacristan a heavy box on the ear. The body bent slowly forward from its erect position, and, giving a headlong plunge, sank with a heavy splash into the basin of the fountain. The monk waited a few moments in expectation of seeing Friar Gui rise dripping from his cold bath; but he waited in vain; for he lay motionless at the bottom of the basin—his eyes open, and his ghastly face distorted by the ripples of the water. With a beating heart the monk stooped down, and, grasping the skirt of the sacristan's habit, at length succeeded in drawing

shadow of the wall, he thought himself waylaid, and, without waiting to be assaulted, dropped the sack from his shoulders and ran off at full speed. The sack fell heavily on the pavement, and directly at the feet of Martin Franc. In the fall the string was broken ; and out came the bloody head, not of a dead monk, as it first seemed to the excited imagination of Martin Franc, but of a dead hog! When the terror and surprise caused by this singular event had a little subsided, an idea came into the mind of Martin Franc, very similar to what would have come into the mind of almost any person in similar circumstances. He took the hog out of the sack, and, putting the body of the monk into its place, secured it well with the remnants of the broken string, and then hurried homeward with the animal upon his shoulders.

He was hardly out of sight when the man with the sack returned, accompanied by two others. They were surprised to find the sack still lying on the ground with no one near it, and began to jeer the former bearer, telling him he had been frightened at his own shadow on the wall. Then one of them took the sack upon his shoulders, without the least suspicion of the change that had been made in its contents, and all three disappeared.

Now, it happened that the city of Rouen was at that time infested by three street robbers, who walked in darkness like the pestilence, and always carried the plunder of their midnight marauding to the Tête-de-Bœuf, a little tavern in one of the darkest and narrowest lanes of the city. The host of the Tête-de-Bœuf was privy to all their schemes, and had an equal share in the profits of their nightly excursions. He gave a helping hand, too, by the length of his bills, and by plundering the pockets of any chance traveller that was luckless enough to sleep under his roof.

On the night of the disastrous adventure of Friar Gui, this little marauding party had been prowling about the city until a late hour, without finding anything to reward their labours. At length, however, they chanced to spy a hog, hanging under a shed in a butcher's yard, in readiness for the next day's market; and as they were not very fastidious in selecting their plunder, but, on the contrary, rather addicted to taking whatever they could lay their hands on, the hog was straightway purloined, thrust into a large sack, and sent to the Tête-de-Bœuf on the shoulders of one of the party, while the other two continued their nocturnal excursion. It was this person who had been so terrified at the appearance of Martin Franc and the dead monk; and as this encounter had interrupted any further operations of the party, the dawn of day being now near at hand, they all repaired to their gloomy den in the Tête-de-Bœuf. The host was impatiently waiting their return; and, asking what plunder they had brought with them, proceeded without delay to remove it from the sack. The first thing that presented itself, on untying the string, was the monk's hood.

"The devil take the devil!" cried the host, as he opened the neck of the sack; "what's this? Your hog wears a cowl!"

"The poor devil has become disgusted with the world, and turned monk!" said he who held the light, a little surprised at seeing the head covered with a coarse grey cloth.

"Sure enough he has," exclaimed another, starting back in dismay, as the shaven crown and ghastly face of the friar appeared. "Holy St. Benedict be with us! It is monk stark dead!"

"A dead monk, indeed!" said a third, with an incredulous

lous shake of the head ; “ how could a dead monk get into this sack ? No, no ; there is some *diablerie* in this. I have heard it said that Satan can take any shape he pleases ; and you may rely upon it this is Satan himself, who has taken the shape of a monk to get us all hanged.”

“ Then we had better kill the devil than have the devil kill us ! ” replied the host, crossing himself ; “ and the sooner we do it the better ; for it is now daylight, and the people will soon be passing in the street.”

“ So say I,” rejoined the man of magic ; “ and my advice is, to take him to the butcher’s yard, and hang him up in the place where we found the hog.”

This proposition so pleased the others that it was executed without delay. They carried the friar to the butcher’s nouse, and, passing a strong cord round his neck, suspended him to a beam in the shade, and there left him.

When the night was at length past, and daylight began to peep into the eastern windows of the city, the butcher arose, and prepared himself for market. He was casting up in his mind what the hog would bring at his stall, when, looking upward, lo ! in its place he recognised the dead body of Friar Gui.

“ By St. Denis ! ” quoth the butcher, “ I always feared that this friar would not die quietly in his cell ; but I never thought I should find him hanging under my own roof. This must not be ; it will be said that I murdered him, and I shall pay for it with my life. I must contrive some way to get rid of him.”

So saying, he called his man, and, showing him what had been done, asked him how he should dispose of the body so that he might not be accused of murder. The man, who was of a ready wit, reflected a moment, and then answered,—

“This is indeed a difficult matter; but there is no evil without its remedy. We will place the friar on horseback ——”

“What! a dead man on horseback?—impossible!” interrupted the butcher. “Whoever heard of a dead man on horseback!”

“Hear me out, and then judge. We must place the body on horseback as well as we may, and bind it fast with cords; and then set the horse loose in the street, and pursue him, crying out that the monk has stolen the horse. Thus all who meet him will strike him with their staves as he passes, and it will be thought that he came to his death in that way.”

Though this seemed to the butcher rather a mad project, yet, as no better one offered itself at the moment, and there was no time for reflection, mad as the project was, they determined to put it into execution. Accordingly the butcher's horse was brought out, and the friar was bound upon his back, and with much difficulty fixed in an upright position. The butcher then gave the horse a blow upon the crupper with his staff, which set him into a smart gallop down the street, and he and his man joined in pursuit, crying,—

“Stop thief! Stop thief! The friar has stolen my horse!”

As it was now sunrise, the streets were full of people,—peasants driving their goods to market, and citizens going to their daily avocations. When they saw the friar dashing at full speed down the street, they joined in the cry of “Stop thief! Stop thief!” and many who endeavoured to seize the bridle, as the friar passed them at full speed, were thrown upon the pavement, and trampled under foot; others joined in the halloo and the pursuit; but this only served to quicken the gallop of the frightened steed, who dashed down one street and up another like the wind, with

two or three mounted citizens clattering in full cry at his heels. At length they reached the market-place. The people scattered right and left in dismay; and the steed and rider dashed onward, overthrowing in their course men and women, and stalls, and piles of merchandise, and sweeping away like a whirlwind. Tramp—tramp—tramp! they clattered on; they had distanced all pursuit. They reached the quay; the wide pavement was cleared at a bound,—one more wild leap,—and splash!—both horse and rider sank into the rapid current of the river,—swept down the stream,—and were seen no more!

THE VILLAGE OF AUTEUIL.

Il n'est tel plaisir
 Que d'estre à gésir
 Parmy les beaux champs,
 L'herbe verte choisir,
 Et prendre bon temps.

MARTIAL D'AUVERGNE.

THE sultry heat of summer always brings with it, to the idler and the man of leisure, a longing for the leafy shade and the green luxuriance of the country. It is pleasant to interchange the din of the city, the movement of the crowd, and the gossip of society, with the silence of the hamlet, the quiet seclusion of the grove, and the gossip of a woodland brook. As is sung in the old ballad of Robin Hood,—

♣ In somer, when the shawes be sheyn,
 And leves be large and long,
 'Hit is full mery in feyre foreste,
 To here the foulys song;
 To se the dere draw to the dale
 And leve the hilles hee,
 And shadow hem in the leves grene,
 Vnder the grene wode tre."

It was a feeling of this kind that prompted me, during my residence in the North of France, to pass one of the summer months at Auteuil, the pleasantest of the many little villages that lie in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. It is situated on the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne, a wood of some extent, in whose green alleys the dusty cit enjoys the luxury of an evening drive, and gentlemen meet in the morning to give each other satisfaction in the usual way. A cross-road, skirted with green hedge-rows, and overshadowed by tall poplars, leads you from the noisy highway of St. Cloud and Versailles to the still retirement of this suburban hamlet. On either side the eye discovers old châteaux amid the trees, and green parks, whose pleasant shades recall a thousand images of La Fontaine, Racine, and Molière; and on an eminence, overlooking the windings of the Seine, and giving a beautiful though distant view of the domes and gardens of Paris, rises the village of Passy, long the residence of our countrymen Franklin and Count Rumford.

I took up my abode at a *maison de santé*; not that I was a valetudinarian, but because I there found some one to whom I could whisper, "How sweet is solitude!" Behind the house was a garden filled with fruit-trees of various kinds, and adorned with gravel-walks and green arbours, furnished with tables and rustic seats, for the repose of the invalid and the sleep of the indolent. Here the inmates of the rural hospital met on common ground, to breathe the invigorating air of morning, and while away the lazy noon or vacant evening with tales of the sick-chamber.

The establishment was kept by Dr. Dentdelion, a dried-up little fellow, with red hair, a sandy complexion, and the physiognomy and gestures of a monkey. His character corresponded to his outward lineaments; for he had all a

monkey's busy and curious impertinence. Nevertheless, such as he was, the village Æsculapius strutted forth the little great man of Auteuil. The peasants looked up to him as to an oracle; he contrived to be at the head of everything, and laid claim to the credit of all public improvements in the village; in fine, he was a great man on a small scale.

It was within the dingy walls of this little potentate's imperial palace that I chose my country residence. I had a chamber in the second story, with a solitary window, which looked upon the street, and gave me a peep into a neighbour's garden. This I esteemed a great privilege; for, as a stranger, I desired to see all that was passing out of doors; and the sight of green trees, though growing on another's ground, is always a blessing. Within doors—had I been disposed to quarrel with my household gods—I might have taken some objection to my neighbourhood; for, on one side of me was a consumptive patient, whose graveyard cough drove me from my chamber by day; and on the other, an English colonel, whose incoherent ravings, in the delirium of a high and obstinate fever, often broke my slumbers by night; but I found ample amends for these inconveniences in the society of those who were so little indisposed as hardly to know what ailed them, and those who, in health themselves, had accompanied a friend or relative to the shades of the country in pursuit of it. To these I am indebted for much courtesy; and particularly to one who, if these pages should ever meet her eye, will not, I hope, be unwilling to accept this slight memorial of a former friendship.

It was, however, to the Bois de Boulogne that I looked for my principal recreation. There I took my solitary walk, morning and evening; or, mounted on a little mouse-coloured donkey, paced demurely along the woodland path-

way. I had a favourite seat beneath the shadow of a venerable oak, one of the few hoary patriarchs of the wood which had survived the bivouacs of the allied armies. It stood upon the brink of a little glassy pool, whose tranquil bosom was the image of a quiet and secluded life, and stretched its parental arms over a rustic bench, that had been constructed beneath it for the accommodation of the foot-traveller, or, perchance, some idle dreamer like myself. It seemed to look round with a lordly air upon its old hereditary domain, whose stillness was no longer broken by the tap of the martial drum, nor the discordant clang of arms; and, as the breeze whispered among its branches, it seemed to be holding friendly colloquies with a few of its venerable contemporaries, who stooped from the opposite bank of the pool, nodding gravely now and then, and gazing at themselves with a sigh in the mirror below.

In this quiet haunt of rural repose I used to sit at noon, hear the birds sing, and "possess myself in much quietness." Just at my feet lay the little silver pool, with the sky and the woods painted in its mimic vault, and occasionally the image of a bird, or the soft, watery outline of a cloud, floating silently through its sunny hollows. The water-lily spread its broad, green leaves on the surface, and rocked to sleep a little world of insect life in its golden cradle. Sometimes a wandering leaf came floating and wavering downward, and settled on the water; then a vagabond insect would break the smooth surface into a thousand ripples, or a green-coated frog slide from the bank, and, plump! dive headlong to the bottom.

I entered, too, with some enthusiasm, into all the rural sports and merrimakes of the village. The holidays were so many little eras of mirth and good feeling; for the French have that happy and sunshine temperament,—that

merry-go-mad character,—which renders all their social meetings scenes of enjoyment and hilarity. I made it a point never to miss any of the *fêtes champêtres*, or rural dances, at the wood of Boulogne; though I confess it sometimes gave me a momentary uneasiness to see my rustic throne beneath the oak usurped by a noisy group of girls, the silence and decorum of my imaginary realm broken by music and laughter, and, in a word, my whole kingdom turned topsy-turvy with romping, fiddling, and dancing. But I am naturally, and from principle, too, a lover of all those innocent amusements which cheer the labourer's toil, and, as it were, put their shoulders to the wheel of life, and help the poor man along with his load of cares. Hence I saw with no small delight the rustic swain astride the wooden horse of the *carrousel*, and the village maiden whirling round and round in its dizzy car; or took my stand on a rising ground that overlooked the dance, an idle spectator in a busy throng. It was just where the village touched the outward border of the wood. There a little area had been levelled beneath the trees, surrounded by a painted rail, with a row of benches inside. The music was placed in a slight balcony, built around the trunk of a large tree in the centre; and the lamps, hanging from the branches above, gave a gay, fantastic, and fairy look to the scene. How often in such moments did I recall the lines of Goldsmith, describing those "kinder skies" beneath which "France displays her bright domain," and feel how true and masterly the sketch,—

"Alike all ages; dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gray grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore."

Nor must I forget to mention the *fête patronale*—a kind

of annual fair, which is held at midsummer, in honour of the patron saint of Auteuil. Then the principal street of the village is filled with booths of every description; strolling players, and rope-dancers, and jugglers, and giants, and dwarfs, and wild beasts, and all kinds of wonderful shows, excite the gaping curiosity of the throng; and in dust, crowds, and confusion, the village rivals the capital itself. Then the goodly dames of Passy descend into the village of Auteuil; then the brewers of Billancourt and the tanners of Sèvres dance lustily under the green-wood tree; and then, too, the sturdy fishmongers of Brétigny and Saint-Yon regale their fat wives with an airing in a swing, and their customers with eels and crawfish; or, as is more poetically set forth in an old Christmas carol,—

“Vous eussiez vu venir tous ceux de Saint-Yon,
 Et ceux de Brétigny apportant du poisson,
 Les barbeaux et gardons, anguilles et carpettes
 Etoient à bon marché
 Croyez,
 A cette journée-là,
 Là, là,
 Et aussi les perchettes.”

I found another source of amusement in observing the various personages that daily passed and repassed beneath my window. The character which most of all arrested my attention was a poor blind fiddler, whom I first saw chanting a doleful ballad at the door of a small tavern near the gate of the village. He wore a brown coat, out at elbows, the fragment of a velvet waistcoat, and a pair of tight nan-keens, so short as hardly to reach below his calves. A little foraging cap, that had long since seen its best days, set off an open, good-humoured countenance, bronzed by sun and wind. He was led about by a brisk, middle-aged woman, in straw hat and wooden shoes; and a little bare-footed boy,

with clear, blue eyes and flaxen hair, held a tattered hat in his hand, in which he collected eleemosynary sous. The old fellow had a favourite song, which he used to sing with great glee to a merry, joyous air, the burden of which ran, "*Chantons l'amour et le plaisir!*" I often thought it would have been a good lesson for the crabbed and discontented rich man to have heard this remnant of humanity,—poor, blind, and in rags, and dependent upon casual charity for his daily bread, singing in so cheerful a voice the charms of existence, and, as it were, fiddling life away to a merry tune.

I was one morning called to my window by the sound of rustic music. I looked out, and beheld a procession of villagers advancing along the road, attired in gay dresses, and marching merrily on in the direction of the church. I soon perceived that it was a marriage-festival. The procession was led by a long orang-outang of a man, in a straw hat and white dimity bob-coat, playing on an asthmatic clarionet, from which he contrived to blow unearthly sounds, ever and anon squeaking off at right angles from his tune, and winding up with a grand flourish on the guttural notes. Behind him, led by his little boy, came the blind fiddler, his honest features glowing with all the hilarity of a rustic bridal, and, as he stumbled along, sawing away upon his fiddle till he made all crack again. Then came the happy bridegroom, dressed in his Sunday suit of blue, with a large nosegay in his button-hole; and close beside him his blushing bride, with downcast eyes, clad in a white robe and slippers, and wearing a wreath of white roses in her hair. The friends and relatives brought up the procession; and a troop of village urchins came shouting along in the rear, scrambling among themselves for the largess of sous and sugar-plums that now and then issued in large handfuls

from the pockets of a lean man in black, who seemed to officiate as master of ceremonies on the occasion. I gazed on the procession till it was out of sight; and when the last wheeze of the clarionet died upon my ear, I could not help thinking how happy were they who were thus to dwell together in the peaceful bosom of their native village, far from the gilded misery and the pestilential vices of the town.

On the evening of the same day, I was sitting by the window, enjoying the freshness of the air and the beauty and stillness of the hour, when I heard the distant and solemn hymn of the Catholic burial-service, at first so faint and indistinct that it seemed an illusion. It rose mournfully on the hush of evening,—died gradually away,—then ceased. Then it rose again, nearer and more distinct, and soon after a funeral procession appeared, and passed directly beneath my window. It was led by a priest, bearing the banner of the church, and followed by two boys, holding long flambeaux in their hands. Next came a double file of priests in their surplices, with a missal in one hand and a lighted wax taper in the other, chanting the funeral dirge at intervals,—now pausing, and then again taking up the mournful burden of their lamentation, accompanied by others, who played upon a rude kind of bassoon, with a dismal and wailing sound. Then followed various symbols of the church, and the bier borne on the shoulders of four men. The coffin was covered with a velvet pall, and a chaplet of white flowers lay upon it, indicating that the deceased was unmarried. A few of the villagers came behind, clad in mourning robes, and bearing lighted tapers. The procession passed slowly along the same street that in the morning had been thronged by the gay bridal company. A melancholy train of thought forced itself home upon my mind. The joys and sorrows of this world are so strikingly

mingled! Our mirth and grief are brought so mournfully in contact! We laugh while others weep,—and others rejoice when we are sad! The light heart and the heavy walk side by side and go about together! Beneath the same roof are spread the wedding-feast and the funeral-pall! The bridal-song mingles with the burial-hymn! One goes to the marriage-bed, another to the grave; and all is mutable, uncertain, and transitory.

It is with sensations of pure delight that I recur to the brief period of my existence which was passed in the peaceful shades of Auteuil. There is one kind of wisdom which we learn from the world, and another kind which can be acquired in solitude only. In cities we study those around us; but in the retirement of the country we learn to know ourselves. The voice within us is more distinctly audible in the stillness of the place; and the gentler affections of our nature spring up more freshly in its tranquillity and sunshine,—nurtured by the healthy principle which we inhale with the pure air, and invigorated by the genial influences which descend into the heart from the quiet of the sylvan solitude around, and the soft serenity of the sky above.

JACQUELINE.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

SHAKSPEARE.

“DEAR mother, is it not the bell I hear?”

“Yes, my child; the bell for morning prayers. It is Sunday to-day.”

“I had forgotten it. But now all days are alike to me. Hark! it sounds again—louder—louder. Open the window,

for I love the sound. The sunshine and the fresh morning air revive me. And the church-bell—O mother!—it reminds me of the holy Sabbath mornings by the Loire—so calm, so hushed, so beautiful! Now give me my prayer-book, and draw the curtain back, that I may see the green trees and the church-spire. I feel better to-day, dear mother.”

It was a bright, cloudless morning in August. The dew still glistened on the trees; and a slight breeze wafted to the sick-chamber of Jacqueline the song of the birds, the rustle of the leaves, and the solemn chime of the church-bells. She had been raised up in bed, and, reclining upon the pillow, was gazing wistfully upon the quiet scene without. Her mother gave her the prayer-book, and then turned away to hide a tear that stole down her cheek.

At length the bells ceased. Jacqueline crossed herself, kissed a pearl crucifix that hung around her neck, and opened the silver clasps of her missal. For a time she seemed wholly absorbed in her devotions. Her lips moved, but no sound was audible. At intervals the solemn voice of the priest was heard at a distance, and then the confused responses of the congregation, dying away in inarticulate murmurs. Ere long the thrilling chant of the Catholic service broke upon the ear. At first it was low, solemn, and indistinct; then it became more earnest and entreating, as if interceding and imploring pardon for sin; and then arose louder and louder, full, harmonious, majestic, as it wafted the song of praise to heaven—and suddenly ceased. Then the sweet tones of the organ were heard—trembling, thrilling, and rising higher and higher, and filling the whole air with their rich melodious music. What exquisite accords!—what noble harmonies!—what touching pathos! The soul of the sick girl seemed to kindle into more ardent

devotion, and to be rapt away to heaven in the full harmonious chorus, as it swelled onward, doubling and redoubling, and rolling upward in a full burst of rapturous devotion! Then all was hushed again. Once more the low sound of the bell smote the air, and announced the elevation of the host. The invalid seemed entranced in prayer. Her book had fallen beside her—her hands were clasped—her eyes closed—her soul retired within its secret chambers. Then a more triumphant peal of bells arose. The tears gushed from her closed and swollen lids; her cheek was flushed; she opened her dark eyes, and fixed them with an expression of deep adoration and penitence upon an image of the Saviour on the cross, which hung at the foot of her bed, and her lips again moved in prayer. Her countenance expressed the deepest resignation. She seemed to ask only that she might die in peace, and go to the bosom of her Redeemer.

The mother was kneeling by the window, with her face concealed in the folds of the curtain. She arose, and, going to the bedside of her child, threw her arms around her and burst into tears.

“My dear mother, I shall not live long; I feel it here. This piercing pain,—at times it seizes me, and I cannot—cannot breathe.”

“My child, you will be better soon.”

“Yes, mother, I shall be better soon. All tears, and pain, and sorrow will be over. The hymn of adoration and entreaty I have just heard, I shall never hear again on earth. Next Sabbath, mother, kneel again by that window as to-day. I shall not be here, upon this bed of pain and sickness; but when you hear the solemn hymn of worship, and the beseeching tones that wing the spirit up to God, think, mother, that I am there, with my sweet sister who

has gone before us,—kneeling at our Saviour's feet, and happy,—Oh, how happy!”

The afflicted mother made no reply,—her heart was too full to speak.

“You remember, mother, how calmly Amie died. She was so young and beautiful! I always pray that I may die as she did. I do not fear death as I did before she was taken from us. But, Oh, this pain,—this cruel pain!—it seems to draw my mind back from heaven. When it leaves me I shall die in peace.”

“My poor child! God's holy will be done!”

The invalid soon sank into a quiet slumber. The excitement was over, and exhausted nature sought relief in sleep.

The persons between whom this scene passed were a widow and her sick daughter, from the neighbourhood of Tours. They had left the banks of the Loire to consult the more experienced physicians of the metropolis, and had been directed to the *maison de santé* at Auteuil for the benefit of the pure air; but all in vain. The health of the uncomplaining patient grew worse and worse, and it soon became evident that the closing scene was drawing near.

Of this Jacqueline herself seemed conscious; and towards evening she expressed a wish to receive the last sacraments of the church. A priest was sent for; and ere long the tinkling of a little bell in the street announced his approach. He bore in his hand a silver chalice containing the consecrated wafer, and a small vessel filled with the holy oil of the extreme unction hung from his neck. Before him walked a boy carrying a little bell, whose sound announced the passing of these symbols of the Catholic faith. In the rear, a few of the villagers, bearing lighted wax tapers, formed a short and melancholy procession. They soon

entered the sick-chamber, and the glimmer of the tapers mingled with the red light of the setting sun that shot his farewell rays through the open window. The vessel of oil and the silver chalice were placed upon the table in front of a crucifix that hung upon the wall, and all present, excepting the priest, threw themselves upon their knees. The priest then approached the bed of the dying girl, and said, in a slow and solemn tone:—

“The King of kings and Lord of lords has passed thy threshold. Is thy spirit ready to receive him?”

“It is, father.”

“Hast thou confessed thy sins?”

“Holy father, no.”

“Confess thyself, then, that thy sins may be forgiven, and thy name recorded in the book of life.”

And, turning to the kneeling crowd around, he waved his hand for them to retire, and was left alone with the sick girl. He seated himself beside her pillow, and the subdued whisper of the confession mingled with the murmur of the evening air, which lifted the heavy folds of the curtains, and stole in upon the holy scene. Poor Jacqueline had few sins to confess,—a secret thought or two towards the pleasures and delights of the world,—a wish to live, unuttered, but which, to the eye of her self-accusing spirit, seemed to resist the wise providence of God;—no more. The confession of a meek and lowly heart is soon made. The door was again opened; the attendants entered, and knelt around the bed, and the priest proceeded:—

“And now prepare thyself to receive with contrite heart the body of our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Dost thou believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Spirit, and born of the Virgin Mary?”

“I believe.”

And all present joined in the solemn response,—

“ I believe.”

“ Dost thou believe that the Father is God, that the Son is God, and that the Holy Spirit is God,—three persons and one God ? ”

“ I believe.”

“ Dost thou believe that the Son is seated on the right hand of the Majesty on high, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead ? ”

“ I believe.”

“ Dost thou believe that by the holy sacraments of the church thy sins are forgiven thee, and that thus thou art made worthy of eternal life ? ”

“ I believe.”

“ Dost thou pardon, with all thy heart, all who have offended thee in thought, word, or deed ? ”

“ I pardon them.”

“ And dost thou ask pardon of God and thy neighbour for all offences thou hast committed against them, either in thought, word, or deed ? ”

“ I do ! ”

“ Then repeat after me,—O Lord Jesus, I am not worthy, nor do I merit, that thy divine Majesty should enter this poor tenement of clay ; but, according to thy holy promises, be my sins forgiven, and my soul washed white from all transgression.”

Then, taking a consecrated wafer from the vase, he placed it between the lips of the dying girl, and, while the assistant sounded the little silver bell, said :—

“ *Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam eternam.* ”

And the kneeling crowd smote their breasts and responded in one solemn voice,—

“ Amen ! ”

The priest then took a little golden rod, and, dipping it in holy oil, anointed the invalid upon the hands, feet, and breast, in the form of the cross. When these ceremonies were completed, the priest and his attendants retired, leaving the mother alone with her dying child, who, from the exhaustion caused by the preceding scene, sank into a death-like sleep.

“ Between two worlds life hovered like a star,
 ‘ Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon’s verge.”

The long twilight of the summer evening stole on ; the shadows deepened without, and the night-lamp glimmered feebly in the sick-chamber ; but still she slept. She was lying with her hands clasped upon her breast,—her pallid cheek resting upon the pillow, and her bloodless lips apart, but motionless and silent as the sleep of death. Not a breath interrupted the silence of her slumber. Not a movement of the heavy and sunken eyelid, not a trembling of the lip, not a shadow on the marble brow, told when the spirit took its flight. It passed to a better world than this :—

“ There’s a perpetual spring,—perpetual youth ;
 No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
 Famine, nor age, have any being there.”

THE SEXAGENARIAN.

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg ?—SHAKSPEARE.

THERE he goes, in his long russet surtout, sweeping down yonder gravel-walk, beneath the trees, like a yellow leaf in autumn wafted along by a fitful gust of wind. Now he

pauses—now seems to be whirled round in an eddy—and now rustles and brushes onward again. He is talking to himself in an under-tone, as usual, and flourishes a pinch of snuff between his forefinger and his thumb, ever and anon drumming on the cover of his box, by way of emphasis, with a sound like the tap of a woodpecker. He always takes a morning walk in the garden—in fact, I may say he passes the greater part of the day there, either strolling up and down the gravel-walks, or sitting on a rustic bench in one of the leafy arbours. He always wears that same dress, too; a bell-crowned hat, a frilled bosom, and white dimity vest, soiled with snuff—light nankeen breeches, and, over all, that long and flowing surtout of russet-brown Circassian, hanging in wrinkles round his slender body, and toying with his thin, rakish legs. Such is his constant garb, morning and evening; and it gives him a cool and breezy look, even in the heat of a noonday in August.

The personage sketched in the preceding paragraph is Monsieur D'Argentville, a sexagenarian, with whom I became acquainted during my residence at the *maison de santé* of Auteuil. I found him there, and left him there. Nobody knew when he came—he had been there from time immemorial; nor when he was going away—for he himself did not know; nor what ailed him—for though he was always complaining, yet he grew neither better nor worse, never consulted the physician, and ate voraciously three times a day. At table he was rather peevish, troubled his neighbours with his elbows, and uttered the monosyllable *pish!* rather oftener than good-breeding and a due deference to the opinions of others seemed to justify. As soon as he seated himself at table, he breathed into his tumbler, and wiped it out with a napkin; then wiped his plate, his spoon, his knife and fork in succession, and each with great care.

After this he placed the napkin under his chin; and, these preparations being completed, gave full swing to an appetite which was not inappropriately denominated, by one of our guests, "*une faim canine*."

The old gentleman's weak side was an affectation of youth and gallantry. Though "written down old, with all the characters of age," yet at times he seemed to think himself in the hey-day of life; and the assiduous court he paid to a fair countess, who was passing the summer at the *maison de santé*, was the source of no little merriment to all but himself. He loved, too, to recall the golden age of his amours; and would discourse with prolix eloquence, and a faint twinkle in his watery eye, of his *bonnes fortunes* in times of old, and the rigours that many a fair dame had suffered on his account. Indeed, his chief pride seemed to be to make his hearers believe that he had been a dangerous man in his youth, and was not yet quite safe.

As I also was a peripatetic of the garden, we encountered each other at every turn. At first our conversation was limited to the usual salutations of the day; but ere long our casual acquaintance ripened into a kind of intimacy. Step by step I won my way—first into his society—then into his snuff-box—and then into his heart. He was a great talker, and he found in me what he found in no other inmate of the house—a good listener, who never interrupted his long stories, nor contradicted his opinions. So he talked down one alley and up another—from breakfast till dinner—from dinner till midnight—at all times and in all places, when he could catch me by the button, till at last he had confided to my ear all the important and unimportant events of a life of sixty years.

Monsieur D'Argenville was a shoot from a wealthy family of Nantes. Just before the Revolution, he went up

to Paris to study law at the University, and, like many other wealthy scholars of his age, was soon involved in the intrigues and dissipation of the metropolis. He first established himself in the Rue de l'Université; but a roguish pair of eyes at an opposite window soon drove from the field such heavy tacticians as Hugues Doneau and Gui Coquille. A flirtation was commenced in due form; and a flag of truce, offering to capitulate, was sent in the shape of a billet doux. In the mean time he regularly amused his leisure hours by blowing kisses across the street with an old pair of bellows. One afternoon, as he was occupied in this way, a tall gentleman with whiskers stepped into the room, just as he had charged the bellows to the muzzle. He muttered something about an explanation—his sister—marriage—and the satisfaction of a gentleman! Perhaps there is no situation in life so awkward to a man of real sensibility as that of being awed into matrimony or a duel by the whiskers of a tall brother. There was but one alternative; and the next morning a placard at the window of the Bachelor of Love, with the words "Furnished Apartment to let," showed that the former occupant had found it convenient to change lodgings.

He next appeared in the Chaussée-d'Antin, where he assiduously prepared himself for future exigencies by a course of daily lessons in the use of the small-sword. He soon after quarrelled with his best friend about a little actress on the Boulevard, and had the satisfaction of being jilted, and then run through the body at the Bois de Boulogne. This gave him new éclat in the fashionable world, and consequently he pursued pleasure with a keener relish than ever. He next had the *grande passion*, and narrowly escaped marrying an heiress of great expectations, and a countless number of châteaux. Just before the ca-

tastrophe, however, he had the good fortune to discover that the lady's expectations were limited to his own pocket, and that, as for her châteaux, they were all *Châteaux en Espagne*.

About this time his father died; and the hopeful son was hardly well established in his inheritance, when the Revolution broke out. Unfortunately, he was a firm upholder of the divine right of kings, and had the honour of being among the first of the proscribed. He narrowly escaped the guillotine by jumping on board a vessel bound for America, and arrived at Boston with only a few francs in his pocket; but, as he knew how to accommodate himself to circumstances, he continued to live by teaching fencing and French, and keeping a dancing-school and a milliner.

At the restoration of the Bourbons, he returned to France; and from that time to the day of our acquaintance had been engaged in a series of vexatious lawsuits, in the hope of recovering a portion of his property, which had been intrusted to a friend for safe keeping at the commencement of the Revolution. His friend, however, denied all knowledge of the transaction, and the assignment was very difficult to prove. Twelve years of unsuccessful litigation had completely soured the old gentleman's temper, and made him peevish and misanthropic; and he had come to Auteuil merely to escape the noise of the city, and to brace his shattered nerves with pure air and quiet amusements. There he idled the time away, sauntering about the garden of the *maison de santé*, talking to himself when he could get no other listener, and occasionally reinforcing his misanthropy with a dose of the Maxims of La Rochefoucauld, or a visit to the scene of his duel in the Bois de Boulogne.

Poor Monsieur D'Argenville! What a miserable life he led—or rather dragged on—from day to day! A petulant,

broken-down old man, who had outlived his fortune, and his friends, and his hopes,—yea, everything but the sting of bad passions and the recollection of a life ill-spent! Whether he still walks the earth or slumbers in its bosom, I know not; but a lively recollection of him will always mingle with my reminiscences of Auteuil.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been—to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man.—SIR THOMAS BROWN'S *Urn Burial*.

THE cemetery of Père la Chaise is the Westminster Abbey of Paris. Both are the dwellings of the dead; but in one they repose in green alleys and beneath the open sky—in the other their resting-place is in the shadowy aisle, and beneath the dim arches of an ancient abbey. One is a temple of nature; the other a temple of art. In one, the soft melancholy of the scene is rendered still more touching by the warble of birds and the shade of trees, and the grave receives the gentle visit of the sunshine and the shower: in the other, no sound but the passing footfall breaks the silence of the place; the twilight steals in through high and dusky windows; and the damps of the gloomy vault lie heavy on the heart, and leave their stain upon the mouldering tracery of the tomb.

Père la Chaise stands just beyond the Barrière d'Aulney, on a hill-side, looking towards the city. Numerous gravel-walks, winding through shady avenues and between marble monuments, lead up from the principal entrance to a chapel

on the summit. There is hardly a grave that has not its little inclosure planted with shrubbery; and a thick mass of foliage half conceals each funeral stone. The sighing of the wind, as the branches rise and fall upon it—the occasional note of a bird among the trees, and the shifting of light and shade upon the tombs beneath, have a soothing effect upon the mind; and I doubt whether any one can enter that inclosure, where repose the dust and ashes of so many great and good men, without feeling the religion of the place steal over him, and seeing something of the dark and gloomy expression pass off from the stern countenance of death.

It was near the close of a bright summer afternoon that I visited this celebrated spot for the first time. The first object that arrested my attention, on entering, was a monument in the form of a small Gothic chapel, which stands near the entrance, in the avenue leading to the right hand. On the marble couch within are stretched two figures, carved in stone and dressed in the antique garb of the Middle Ages. It is the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse. The history of these unfortunate lovers is too well known to need recapitulation; but perhaps it is not so well known how often their ashes were disturbed in the slumber of the grave. Abélard died in the monastery of St. Marcel, and was buried in the vaults of the church. His body was afterward removed to the convent of the Paraclet, at the request of Héloïse, and at her death her body was deposited in the same tomb. Three centuries they reposed together; after which they were separated to different sides of the church, to calm the delicate scruples of the lady-abbess of the convent. More than a century afterward, they were again united in the same tomb; and when at length the Paraclet was destroyed, their mouldering remains were

transported to the church of Nogent-sur-Seine. They were next deposited in an ancient cloister at Paris; and now repose near the gateway of the cemetery of Père la Chaise. What a singular destiny was theirs! that, after a life of such passionate and disastrous love—such sorrows, and tears, and penitence—their very dust should not be suffered to rest quietly in the grave!—that their death should so much resemble their life in its changes and vicissitudes, its partings and its meetings, its inquietudes and its persecutions!—that mistaken zeal should follow them down to the very tomb—as if earthly passion could glimmer, like a funeral lamp, amid the damps of the charnel-house, and “even in their ashes burn their wonted fires!”

As I gazed on the sculptured forms before me, and the little chapel, whose Gothic roof seemed to protect their marble sleep, my busy memory swung back the dark portals of the past, and the picture of their sad and eventful lives came up before me in the gloomy distance. What a lesson for those who are endowed with the fatal gift of genius! It would seem, indeed, that He who “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb” tempers also his chastisements to the errors and infirmities of a weak and simple mind,—while the transgressions of him upon whose nature are more strongly marked the intellectual attributes of the Deity are followed, even upon earth, by severer tokens of the divine displeasure. He who sins in the darkness of a benighted intellect sees not so clearly, through the shadows that surround him, the countenance of an offended God; but he who sins in the broad noonday of a clear and radiant mind, when at length the delirium of sensual passion has subsided, and the cloud flits away from before the sun, trembles beneath the searching eye of that accusing power which is strong in the strength of a god-like intellect. Thus the

mind and the heart are closely linked together, and the errors of genius bear with them their own chastisement, even upon earth. The history of Abélard and Héloïse is an illustration of this truth. But at length they sleep well. Their lives are like a tale that is told; their errors are "folded up like a book;" and what mortal hand shall break the seal that death hath set upon them?

Leaving this interesting tomb behind me, I took a pathway to the left, which conducted me up the hill-side. I soon found myself in the deep shade of heavy foliage, where the branches of the yew and willow mingled, interwoven with the tendrils and blossoms of the honeysuckle. I now stood in the most populous part of this city of tombs. Every step awakened a new train of thrilling recollections; for at every step my eye caught the name of some one whose glory had exalted the character of his native land, and resounded across the waters of the Atlantic. Philosophers, historians, musicians, warriors, and poets slept side by side around me; some beneath the gorgeous monument, and some beneath the simple headstone. But the political intrigue, the dream of science, the historical research, the ravishing harmony of sound, the tried courage, the inspiration of the lyre,—where are they? With the living, and not with the dead! The right hand has lost its cunning in the grave; but the soul, whose high volitions it obeyed, still lives to reproduce itself in ages yet to come.

Among these graves of genius I observed here and there a splendid monument, which had been raised by the pride of family over the dust of men who could lay no claim either to the gratitude or remembrance of posterity. Their presence seemed like an intrusion into the sanctuary of genius. What had wealth to do there? Why should it crowd the dust of the great? That was no thoroughfare of

business,—no mart of gain! There were no costly banquets there; no silken garments, nor gaudy liveries, nor obsequious attendants! “What servants,” says Jeremy Taylor, “shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funerals?” Material wealth gives a factitious superiority to the living, but the treasures of intellect give a real superiority to the dead; and the rich man, who would not deign to walk the street with the starving and penniless man of genius, deems it an honour, when death has redeemed the fame of the neglected, to have his own ashes laid beside him, and to claim with him the silent companionship of the grave.

I continued my walk through the numerous winding paths, as chance or curiosity directed me. Now I was lost in a little green hollow, overhung with thick-leaved shrubbery, and then came out upon an elevation, from which, through an opening in the trees, the eye caught glimpses of the city, and the little esplanade, at the foot of the hill, where the poor lie buried. There poverty hires its grave, and takes but a short lease of the narrow house. At the end of a few months, or at most of a few years, the tenant is dislodged to give place to another, and he in turn to a third. “Who,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered?”

Yet, even in that neglected corner, the hand of affection had been busy in decorating the hired house. Most of the graves were surrounded with a slight wooden paling, to secure them from the passing footstep; there was hardly one so deserted as not to be marked with its little wooden

cross, and decorated with a garland of flowers; and here and there I could perceive a solitary mourner, clothed in black, stooping to plant a shrub on the grave, or sitting in motionless sorrow beside it.

As I passed on, amid the shadowy avenues of the cemetery, I could not help comparing my own impressions with those which others have felt when walking alone among the dwellings of the dead. Are, then, the sculptured urn and storied monument nothing more than symbols of family pride? Is all I see around me a memorial of the living more than of the dead—an empty show of sorrow, which thus vaunts itself in mournful pageant and funeral parade? Is it indeed true, as some have said, that the simple wild-flower, which springs spontaneously upon the grave, and the rose, which the hand of affection plants there, are fitter objects wherewith to adorn the narrow house? No! I feel that it is not so! Let the good and the great be honoured even in the grave. Let the sculptured marble direct our footsteps to the scene of their long sleep; let the chiselled epitaph repeat their names, and tell us where repose the nobly good and wise! It is not true that all are equal in the grave. There is no equality even there. The mere handful of dust and ashes,—the mere distinction of prince and beggar,—of a rich winding-sheet and a shroudless burial,—of a solitary grave and a family vault,—were this all, then, indeed, it would be true that death is a common leveller. Such paltry distinctions as those of wealth and poverty are soon levelled by the spade and mattock; the damp breath of the grave blots them out for ever. But there are other distinctions which even the mace of death cannot level or obliterate. Can it break down the distinction of virtue and vice? Can it confound the good with the bad? the noble with the base? all that is truly great,

and pure, and god-like, with all that is scorned, and sinful, and degraded? No! Then death is not a common leveler! Are all alike beloved in death and honoured in their burial? Is that ground holy where the bloody hand of the murderer sleeps from crime? Does every grave awaken the same emotions in our hearts? and do the footsteps of the stranger pause as long beside each funeral-stone? No! Then all are not equal in the grave! And as long as the good and evil deeds of men live after them, so long will there be distinctions even in the grave. The superiority of one over another is in the nobler and better emotions which it excites; in its more fervent admonitions to virtue; in the livelier recollection which it awakens of the good and the great, whose bodies are crumbling to dust beneath our feet!

If, then, there are distinctions in the grave, surely it is not unwise to designate them by the external marks of honour. These outward appliances and memorials of respect—the mournful urn—the sculptured bust—the epitaph eloquent in praise—cannot indeed create these distinctions, but they serve to mark them. It is only when pride or wealth builds them to honour the slave of mammon or the slave of appetite, when the voice from the grave rebukes the false and pompous epitaph, and the dust and ashes of the tomb seem struggling to maintain the superiority of mere worldly rank, and to carry into the grave the baubles of earthly vanity—it is then, and then only, that we feel how utterly worthless are all the devices of sculpture, and the empty pomp of monumental brass!

After rambling leisurely about for some time, reading the inscriptions on the various monuments which attracted my curiosity, and giving way to the different reflections they suggested, I sat down to rest myself on a sunken tombstone.

A winding gravel-walk, overshadowed by an avenue of trees, and lined on both sides with richly-sculptured monuments, had gradually conducted me to the summit of the hill, upon whose slope the cemetery stands. Beneath me in the distance, and dim-discovered through the misty and smoky atmosphere of evening, rose the countless roofs and spires of the city. Beyond, throwing his level rays athwart the dusky landscape, sank the broad red sun. The distant murmur of the city rose upon my ear; and the toll of the evening bell came up, mingled with the rattle of the paved street and the confused sounds of labour. What an hour for meditation! What a contrast between the metropolis of the living and the metropolis of the dead! I could not help calling to my mind that allegory of mortality, written by a hand which has been many a long year cold:—

“ Earth goeth upon earth as man upon mould,
 Like as earth upon earth never go should,
 Earth goeth upon earth as glistening gold,
 And yet shall earth unto earth rather than he would.

“ Lo, earth on earth, consider thou may,
 How earth cometh to earth naked alway,
 Why shall earth upon earth go stout or gay,
 Since earth out of earth shall pass in poor array? ”*

* I subjoin this relic of old English verse entire, and in its antiquated language, for those of my readers who may have an antiquarian taste. It is copied from a book whose title I have forgotten, and of which I have but a single leaf, containing the poem. In describing the antiquities of the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, the writer gives the following account of a very old painting upon the wall, and of the poem which served as its motto. The painting is no longer visible, having been effaced in repairing the church.

“ Against the west wall of the nave, on the south side of the arch, was painted the martyrdom of Thomas-à-Becket, while kneeling at the altar of St. Benedict in Canterbury cathedral: below this

Before I left the grave-yard the shades of evening had fallen, and the objects around me grown dim and indistinct.

was the figure of an angel, probably St. Michael, supporting a long scroll, upon which were seven stanzas in old English, being an allegory of mortality:—

- “ Erthe oute of Erthe ys wondurly wroght
 Erth hath gotyn uppon erth a dygnyte of noght
 Erth ypon erth hath sett all hys thowht
 How erth apou erth may be hey browght
- “ Erth apou erth wold be a kyng
 But how that erth gott to erth he thyngkys nothyng
 When erth byddys erth hys rentys whom bryng
 Then schall erth apou erth have a hard ptyng
- “ Erth apou erth wynnys castellys and towrys
 Then seth erth unto erth thys ys all owrys
 When erth apou erth hath bylde hys bowrys
 Then schall erth for erth suffur many hard schowrys
- “ Erth goth apou erth as man apou mowld
 Lyke as erth apou erth never goo schold
 Erth goth apou erth as gelsteryng gold
 And yet schall erth unto erth rather than he wold
- “ Why that erth loveth erth wondur me thynke
 Or why that erth wold for erth other swett or swynke
 When erth apou erth ys broght wt. yn the brynke
 Then schall erth apou erth have a fowll stynke
- “ Lo erth on erth consedur thow may
 How erth comyth to erth nakyd all way
 Why schall erth apou erth goo stowte or gay
 Seth erth owt of erth schall passe yn poor aray
- “ I counsill erth apou erth that ys wondurly wroght
 The whyl yt. erth ys apou erth to torne hys thowht
 And pray to god upon erth yt. all erth wroght
 That all crystyn soullys to ye. blys may be broght

“ Beneath were two men, holding a scroll over a body wrapped in a winding-sheet, and covered with some emblems of mortality,” &c.

As I passed the gateway, I turned to take a parting look. I could distinguish only the chapel on the summit of the hill, and here and there a lofty obelisk of snow-white marble, rising from the black and heavy mass of foliage around, and pointing upward to the gleam of the departed sun, that still lingered in the sky, and mingled with the soft starlight of a summer evening.

THE VALLEY OF THE LOIRE.

Je ne conçois qu'une manière de voyager plus agréable que d'aller à cheval ; c'est d'aller à pied. On part à son moment, on s'arrête à sa volonté, on fait tant et si peu d'exercice qu'on veut.

Quand on ne veut qu'arriver, on peut courir en chaise de poste ; mais quand on veut voyager, il faut aller à pied.—ROUSSEAU.

IN the beautiful month of October I made a foot excursion along the banks of the Loire, from Orléans to Tours. This luxuriant region is justly called the garden of France. From Orléans to Blois, the whole valley of the Loire is one continued vineyard. The bright green foliage of the vine spreads, like the undulations of the sea, over all the landscape, with here and there a silver flash of the river, a sequestered hamlet, or the towers of an old château, to enliven and variegate the scene.

The vintage had already commenced. The peasantry were busy in the fields,—the song that cheered their labour was on the breeze, and the heavy waggon tottered by, laden with the clusters of the vine. Everything around me wore that happy look which makes the heart glad. In the morning I arose with the lark ; and at night I slept where sunset overtook me. The healthy exercise of foot-travelling, the pure, bracing air of autumn, and the cheerful aspect of the



2142

2142

OUTRE MER.

Page 291

whole landscape about me, gave fresh elasticity to a mind not overburdened with care, and made me forget not only the fatigue of walking, but also the consciousness of being alone.

My first day's journey brought me at evening to a village, whose name I have forgotten, situated about eight leagues from Orléans. It is a small, obscure hamlet, not mentioned in the guide-book, and stands upon the precipitous banks of a deep ravine, through which a noisy brook leaps down to turn the ponderous wheel of a thatched-roofed mill. The village inn stands upon the highway; but the village itself is not visible to the traveller as he passes. It is completely hidden in the lap of a wooded valley, and so embowered in trees that not a roof nor a chimney peeps out to betray its hiding-place. It is like the nest of a ground-swallow, which the passing footstep almost treads upon, and yet it is not seen. I passed by without suspecting that a village was near; and the little inn had a look so uninviting that I did not even enter it.

After proceeding a mile or two farther, I perceived, upon my left, a village spire rising over the vineyards. Towards this I directed my footsteps; but it seemed to recede as I advanced, and at last quite disappeared. It was evidently many miles distant; and as the path I followed descended from the highway, it had gradually sunk beneath a swell of the vine-clad landscape. I now found myself in the midst of an extensive vineyard. It was just sunset; and the last golden rays lingered on the rich and mellow scenery around me. The peasantry were still busy at their task; and the occasional bark of a dog, and the distant sound of an evening bell, gave fresh romance to the scene. The reality of many a day-dream of childhood, of many a poetic reverie of youth, was before me. I stood at sunset amid the luxuriant vineyards of France!

The first person I met was a poor old woman, a little bowed down with age, gathering grapes into a large basket. She was dressed like the poorest class of peasantry, and pursued her solitary task alone, heedless of the cheerful gossip and the merry laugh which came from a band of more youthful vintagers at a short distance from her. She was so intently engaged in her work, that she did not perceive my approach until I bade her good evening. On hearing my voice, she looked up from her labour, and returned the salutation; and, on my asking her if there were a tavern or a farm-house in the neighbourhood where I could pass the night, she showed me the pathway through the vineyard that led to the village, and then added, with a look of curiosity,—

“ You must be a stranger, Sir, in these parts.”

“ Yes; my home is very far from here.”

“ How far?”

“ More than a thousand leagues.”

The old woman looked incredulous.

“ I came from a distant land beyond the sea.”

“ More than a thousand leagues!” at length repeated she; “ and why have you come so far from home?”

“ To travel;—to see how you live in this country.”

“ Have you no relations in your own?”

“ Yes; I have both brothers and sisters, a father and ——”

“ And a mother?”

“ Thank Heaven, I have.”

“ And did you leave *her*?”

Here the old woman gave me a piercing look of reproof; shook her head mournfully, and, with a deep sigh, as if some painful recollection had been awakened in her bosom, turned again to her solitary task. I felt rebuked; for there

is something almost prophetic in the admonitions of the old. The eye of age looks meekly into my heart! the voice of age echoes mournfully through it! the hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies! I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding!

I pursued the pathway which led towards the village, and the next person I encountered was an old man, stretched lazily beneath the vines upon a little strip of turf, at a point where four paths met, forming a cross-way in the vineyard. He was clad in a coarse garb of gray, with a pair of long gaiters or spatterdashes. Beside him lay a blue cloth cap, a staff, and an old weather-beaten knapsack. I saw at once that he was a foot-traveller like myself, and therefore, without more ado, entered into conversation with him. From his language, and the peculiar manner in which he now and then wiped his upper lip with the back of his hand, as if in search of the mustache, which was no longer there, I judged that he had been a soldier. In this opinion I was not mistaken. He had served under Napoleon, and had followed the imperial eagle across the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and the burning sands of Egypt. Like every *vieille moustache*, he spake with enthusiasm of the Little Corporal, and cursed the English, the Germans, the Spanish, and every other race on earth, except the Great Nation,—his own.

“I like,” said he, “after a long day’s march, to lie down in this way upon the grass, and enjoy the cool of the evening. It reminds me of the bivouacs of other days, and of old friends who are now up there.”

Here he pointed with his finger to the sky.

“They have reached the last *étape* before me, in the long march. But I shall go soon. We shall all meet again at the last roll-call. *Sacré nom de* —— ! There’s a tear!”

He wiped it away with his sleeve.

Here our colloquy was interrupted by the approach of a group of vintagers, who were returning homeward from their labour. To this party I joined myself, and invited the old soldier to do the same ; but he shook his head.

“I thank you ; my pathway lies in a different direction.”

“But there is no other village near, and the sun has already set.”

“No matter. I am used to sleeping on the ground. Good night.”

I left the old man to his meditations, and walked on in company with the vintagers. Following a well-trodden pathway through the vineyards, we soon descended the valley’s slope, and I suddenly found myself in the bosom of one of those little hamlets from which the labourer rises to his toil as the skylark to his song. My companions wished me a good night, as each entered his own thatched-roofed cottage, and a little girl led me out to the very inn which an hour or two before I had disdained to enter.

When I awoke in the morning, a brilliant autumnal sun was shining in at my window. The merry song of birds mingled sweetly with the sound of rustling leaves and the gurgle of the brook. The vintagers were going forth to their toil ; the wine-press was busy in the shade, and the clatter of the mill kept time to the miller’s song. I loitered about the village with a feeling of calm delight. I was unwilling to leave the seclusion of this sequestered hamlet ; but at length, with reluctant step, I took the cross-road through the vineyard, and in a moment the little village

had sunk again, as if by enchantment, into the bosom of the earth.

I breakfasted at the town of Mer; and, leaving the high-road to Blois on the right, passed down to the banks of the Loire, through a long, broad avenue of poplars and sycamores. I crossed the river in a boat, and in the after part of the day I found myself before the high and massive walls of the château of Chambord. This château is one of the finest specimens of the ancient Gothic castle to be found in Europe. The little river Cosson fills its deep and ample moat, and above it the huge towers and heavy battlements rise in stern and solemn grandeur, moss-grown with age, and blackened by the storms of three centuries. Within, all is mournful and deserted. The grass has overgrown the pavement of the courtyard, and the rude sculpture upon the walls is broken and defaced. From the courtyard I entered the central tower, and, ascending the principal staircase, went out upon the battlements. I seemed to have stepped back into the precincts of the feudal ages; and, as I passed along through echoing corridors, and vast, deserted halls, stripped of their furniture, and mouldering silently away, the distant past came back upon me; and the times when the clang of arms, and the tramp of mail-clad men, and the sounds of music and revelry and wassail, echoed along those high-vaulted and solitary chambers!

My third day's journey brought me to the ancient city of Blois, the chief town of the department of Loire-et-Cher. This city is celebrated for the purity with which even the lower classes of its inhabitants speak their native tongue. It rises precipitously from the northern bank of the Loire; and many of its streets are so steep as to be almost impassable for carriages. On the brow of the hill, overlooking

the roofs of the city, and commanding a fine view of the Loire and its noble bridge, and the surrounding country, sprinkled with cottages and châteaux, runs an ample terrace, planted with trees, and laid out as a public walk. The view from this terrace is one of the most beautiful in France. But what most strikes the eye of the traveller at Blois is an old, though still unfinished, castle. Its huge parapets of hewn stone stand upon either side of the street; but they have walled up the wide gateway, from which the colossal drawbridge was to have sprung high in air, connecting together the main towers of the building, and the two hills upon whose slope its foundations stand. The aspect of this vast pile is gloomy and desolate. It seems as if the strong hand of the builder had been arrested in the midst of his task by the stronger hand of death; and the unfinished fabric stands a lasting monument both of the power and weakness of man—of his vast desires, his sanguine hopes, his ambitious purposes—and of the unlooked-for conclusion, where all these desires, and hopes, and purposes are so often arrested. There is also at Blois another ancient château, to which some historic interest is attached, as being the scene of the massacre of the Duke of Guise.

On the following day I left Blois for Amboise; and, after walking several leagues along the dusty highway, crossed the river in a boat to the little village of Moines, which lies amid luxuriant vineyards upon the southern bank of the Loire. From Moines to Amboise the road is truly delightful. The rich lowland scenery, by the margin of the river, is verdant even in October; and occasionally the landscape is diversified with the picturesque cottages of the vintagers, cut in the rock along the road-side, and overhung by the thick foliage of the vines above them.

At Amboise I took a cross-road, which led me to the

romantic borders of the Cher and the château of Chenonceau. This beautiful château, as well as that of Chambord, was built by the gay and munificent Francis the First. One is a specimen of strong and massive architecture—a dwelling for a warrior; but the other is of a lighter and more graceful construction, and was destined for those soft languishments of passion with which the fascinating Diane de Poitiers had filled the bosom of that voluptuous monarch.

The château of Chenonceau is built upon arches across the river Cher, whose waters are made to supply the deep moat at each extremity. There is a spacious courtyard in front, from which a drawbridge conducts to the outer hall of the castle. There the armour of Francis the First still hangs upon the wall—his shield, and helm, and lance—as if the chivalrous but dissolute prince had just exchanged them for the silken robes of the drawing-room. From this hall a door opens into a long gallery, extending the whole length of the building across the Cher. The walls of the gallery are hung with the faded portraits of the long line of the descendants of Hugh Capet; and the windows, looking up and down the stream, command a fine reach of pleasant river scenery. This is said to be the only château in France in which the ancient furniture of its original age is preserved. In one part of the building you are shown the bed-chamber of Diane de Poitiers, with its antique chairs covered with faded damask and embroidery, her bed, and a portrait of the royal favourite hanging over the mantelpiece. In another you see the apartment of the infamous Catherine de' Medici; a venerable arm-chair and an autograph letter of Henry the Fourth; and in an old laboratory, among broken crucibles, and neckless retorts, and drums, and trumpets, and skins of wild beasts, and other ancient lumber of various kinds, are to be seen the bed-posts of Francis

the First. Doubtless the naked walls and the vast solitary chambers of an old and desolate château inspire a feeling of greater solemnity and awe; but when the antique furniture of the olden time remains—the faded tapestry on the walls, and the arm-chair by the fireside—the effect upon the mind is more magical and delightful. The old inhabitants of the place, long gathered to their fathers, though living still in history, seem to have left their halls for the chase or the tournament; and as the heavy door swings upon its reluctant hinge, one almost expects to see the gallant princes and courtly dames enter those halls again, and sweep in stately procession along the silent corridors.

Rapt in such fancies as these, and gazing on the beauties of this noble edifice, and the soft scenery around it, I lingered, unwilling to depart, till the rays of the setting sun, streaming through the dusty windows, admonished me that the day was drawing rapidly to a close. I sallied forth from the southern gate of the château, and, crossing the broken drawbridge, pursued a pathway along the bank of the river, still gazing back upon those towering walls, now bathed in the rich glow of sunset, till a turn in the road and a clump of woodland at length shut them out from my sight.

A short time after candle-lighting, I reached the little tavern of the Boule d'Or, a few leagues from Tours, where I passed the night. The following morning was lowering and sad. A veil of mist hung over the landscape, and ever and anon a heavy shower burst from the overburdened clouds, that were driving by before a high and piercing wind. This unpropitious state of the weather detained me until noon, when a cabriolet for Tours drove up; and taking a seat within it, I left the hostess of the Boule d'Or in the middle of a long story about a rich countess, who always alighted

there when she passed that way. We drove leisurely along through a beautiful country, till at length we came to the brow of a steep hill, which commands a fine view of the city of Tours and its delightful environs. But the scene was shrouded by the heavy drifting mist, through which I could trace but indistinctly the graceful sweep of the Loire, and the spires and roofs of the city far below me.

The city of Tours and the delicious plain in which it lies have been too often described by other travellers to render a new description, from so listless a pen as mine, either necessary or desirable. After a sojourn of two cloudy and melancholy days, I set out on my return to Paris, by the way of Vendôme and Chartres. I stopped a few hours at the former place, to examine the ruins of a château built by Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry the Fourth. It stands upon the summit of a high and precipitous hill, and almost overhangs the town beneath. The French Revolution has completed the ruin that time had already begun; and nothing now remains but a broken and crumbling bastion, and here and there a solitary tower dropping slowly to decay. In one of these is the grave of Jeanne d'Albret. A marble entablature in the wall above contains the inscription, which is nearly effaced, though enough still remains to tell the curious traveller that there lies buried the mother of the "Bon Henri." To this is added a prayer that the repose of the dead may be respected.

Here ended my foot excursion. The object of my journey was accomplished; and, delighted with the short ramble through the valley of the Loire, I took my seat in the diligence for Paris, and on the following day was again swallowed up in the crowds of the metropolis, like a drop in the bosom of the sea.

THE TROUVÈRES.

Quant recommence et revient biaux estez,
 Que foille et flor resplendit par boschage,
 Que li froiz tanz de l'hyver est passez,
 Et cil oisel chantent en lor langage,
 Lors chanterai
 Et envoisiez serai
 De cuer verai.

JAQUES DE CHISON.

THE literature of France is peculiarly rich in poetry of the olden time. We can trace up the stream of song until it is lost in the deepening shadows of the Middle Ages. Even there it is not a shallow tinkling rill; but it comes like a mountain stream, rushing and sounding onward through the enchanted regions of romance, and mingles its voice with the tramp of steeds and the brazen sound of arms.

The glorious reign of Charlemagne,* at the close of the

* The following amusing description of this Restorer of Letters, as his biographers call him, is taken from the fabulous Chronicle of John Turpin, Chap. XX. :—

“The emperor was of a ruddy complexion, with brown hair; of a well-made, handsome form, but a stern visage. His height was about eight of his own feet, which were very long. He was of a strong, robust make; his legs and thighs very stout, and his sinews firm. His face was thirteen inches long; his beard a palm; his nose half a palm; his forehead a foot over. His lion-like eyes flashed fire like carbuncles; his eyebrows were half a palm over. When he was angry, it was a terror to look upon him. He required eight spans for his girdle, besides what hung loose. He ate sparingly of bread; but a whole quarter of lamb, two fowls, a goose, or a large portion of pork; a peacock, a crane, or a whole hare. He drank moderately of wine and water. He was so strong, that he could at a single blow cleave asunder an armed soldier on horseback, from the head to the waist, and the horse likewise. He easily vaulted over four horses harnessed together; and could raise an armed man from the ground to his head, as he stood erect, upon his hand.”

eighth and the commencement of the ninth century, seems to have breathed a spirit of learning as well as of chivalry throughout all France. The monarch established schools and academies in different parts of his realm, and took delight in the society and conversation of learned men. It is amusing to see with what evident self-satisfaction some of the magi whom he gathered around him speak of their exertions in widening the sphere of human knowledge, and pouring in light upon the darkness of their age. "For some," says Alcuin, the director of the school of St. Martin de Tours, "I cause the honey of the Holy Scriptures to flow; I intoxicate others with the old wine of ancient history; these I nourish with the fruits of grammar, gathered by my own hands; and those I enlighten by pointing out to them the stars, like lamps attached by the vaulted ceiling of a great palace!"

Besides this classic erudition of the schools, the age had also its popular literature. Those who were untaught in scholastic wisdom were learned in traditional lore; for they had their ballads, in which were described the valour and achievements of the early kings of the Franks. These ballads, of which a collection was made by order of Charlemagne, animated the rude soldier as he rushed to battle, and were sung in the midnight bivouacs of the camp. "Perhaps it is not too much to say," observes the literary historian Schlegel, "that we have still in our possession, if not the original language and form, at least the substance, of many of those ancient poems which were collected by the orders of that prince;—I refer to the *Nibelungenlied*, and the collection which goes by the name of the *Heldenbuch*."

When at length the old Tudesque language, which was the court language of Charlemagne, had given place to the *Lingue d'Oil*, the northern dialect of the French Romance,

these ancient ballads passed from the memories of the descendants of the Franks, and were succeeded by the romances of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers,—of Rowland, and Olivir, and the other paladins who died at Roncesvalles. Robert Wace, a Norman Trouvère of the twelfth century, says in one of his poems, that a minstrel named Taillefer, mounted on a swift horse, went in front of the Norman army at the battle of Hastings, singing these ancient poems.

These *Chansons de Geste*, or old historic romances of France, are epic in their character, though, without doubt, they were written to be chanted to the sound of an instrument. To what period many of them belong, in their present form, has never yet been fully determined; and should it finally be proved by philological research that they can claim no higher antiquity than the twelfth or thirteenth century, still there can be little doubt that in their original form many of them reached far back into the ninth or tenth. The long prevalent theory, that the romances of the Twelve Peers of France all originated in the fabulous chronicle of Charlemagne and Rowland, written by the Archbishop Turpin in the twelfth century, if not as yet generally exploded, is nevertheless fast losing ground.

To the twelfth and thirteenth centuries also belong most of the *Fabliaux*, or metrical tales of the Trouvères. Many of these compositions are remarkable for the inventive talent they display, but as poems they have, generally speaking, little merit, and at times exhibit such a want of refinement, such open and gross obscenity, as to be highly offensive.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the literary history of France, that, while her antiquarians and scholars have devoted themselves to collecting and illustrating the poetry

of the Troubadours, the early lyric poets of the South, that of the Trouvères, or Troubadours of the North, has been almost entirely neglected. By a singular fatality, too, what little time and attention have hitherto been bestowed upon the fathers of French poetry have been so directed as to save from oblivion little of the most valuable portions of their writings; while the more tedious and worthless parts have been brought forth to the public eye, as if to deaden curiosity, and put an end to further research. The ancient historic romances of the land have, for the most part, been left to slumber unnoticed; while the obscene and tiresome Fabliaux have been ushered into the world as fair specimens of the ancient poetry of France. This has created unjust prejudices in the minds of many against the literature of the olden time, and has led them to regard it as nothing more than a confused mass of coarse and vulgar fictions, adapted to a rude and inelegant state of society.

Of late, however, a more discerning judgment has been brought to the difficult task of ancient research; and, in consequence of this, the long-established prejudices against the crumbling monuments of the national literature of France during the Middle Ages is fast disappearing. Several learned men are engaged in rescuing from oblivion the ancient poetic romances of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France, and their labours seem destined to throw new light, not only upon the state of literature, but upon the state of society, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Among the voluminous remains of Troubadour literature, little else has yet been discovered than poems of a lyric character. The lyre of the Troubadour seems to have responded to the impulse of momentary feelings only,—to the touch of local and transitory circumstances. His song

was a sudden burst of excited feeling; it ceased when the passion was subdued, or rather, when its first feverish excitement passed away; and as the liveliest feelings are the most transitory, the songs which embodied them are short, but full of spirit and energy. On the other hand, the great mass of the poetry of the Trouvères is of a narrative or epic character. The genius of the North seems always to have delighted in romantic fiction; and whether we attribute the origin of modern romance to the Arabians or to the Scandinavians, this at least is certain, that there existed marvellous tales in the Northern languages, and from these, in part at least, the Trouvères imbibed the spirit of narrative poetry. There are no traces of lyric compositions among their writings till about the commencement of the thirteenth century; and it seems probable that the spirit of song-writing was imbibed from the Troubadours of the South.

Unfortunately, the neglect which has so long attended the old historic and heroic romances of the North of France has also befallen in some degree its early lyric poetry. Little has yet been done to discover and bring forth its riches; and doubtless many a sweet little ballad and melancholy complaint lies buried in the dust of the thirteenth century. It is not, however, my object, in this paper, to give a historical sketch of this ancient and almost forgotten poetry, but simply to bring forward a few specimens which shall exhibit its most striking and obvious characteristics.

In these examples it would be in vain to look for high-wrought expression suited to the prevailing taste of the present day. Their most striking peculiarity, and perhaps their greatest merit, consists in the simple and direct expression of feeling which they contain. This feeling, too, is one which breathes the languor of that submissive

homage which was paid to beauty in the days of chivalry ; and I am aware, that, in this age of masculine and matter-of-fact thinking, the love-conceits of a more poetic state of society are generally looked upon as extremely trivial and puerile. Nevertheless I shall venture to present one or two of these simple ballads, which, by recalling the distant age wherein they were composed, may peradventure please by the power of contrast.

I have just remarked that one of the greatest beauties of these ancient ditties is naïveté of thought and simplicity of expression. These I shall endeavour to preserve as far as possible in the translation, though I am fully conscious how much the sparkling beauty of an original loses in being filtered through the idioms of a foreign language.

The favourite theme of the ancient lyric poets of the North of France is the wayward passion of love. They all delight to sing "*les douces douleurs et li mal plaisant de fine amor.*" With such feelings the beauties of the opening spring are naturally associated. Almost every love-ditty of the old poets commences with some such exordium as this:—
 "When the snows of winter have passed away, when the soft and gentle spring returns, and the flower and leaf shoot in the groves, and the little birds warble to their mates in their own sweet language—then will I sing my lady-love!"

Another favourite introduction to these little rhapsodies of romantic passion is the approach of morning and its sweet-voiced herald, the lark. The minstrel's song to his lady-love frequently commences with an allusion to the hour—

"When the rose-bud opes its een,
 And the bluebells droop and die,
 And upon the leaves so green
 Sparkling dew-drops lie."

The following is at once the simplest and prettiest piece

of this kind which I have met with among the early lyric poets of the North of France. It is taken from an anonymous poem, entitled "The Paradise of Love." A lover, having passed the "livelong night in tears, as he was wont," goes forth to beguile his sorrows with the fragrance and beauty of morning. The carol of the vaulting skylark salutes his ear, and to this merry musician he makes his complaint.

Hark! hark!
 Pretty lark!
 Little heedest thou my pain!
 But if to these longing arms
 Pitying Love would yield the charms
 Of the fair
 With smiling air,
 Blithe would beat my heart again.

Hark! hark!
 Pretty lark!
 Little heedest thou my pain!
 Love may force me still to bear,
 While he lists, consuming care;
 But in anguish
 Though I languish,
 Faithful shall my heart remain.

Hark! hark!
 Pretty lark!
 Little heedest thou my pain!
 Then cease, Love, to torment me so;
 But rather than all thoughts forego
 Of the fair
 With flaxen hair,
 Give me back her frowns again.

Hark! hark!
 Pretty lark!
 Little heedest thou my pain!

Besides the "woful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrow," the early lyric poet frequently indulges in more

calmly analysing the philosophy of love, or in questioning the object and destination of a sigh. Occasionally these quaint conceits are prettily expressed, and the little song flutters through the page like a butterfly. The following is an example:—

And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
 Breathed so softly in my ear?
 Say, dost thou bear his fate severe
 To Love's poor martyr doomed to die?
 Come, tell me quickly—do not lie,
 What secret message bring'st thou here?
 And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
 Breathed so softly in my ear?

May Heaven conduct thee to thy will,
 And safely speed thee on thy way;
 This only I would humbly pray—
 Pierce deep—but O! forbear to kill.
 And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
 Breathed so softly in my ear?

The ancient lyric poets of France are generally spoken of as a class, and their beauties and defects referred to them collectively, and not individually. In truth, there are few characteristic marks by which any individual author can be singled out and ranked above the rest. The lyric poets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries stand upon nearly the same level. But in the fifteenth century there were two who surpassed all their contemporaries in the beauty and delicacy of their sentiments; and in the sweetness of their diction, and the structure of their versè, stand far in advance of the age in which they lived. These are Charles d'Orléans and Clotilde de Surville.

Charles, Duke of Orléans, the father of Louis the Twelfth, and uncle of Francis the First, was born in 1391. In the general tenor of his life, the peculiar character of his mind,

and his talent for poetry, there is a striking resemblance between this noble poet and James the First of Scotland, his contemporary. Both were remarkable for learning and refinement; both passed a great portion of their lives in sorrow and imprisonment; and both cheered the solitude of their prison-walls with the charms of poetry. Charles d'Orléans was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415, and carried into England, where he remained twenty-five years in captivity. It was there that he composed the greater part of his poetry.

The poems of this writer exhibit a singular delicacy of thought and sweetness of expression. The following little *Renouveaux*, or songs on the return of spring, are full of delicacy and beauty.

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and cleaf blue sky.

With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

The second upon the same subject presents a still more agreeable picture of the departure of winter and the return of spring.

Gentle spring!—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou—thou makest the sad heart gay.

He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
 The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain ;
 And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees so old
 Their beards of icicles and snow ;
 And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
 We must cower over the embers low ;
 And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
 Mope like birds that are changing feather.
 But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
 Wrap him round in a mantle of cloud ;
 But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh ;
 Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
 And the earth looks bright—and winter surly,
 Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
 Is banished afar by the new-born year,
 When thy merry step draws near.

The only person of that age who can dispute the laurel with Charles d'Orléans is Clotilde de Surville. This poetess was born in the Bas-Vivarais, in the year 1405. Her style is singularly elegant and correct; and the reader who will take the trouble to decipher her rude provincial orthography will find her writings full of quiet beauty. The following lines, which breathe the very soul of maternal tenderness, are part of a poem to her first-born.

Sweet babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,
 Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed !
 Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place
 Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast !

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
 Soft sleep shall come that cometh not to me !
 I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;—
 'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow ;
 His eye is closed ; he sleeps—how still and calm !
 Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
 Would you not say he slept on death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright !
 Awake, and chase this fatal thought !—unclose
 Thine eye but for one moment on the light !
 Even at the price of thine, give me repose !

Sweet error!—he but slept ;—I breathe again ;—
 Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile !
 O, when shall he for whom I sigh in vain
 Beside me watch to see thy waking smile ?

But upon this theme I have written enough, perhaps too
 much.

“ ‘ This may be poetry, for aught I know,’
 Says an old, worthy friend of mine, while leaning
 Over my shoulder as I write,—‘ although
 I can't exactly comprehend its meaning.’ ”

I have touched upon the subject before me in a brief and desultory manner, and have purposely left my remarks unencumbered by learned reference and far-sought erudition ; for these are ornaments which would ill become so trivial a pen as this wherewith I write, though, perchance, the want of them will render my essay unsatisfactory to the scholar and the critic. But I am emboldened thus to skim with a light wing over this poetic lore of the past, by the reflection, that the greater part of my readers belong not to that grave and serious class who love the deep wisdom which lies in quoting from a quaint forgotten tome, and are ready on all occasions to say, “ Commend me to the owl ! ”

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

The more you mow us down, the thicker we rise; the Christian blood you spill is like the seed you sow—it springs from the earth again and fructifies the more.—TERTULLIAN.

As day was drawing to a close, and the rays of the setting sun climbed slowly up the dungeon wall, the prisoner sat and read in a tome with silver clasps. He was a man in the vigour of his days, with a pale and noble countenance, that wore less the marks of worldly care than of high and holy thought. His temples were already bald; but a thick and curling beard bespoke the strength of manhood; and his eye, dark, full, and eloquent, beamed with all the enthusiasm of a martyr.

The book before him was a volume of the early Christian Fathers. He was reading the Apologetic of the eloquent Tertullian, the oldest and ablest writer of the Latin Church. At times he paused, and raised his eyes to heaven as if in prayer, and then read on again in silence. At length a passage seemed to touch his inmost soul. He read aloud:—

“ Give us, then, what names you please; from the instruments of cruelty you torture us by, call us Sarmenticians and Semaxians, because you fasten us to trunks of trees, and stick us about with faggots to set us on fire; yet let me tell you, when we are thus begirt and dressed about with fire, we are then in our most illustrious apparel. These are our victorious palms and robes of glory; and, mounted on our funeral pile, we look upon ourselves in our triumphal chariot. No wonder, then, such passive heroes please not those they vanquish with such conquering sufferings. And therefore we pass for men of despair, and violently bent upon our own destruction. However, what you are

pleased to call madness and despair in us are the very actions which, under virtue's standard, lift up your sons of fame and glory, and emblazon them to future ages."

He arose and paced the dungeon to and fro, with folded arms and a firm step. His thoughts held communion with eternity.

"Father which art in heaven!" he exclaimed, "give me strength to die like those holy men of old, who scorned to purchase life at the expense of truth. That truth has made me free; and though condemned on earth, I know that I am absolved in heaven!"

He again seated himself at his table, and read in that tome with silver clasps.

This solitary prisoner was Anne Du Bourg; a man who feared not man; once a merciful judge in that august tribunal upon whose voice hung the life and death of those who were persecuted for conscience's sake, he was now himself an accused, a convicted heretic, condemned to the baptism of fire, because he would not unrighteously condemn others. He had dared to plead the cause of suffering humanity before that dread tribunal, and, in the presence of the king himself, to declare that it was an offence to the majesty of God to shed man's blood in his name. Six weary months—from June to December—he had lain a prisoner in that dungeon, from which a death by fire was soon to set him free. Such was the clemency of Henry the Second!

As the prisoner read, his eyes were filled with tears. He still gazed upon the printed page, but it was a blank before his eyes. His thoughts were far away amid the scenes of his childhood, amid the green valleys of Riom and the Golden Mountains of Auvergne. Some simple word had

called up the vision of the past. He was a child again. He was playing with the pebbles of the brook,—he was shouting to the echo of the hills,—he was praying at his mother's knee, with his little hands clasped in hers.

This dream of childhood was broken by the grating of bolts and bars, as the jailer opened his prison-door. A moment afterward, his former colleague, De Harley, stood at his side.

“Thou here!” exclaimed the prisoner, surprised at the visit. “Thou in the dungeon of a heretic! On what errand hast thou come?”

“On an errand of mercy,” replied De Harley. “I come to tell thee ——”

“That the hour of my death draws near?”

“That thou mayst still be saved.”

“Yes; if I will bear false witness against my God,—barter heaven for earth,—an eternity for a few brief days of worldly existence. Lost, thou shouldst say,—lost, not saved!”

“No! saved!” cried De Harley with warmth; “saved from a death of shame and an eternity of woe! Renounce this false doctrine,—this abominable heresy,—and return again to the bosom of the church which thou dost rend with strife and dissension.”

“God judge between thee and me which has embraced the truth.”

“His hand already smites thee.”

“It has fallen more heavily upon those who so unjustly persecute me. Where is the king?—he who said that with his own eyes he would behold me perish at the stake?—he to whom the undaunted Du Faur cried, like Elijah to Ahab, ‘It is thou who troublest Israel!’—Where is the king? Called, through a sudden and violent death, to the judgment-

seat of Heaven!—Where is Minard, the persecutor of the just? Slain by the hand of an assassin! It was not without reason that I said to him, when standing before my accusers, ‘Tremble! believe the word of one who is about to appear before God; thou likewise shalt stand there soon,—thou that sheddest the blood of the children of peace.’ He has gone to his account before me.”

“And that menace has hastened thine own condemnation. Minard was slain by the Huguenots, and it is whispered that thou wast privy to his death.”

“This, at least, might have been spared a dying man!” replied the prisoner, much agitated by so unjust and so unexpected an accusation. “As I hope for mercy hereafter, I am innocent of the blood of this man, and of all knowledge of so foul a crime. But, tell me, hast thou come here only to embitter my last hours with such an accusation as this? If so, I pray thee, leave me. My moments are precious. I would be alone.”

“I came to offer thee life, freedom, and happiness.”

“Life,—freedom,—happiness! At the price thou hast set upon them, I scorn them all! Had the apostles and martyrs of the early Christian church listened to such paltry bribes as these, where were now the faith in which we trust? These holy men of old shall answer for me. Hear what Justin Martyr says, in his earnest appeal to Antonine the Pious, in behalf of the Christians who in his day were unjustly loaded with public odium and oppression.”

He opened the volume before him and read:—

“I could wish you would take this also into consideration, that what we say is really for your own good; for it is in our power at any time to escape your torments by denying the faith, when you question us about it: but we scorn to

purchase life at the expense of a lie; for our souls are winged with a desire of a life of eternal duration and purity, of an immediate conversation with God, the Father and Maker of all things. We are in haste to be confessing and finishing our faith; being fully persuaded that we shall arrive at this blessed state, if we approve ourselves to God by our works, and by our obedience express our passion for that divine life which is never interrupted by any clashing evil."

The Catholic and the Huguenot reasoned long and earnestly together; but they reasoned in vain. Each was firm in his belief; and they parted to meet no more on earth.

On the following day, Du Bourg was summoned before his judges to receive his final sentence. He heard it unmoved, and with a prayer to God that he would pardon those who had condemned him according to their consciences. He then addressed his judges in an oration full of power and eloquence. It closed with these words:—

"And now, ye judges, if, indeed, you hold the sword of God as ministers of his wrath, to take vengeance upon those who do evil, beware, I charge you, beware how you condemn us. Consider well what evil we have done; and, before all things, decide whether it be just that we should listen unto you rather than unto God. Are you so drunken with the wine-cup of the great sorceress, that you drink poison for nourishment? Are you not those who make the people sin, by turning them away from the service of God? And if you regard more the opinion of men than that of Heaven, in what esteem are you held by other nations, and principalities, and powers, for the martyrdoms you have caused in obedience to this blood-stained Phalaris? God grant, thou cruel tyrant, that by thy miserable death thou mayst put an end to our groans!

“Why weep ye? What means this delay? Your hearts are heavy within you,—your consciences are haunted by the judgment of God. And thus it is that the condemned rejoice in the fires you have kindled, and think they never live better than in the midst of consuming flames. Torments affright them not,—insults enfeeble them not; their honour is redeemed by death,—he that dies is the conqueror, and the conquered he that mourns.

“No! whatever snares are spread for us, whatever suffering we endure, you cannot separate us from the love of Christ. Strike, then,—slay,—grind us to powder! Those that die in the Lord shall live again; we shall all be raised together. Condemn me as you will,—I am a Christian; yes, I am a Christian, and am ready to die for the glory of our Lord,—for the truth of the Evangelists.

“Quench, then; your fires! Let the wicked abandon his way, and return unto the Lord, and he will have compassion on him. Live,—be happy,—and meditate on God, ye judges! As for me, I go rejoicing to my death. What wait ye for? Lead me to the scaffold!”

They bound the prisoner's hands, and, leading him forth from the council-chamber, placed him upon the cart that was to bear him to the Place de Grève. Before and behind marched a guard of five hundred soldiers; for Du Bourg was beloved by the people, and a popular tumult was apprehended. The day was overcast and sad; and ever and anon the sound of the tolling bell mingled its dismal clang with the solemn notes of the funeral march. They soon reached the place of execution, which was already filled with a dense and silent crowd. In the centre stood the gallows, with a pile of faggots beneath it, and the hangman with a burning torch in his hand. But this funeral apparel inspired no terror in the heart of Du Bourg. A

look of triumph beamed from his eye, and his countenance shone like that of an angel. With his own hands he divested himself of his outer garments, and, gazing round upon the breathless and sympathising crowd, exclaimed,—

“ My friends, I come not hither as a thief or a murderer ; but it is for the Gospel's sake ! ”

A cord was then fastened round his waist, and he was drawn up into the air. At the same moment the burning torch of the executioner was applied to the faggots beneath, and the thick volumes of smoke concealed the martyr from the horror-stricken crowd. One stifled groan arose from all that vast multitude, like the moan of the sea, and all was hushed again, save the crackling of the faggots, and at intervals the funeral knell, that smote the very soul. The quivering flames darted upward and around ; and an agonizing cry broke from the murky cloud,—

“ My God ! my God ! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee ! ”

The wind lifted the reddening smoke like a veil, and the form of the martyr was seen to fall into the fire beneath. In a moment it rose again, its garments all in flame ; and again the faint, half-smothered cry of agony was heard,—

“ My God ! my God ! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee ! ”

Once more the quivering body descended into the flames ; and once more it was lifted into the air, a blackened, burning cinder. Again and again this fiendish mockery of baptism was repeated ; till the martyr, with a despairing, suffocating voice, exclaimed,—

“ O God ! I cannot die ! ”

The chief executioner came forward, and, either in mercy to the dying man, or through fear of the populace, threw a

noose over his neck, and strangled the almost lifeless victim. At the same moment the cord which held the body was loosened, and it fell into the fire to rise no more. And thus was consummated the martyrdom of the Baptism of Fire.

COQ-À-L'ÂNE.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turned, and turned,
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less to put in art.

BEN JONSON.

A RAINY and gloomy winter was just drawing to its close, when I left Paris for the South of France. We started at sunrise; and as we passed along the solitary streets of the vast and silent metropolis, drowsily one by one its clanging horologes chimed the hour of six. Beyond the city-gates the wide landscape was covered with a silvery network of frost; a wreath of vapour overhung the windings of the Seine; and every twig and shrub, with its sheath of crystal, flashed in the level rays of the rising sun. The sharp, frosty air seemed to quicken the sluggish blood of the old postilion and his horses;—a fresh team stood ready in harness at each stage; and notwithstanding the slippery pavement of the causeway, the long and tedious climbing the hill-side upward, and the equally long and tedious descent with chained wheels and the drag, just after nightfall the lumbering vehicle of Vincent Caillard stopped at the gateway of the “Three Emperors,” in the famous city of Orléans.

I cannot pride myself much upon being a good travelling-companion, for the rocking of a coach always lulls me into

forgetfulness of the present; and no sooner does the hollow, monotonous rumbling of the wheels reach my ear, than, like Nick Bottom, "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." It is not, however, the deep, sonorous slumber of a labourer, "stuffed with distressful bread," but a kind of day-dream, wherein the creations of fancy seem realities, and the real world, which swims dizzily before the half-shut, drowsy eye, becomes mingled with the imaginary world within. This is doubtless a very great failing in a traveller; and I confess, with all humility, that at times the line of demarcation between truth and fiction is rendered thereby so indefinite and indistinct, that I cannot always determine, with unerring certainty, whether an event really happened to me, or whether I only dreamed it.

On this account I shall not attempt a detailed description of my journey from Paris to Bordeaux. I was travelling like a bird of passage; and five weary days and four weary nights I was on the way. The diligence stopped only to change horses, and for the travellers to take their meals; and by night I slept with my head under my wing in a snug corner of the coach.

Strange as it may appear to some of my readers, this night-travelling is at times far from being disagreeable; nay, if the country is flat and uninteresting, and you are favoured with a moon, it may be very pleasant. As the night advances, the conversation around you gradually dies away, and is imperceptibly given up to some garrulous traveller, who finds himself belated in the midst of a long story; and when at length he puts out his feelers in the form of a question, discovers, by the silence around him, that the breathless attention of his audience is owing to their being asleep. All is now silent. You let down the window of the carriage, and the fresh night-air cools your flushed and

burning cheek. The landscape, though in reality dull and uninteresting, seems beautiful as it floats by in the soft moonshine. Every ruined hovel is changed by the magic of night to a trim cottage, every straggling and dilapidated hamlet becomes as beautiful as those we read of in poetry and romance. Over the lowland hangs a silver mist; over the hills peep the twinkling stars. The keen night-air is a spur to the postilion and his horses. In the words of the German ballad—

“Halloo! halloo! away they go,
Unheeding wet or dry,
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.
And all on which the moon doth shine
Behind them flees afar,
And backward sped, scud overhead,
The sky and every star.”

Anon you stop at the relay. The drowsy hostler crawls out of the stable-yard; a few gruff words and strange oaths pass between him and the postilion,—then there is a coarse joke in *patois*, of which you understand the ribaldry only, and which is followed by a husky laugh, a sound between a hiss and a growl;—and then you are off again in a crack. Occasionally a way-traveller is uncaged, and a new-comer takes the vacant perch at your elbow. Meanwhile your busy fancy speculates upon all these things, and you fall asleep amid its thousand vagaries. Soon you wake again, and snuff the morning air. It was but a moment, and yet the night is gone. The gray of twilight steals into the window, and gives a ghastly look to the countenances of the sleeping group around you. One sits bolt upright in a corner, offending none, and stiff and motionless as an Egyptian mummy; another sits equally straight and immoveable, but snores like a priest; the head of a third is

dangling over his shoulder, and the tassel of his nightcap tickles his neighbour's ear; a fourth has lost his hat—his wig is awry, and his under-lip hangs lolling about like an idiot's. The whole scene is a living caricature of man, presenting human nature in some of the grotesque attitudes she assumes, when that pragmatical schoolmaster, propriety, has fallen asleep in his chair, and the unruly members of his charge are freed from the thralldom of the rod.

On leaving Orléans, instead of following the great western mail-route through Tours, Poitiers, and Angoulême, and thence on to Bordeaux, I struck across the departments of the Indre, the Haute-Vienne, and the Dordogne, passing through the provincial capitals of Châteauroux, Limoges, and Périgueux. South of the Loire the country assumes a more mountainous aspect, and the landscape is broken by long sweeping hills and fertile valleys. Many a fair scene invites the traveller's foot to pause; and his eye roves with delight over the picturesque landscape of the valley of the Creuse, and the beautiful highland scenery near Périgueux. There are also many objects of art and antiquity which arrest his attention. Argenton boasts its Roman amphitheatre, and the ruins of an old castle built by King Pepin; at Chalus the tower beneath which Richard Cœur-de-Lion was slain is still pointed out to the curious traveller; and Périgueux is full of crumbling monuments of the Middle Ages.

Scenes like these, and the constant chatter of my fellow-travellers, served to enliven the tedium of a long and fatiguing journey. The French are pre-eminently a talking people; and every new object afforded a topic for light and animated discussion. The affairs of church and state were, however, the themes oftenest touched upon. The bill for the suppression of the liberty of the press was then

under discussion in the Chamber of Peers, and excited the most lively interest through the whole kingdom. Of course it was a subject not likely to be forgotten in a stage-coach.

“Ah! mon Dieu!” said a brisk little man, with snow-white hair and a blazing-red face, at the same time drawing up his shoulders to a level with his ears; “the ministry are determined to carry their point at all events. They mean to break down the liberty of the press, cost what it will.”

“If they succeed,” added the person who sat opposite, “we may thank the Jesuits for it. It is all their work. They rule the mind of our imbecile monarch, and it is their miserable policy to keep the people in darkness.”

“No doubt of that,” rejoined the first speaker. “Why, no longer ago than yesterday I read in the Figaro that a printer had been prosecuted for publishing the moral lessons of the Evangelists without the miracles.”

“Is it possible?” said I. “And are the people so stupid as thus patiently to offer their shoulders to the pack-saddle?”

“Most certainly not! We shall have another revolution.”

“If history speaks true, you have had revolutions enough, during the last century or two, to satisfy the most mercurial nation on earth. You have hardly been quiet a moment since the day of the Barricades and the memorable war of the *pots-de-chambre* in the times of the Grand Condé.”

“You are pleased to speak lightly of our revolutions, Sir,” rejoined the politician, growing warm. “You must, however, confess that each successive one has brought us nearer to our object. Old institutions, whose foundations lie deep in the prejudices of a great nation, are not to be toppled down by the springing of a single mine. You must confess, too, that our national character is much improved since the days you speak of. The youth of the

present century are not so frivolous as those of the last. They have no longer that unbounded levity and light-heartedness so generally ascribed to them. From this circumstance we have everything to hope. Our revolutions, likewise, must necessarily change their character, and secure to us more solid advantages than heretofore."

"Luck makes pluck, as the Germans say. You go on bravely; but it gives me pain to see religion and the church so disregarded."

"Superstition and the church, you mean," said the gray-headed man. "Why, Sir, the church is nothing now-a-days but a tumble-down, dilapidated tower for rooks and daws, and such silly birds, to build their nests in!"

It was now very evident that I had unearthed a radical; and there is no knowing when his harangue would have ended, had not his voice been drowned by the noise of the wheels, as we entered the paved street of the city of Limoges.

A breakfast of boiled capon, stuffed with truffles, and accompanied by a *pâté de Périgueux*, a dish well known to French gourmands, restored us all to good-humour. While we were at breakfast, a personage stalked into the room, whose strange appearance arrested my attention, and gave subject for future conversation to our party. He was a tall, thin figure, armed with a long whip, brass spurs, and black whiskers. He wore a bell-crowned, varnished hat, a blue frock-coat with standing collar, a red waistcoat, a pair of yellow leather breeches, and boots that reached to the knees. I at first took him for a postilion, or a private courier; but, upon inquiry, I found that he was only the son of a notary public, and that he dressed in this strange fashion to please his own fancy.

As soon as we were comfortably seated in the diligence,

I made some remark on the singular costume of the personage whom I had just seen at the tavern.

"These things are so common with us," said the politician, "that we hardly notice them."

"What you want in liberty of speech, then, you make up in liberty of dress?"

"Yes; in this, at least, we are a free people."

"I had not been long in France before I discovered that a man may dress as he pleases, without being stared at. The most opposite styles of dress seem to be in vogue at the same moment. No strange garment nor desperate hat excites either ridicule or surprise. French fashions are known and imitated all the world over."

"Very true, indeed," said a little man in gosling-green. "We give fashions to all other nations."

"Fashions!" said the politician, with a kind of growl,— "fashions! Yes, Sir, and some of us are simple enough to boast of it, as if we were a nation of tailors."

Here the little man in gosling-green pulled up the horns of his cotton shirt-collar.

"I recollect," said I, "that your Madame de Pompadour in one of her letters says something to this effect:—'We furnish our enemies with hair-dressers, ribands, and fashions; and they furnish us with laws.'"

"That is not the only silly thing she said in her lifetime. Ah! Sir, these Pompadours, and Maintenons, and Montespanns were the authors of much woe to France. Their follies and extravagances exhausted the public treasury, and made the nation poor. They built palaces, and covered themselves with jewels, and ate from golden plate; while the people who toiled for them had hardly a crust to keep their own children from starvation! And yet they preach to us the divine right of kings!"

My radical had got upon his high horse again; and I know not whither it would have carried him, had not a thin man with a black, seedy coat, who sat at his elbow, at that moment crossed his path, by one of those abrupt and sudden transitions which leave you aghast at the strange association of ideas in the speaker's mind.

"*Apropos de bottes!*" exclaimed he, "speaking of boots, and notaries public, and such matters,—excuse me for interrupting you, Sir,—a little story has just popped into my head which may amuse the company; and as I am not very fond of political discussions,—no offence, Sir,—I will tell it, for the sake of changing the conversation."

Whereupon, without further preamble or apology, he proceeded to tell his story in, as nearly as may be, the following words.

THE NOTARY OF PÉRIGUEUX.

Do not trust thy body with a physician. He'll make thy foolish bones go without flesh in a fortnight, and thy soul walk without a body a sennight after.—SHIRLEY.

You must know, Gentlemen, that there lived some years ago, in the city of Périgueux, an honest notary public, the descendant of a very ancient and broken-down family, and the occupant of one of those old weather-beaten tenements which remind you of the times of your great-grandfather. He was a man of an unoffending, quiet disposition; the father of a family, though not the head of it,—for in that family "the hen over-crowed the cock," and the neighbours, when they spake of the notary, shrugged their shoulders, and exclaimed, "Poor fellow! his spurs want sharpening." In fine—you understand me, Gentlemen—he was hen-pecked.

Well, finding no peace at home, he sought it elsewhere, as was very natural for him to do; and at length discovered a place of rest, far beyond the cares and clamours of domestic life. This was a little *café estaminet*, a short way out of the city, whither he repaired every evening to smoke his pipe, drink sugar-water, and play his favourite game of domino. There he met the boon companions he most loved; heard all the floating chitchat of the day; laughed when he was in merry mood; found consolation when he was sad; and at all times gave vent to his opinions, without fear of being snubbed short by a flat contradiction.

Now, the notary's bosom-friend was a dealer in claret and cognac, who lived about a league from the city, and always passed his evenings at the *estaminet*. He was a gross, corpulent fellow, raised from a full-blooded Gascon breed, and sired by a comic actor of some reputation in his way. He was remarkable for nothing but his good-humour, his love of cards, and a strong propensity to test the quality of his own liquors by comparing them with those sold at other places.

As evil communications corrupt good manners, the bad practices of the wine-dealer won insensibly upon the worthy notary; and before he was aware of it he found himself weaned from domino and sugar-water, and addicted to piquet and spiced wine. Indeed, it not unfrequently happened, that, after a long session at the *estaminet*, the two friends grew so urbane, that they would waste a full half-hour at the door in friendly dispute which should conduct the other home.

Though this course of life agreed well enough with the sluggish, phlegmatic temperament of the wine-dealer, it soon began to play the very deuce with the more sensitive organisation of the notary, and finally put his nervous

system completely out of tune. He lost his appetite, became gaunt and haggard, and could get no sleep. Legions of blue-devils haunted him by day, and by night strange faces peeped through his bed-curtains, and the nightmare snorted in his ear. The worse he grew, the more he smoked and tiddled; and the more he smoked and tiddled,—why, as a matter of course, the worse he grew. His wife alternately stormed, remonstrated, entreated; but all in vain. She made the house too hot for him,—he retreated to the tavern; she broke his long-stemmed pipes upon the handirons,—he substituted a short-stemmed one, which, for safe keeping, he carried in his waistcoat pocket.

Thus the unhappy notary ran gradually down at the heel. What with his bad habits and his domestic grievances, he became completely hipped. He imagined that he was going to die; and suffered in quick succession all the diseases that ever beset mortal man. Every shooting pain was an alarming symptom,—every uneasy feeling after dinner a sure prognostic of some mortal disease. In vain did his friends endeavour to reason, and then to laugh him out of his strange whims; for when did ever jest or reason cure a sick imagination? His only answer was, “Do let me alone; I know better than you what ails me.”

Well, Gentlemen, things were in this state, when, one afternoon in December, as he sat moping in his office, wrapped in an overcoat, with a cap on his head and his feet thrust into a pair of furred slippers, a cabriolet stopped at the door, and a loud knocking without aroused him from his gloomy reverie. It was a message from his friend the wine-dealer, who had been suddenly attacked with a violent fever, and, growing worse and worse, had now sent in the greatest haste for the notary to draw up

his last will and testament. The case was urgent, and admitted neither excuse nor delay; and the notary, tying a handkerchief round his face, and buttoning up to the chin, jumped into the cabriolet, and suffered himself, though not without some dismal presentiments and misgivings of heart, to be driven to the wine-dealer's house.

When he arrived he found everything in the greatest confusion. On entering the house, he ran against the apothecary, who was coming down stairs, with a face as long as your arm; and a few steps farther he met the housekeeper—for the wine-dealer was an old bachelor—running up and down, and wringing her hands, for fear that the good man should die without making his will. He soon reached the chamber of his sick friend, and found him tossing about in a paroxysm of fever, and calling aloud for a draught of cold water. The notary shook his head; he thought this a fatal symptom; for ten years back the wine-dealer had been suffering under a species of hydrophobia, which seemed suddenly to have left him.

When the sick man saw who stood by his bed-side, he stretched out his hand and exclaimed—

“ Ah! my dear friend! have you come at last? You see it is all over with me. You have arrived just in time to draw up that—that passport of mine. Ah, *grand diable!* how hot it is here! Water—water—water! Will nobody give me a drop of cold water?”

As the case was an urgent one, the notary made no delay in getting his papers in readiness; and in a short time the last will and testament of the wine-dealer was drawn up in due form, the notary guiding the sick man's hand as he scrawled his signature at the bottom.

As the evening wore away, the wine-dealer grew worse and worse, and at length became delirious, mingling in his

incoherent ravings the phrases of the Credo and Pater-noster with the shibboleth of the dram-shop and the card-table.

“Take care! take care! There, now—*Credo in*—Pop! ting-a-ling-ling! give me some of that. Cent-é-dize! Why, you old publican, this wine is poisoned—I know your tricks!—*Sanctam ecclesiam Catholicam*—Well, well, we shall see. Imbecile! to have a tierce-major and a seven of hearts, and discard the seven! By St. Anthony, capot! You are lunched—ha! ha! I told you so. I knew very well—there—there—don’t interrupt me—*Carnis resurrectionem et vitam eternam!*”

With these words upon his lips, the poor wine-dealer expired. Meanwhile the notary sat cowering over the fire, aghast at the fearful scene that was passing before him, and now and then striving to keep up his courage by a glass of cognac. Already his fears were on the alert; and the idea of contagion flitted to and fro through his mind. In order to quiet these thoughts of evil import, he lighted his pipe, and began to prepare for returning home. At that moment the apothecary turned round to him and said—

“Dreadful sickly time, this! The disorder seems to be spreading.”

“What disorder?” exclaimed the notary, with a movement of surprise.

“Two died yesterday, and three to-day,” continued the apothecary, without answering the question. “Very sickly time, Sir—very.”

“But what disorder is it? What disease has carried off my friend here so suddenly?”

“What disease? Why, scarlet fever, to be sure.”

“And is it contagious?”

“Certainly!”

“Then I am a dead man!” exclaimed the notary, putting his pipe into his waistcoat-pocket, and beginning to walk up and down the room in despair. “I am a dead man! Now don’t deceive me—don’t, will you? What—what are the symptoms?”

“A sharp burning pain in the right side,” said the apothecary.

“O, what a fool I was to come here!”

In vain did the housekeeper and the apothecary strive to pacify him;—he was not a man to be reasoned with; he answered that he knew his own constitution better than they did, and insisted upon going home without delay. Unfortunately, the vehicle he came in had returned to the city; and the whole neighbourhood was abed and asleep. What was to be done? Nothing in the world but to take the apothecary’s horse, which stood hitched at the door, patiently waiting his master’s will.

Well, Gentlemen, as there was no remedy, our notary mounted this raw-boned steed, and set forth upon his homeward journey. The night was cold and gusty, and the wind right in his teeth. Overhead the leaden clouds were beating to and fro, and through them the newly-risen moon seemed to be tossing and drifting along like a cock-boat in the surf; now swallowed up in a huge billow of cloud, and now lifted upon its bosom and dashed with silvery spray. The trees by the road-side groaned with a sound of evil omen; and before him lay three mortal miles, beset with a thousand imaginary perils. Obedient to the whip and spur, the steed leaped forward by fits and starts, now dashing away in a tremendous gallop, and now relaxing into a long, hard trot; while the rider, filled with symptoms of disease and dire presenti

ments of death, urged him on, as if he were fleeing before the pestilence.

In this way, by dint of whistling and shouting, and beating right and left, one mile of the fatal three was safely passed. The apprehensions of the notary had so far subsided, that he even suffered the poor horse to walk up hill; but these apprehensions were suddenly revived again with tenfold violence by a sharp pain in the right side, which seemed to pierce him like a needle.

"It is upon me at last!" groaned the fear-stricken man. "Heaven be merciful to me, the greatest of sinners! And must I die in a ditch, after all? He! get up—get up!"

And away went horse and rider at full speed—hurry-scurry—up hill and down—panting and blowing like a whirlwind. At every leap the pain in the rider's side seemed to increase. At first it was a little point like the prick of a needle—then it spread to the size of a half-franc piece—then covered a place as large as the palm of your hand. It gained upon him fast. The poor man groaned aloud in agony; faster and faster sped the horse over the frozen ground—farther and farther spread the pain over his side. To complete the dismal picture, the storm commenced—snow mingled with rain. But snow, and rain, and cold were naught to him; for, though his arms and legs were frozen to icicles, he felt it not; the fatal symptom was upon him; he was doomed to die—not of cold, but of scarlet fever!

At length, he knew not how, more dead than alive, he reached the gate of the city. A band of ill-bred dogs, that were serenading at a corner of the street, seeing the notary dash by, joined in the hue and cry, and ran barking and yelping at his heels. It was now late at night, and only here and there a solitary lamp twinkled from an upper

story. But on went the notary, down this street and up that, till at last he reached his own door. There was a light in his wife's bed-chamber. The good woman came to the window, alarmed at such a knocking, and howling, and clattering at her door so late at night; and the notary was too deeply absorbed in his own sorrows to observe that the lamp cast the shadow of two heads on the window-curtain.

"Let me in! let me in! Quick! quick!" he exclaimed, almost breathless from terror and fatigue.

"Who are you, that come to disturb a lone woman at this hour of the night?" cried a sharp voice from above. "Begone about your business, and let quiet people sleep."

"O, *diable, diable!* Come down and let me in! I am your husband. Don't you know my voice? Quick, I beseech you; for I am dying here in the street!"

After a few moments of delay and a few more words of parley, the door was opened, and the notary stalked into his domicile, pale and haggard in aspect, and as stiff and straight as a ghost. Cased from head to heel in an armour of ice, as the glare of the lamp fell upon him, he looked like a knight-errant mailed in steel. But in one place his armour was broken. On his right side was a circular spot, as large as the crown of your hat, and about as black!

"My dear wife!" he exclaimed, with more tenderness than he had exhibited for many years, "reach me a chair. My hours are numbered. I am a dead man!"

Alarmed at these exclamations, his wife stripped off his overcoat. Something fell from beneath it, and was dashed to pieces on the hearth. It was the notary's pipe! He placed his hand upon his side, and, lo! it was bare to the skin! Coat, waistcoat, and linen were burnt through and

through, and there was a blister on his side as large over as your head !

The mystery was soon explained, symptom and all. The notary had put his pipe into his pocket, without knocking out the ashes ! And so my story ends.

“Is that all?” asked the radical, when the story-teller had finished.

“That is all.”

“Well, what does your story prove?”

“That is more than I can tell. All I know is that the story is true.”

“And did he die?” said the nice little man in gosling-green.

“Yes; he died afterward,” replied the story-teller, rather annoyed by the question.

“And what did he die of?” continued gosling-green, following him up.

“What did he die of? Why, he died—of a sudden !”

S P A I N.

THE JOURNEY INTO SPAIN.

A l'issue de l'yver que le joly temps de primavère commence, et qu'on voit arbres verdoyer, fleurs espanouir, et qu'on oit les oisillons chanter en toute joie et douceur, tant que les verts bocages retentissent de leurs sons et que cœurs tristes pensifs y dolens s'en esjouissent, s'émeuvent à delaisser denil et toute tristesse, et se parforcent à valoir mieux.—*La Plaisante Histoire de Guerin de Monglave.*

SOFT-BREATHING Spring! how many pleasant thoughts, how many delightful recollections, does thy name awaken in the mind of a traveller! Whether he has followed thee by the banks of the Loire or the Guadalquivir, or traced thy footsteps slowly climbing the sunny slope of Alp or Apennine, the thought of thee shall summon up sweet visions of the past, and thy golden sunshine and soft vapoury atmosphere become a portion of his day-dreams and of him. Sweet images of thee, and scenes that have oft inspired the poet's song, shall mingle in his recollections of the past. The shooting of the tender leaf—the sweetness and elasticity of the air—the blue sky—the fleet-drifting cloud—and the flocks of wild fowl wheeling in long-drawn phalanx through the air, and screaming from their dizzy height—all these shall pass like a dream before his imagination.

“ And gently o'er his memory come at times
A glimpse of joys that had their birth in thee,
Like a brief strain of some forgotten tune.”

It was at the opening of this delightful season of the year that I passed through the South of France, and took the

road of St. Jean de Luz for the Spanish frontier. I left Bordeaux amid all the noise and gaiety of the last scene of Carnival. The streets and public walks of the city were full of merry groups in masks—at every corner crowds were listening to the discordant music of the wandering ballad-singer; and grotesque figures, mounted on high stilts, and dressed in the garb of the peasants of the Landes of Gascony, were stalking up and down like so many long-legged cranes; others were amusing themselves with the tricks and grimaces of little monkeys, disguised like little men, bowing to the ladies, and figuring away in red coats and ruffles; and here and there a band of chimney-sweeps were staring in stupid wonder at the miracles of a showman's box. In a word, all was so full of mirth and merrymake, that even beggary seemed to have forgotten that it was wretched, and gloried in the ragged masquerade of one poor holiday.

To this scene of noise and gaiety succeeded the silence and solitude of the Landes of Gascony. The road from Bordeaux to Bayonne winds along through immense pine-forests and sandy plains, spotted here and there with a dingy little hovel, and the silence is interrupted only by the dismal hollow roar of the wind among the melancholy and majestic pines. Occasionally, however, the way is enlivened by a market-town or a straggling village; and I still recollect the feelings of delight which I experienced, when, just after sunset, we passed through the romantic town of Roquefort, built upon the sides of the green valley of the Douze, which has scooped out a verdant hollow for it to nestle in, amid those barren tracts of sand.

On leaving Bayonne, the scene assumes a character of greater beauty and sublimity. To the vast forests of the Landes of Gascony succeeds a scene of picturesque beauty,

delightful to the traveller's eye. Before him rise the snowy Pyrenees—a long line of undulating hills—

“Bounded afar by peak aspiring bold,
Like giant capped with helm of burnished gold.”

To the left, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the delicious valleys of the Nive and Adour; and to the right the sea flashes along the pebbly margin of its silver beach, forming a thousand little bays and inlets, or comes tumbling in among the cliffs of a rock-bound coast, and beats against its massive barriers with a distant, hollow, continual roar.

Should these pages meet the eye of any solitary traveller who is journeying into Spain by the road I here speak of, I would advise him to travel from Bayonne to St. Jean de Luz on horseback. At the gate of Bayonne he will find a steed ready caparisoned for him, with a dark-eyed Basque girl for his companion and guide, who is to sit beside him upon the same horse. This style of travelling is, I believe, peculiar to the Basque provinces; at all events, I have seen it nowhere else. The saddle is constructed with a large frame-work extending on each side, and covered with cushions; and the traveller and his guide, being placed on the opposite extremities, serve as a balance to each other. We overtook many travellers mounted in this way, and I could not help thinking it a mode of travelling far preferable to being cooped up in a diligence. The Basque girls are generally beautiful; and there was one of these merry guides we met upon the road to Bidart whose image haunts me still. She had large and expressive black eyes, teeth like pearls, a rich and sunburnt complexion, and hair of a glossy blackness, parted on the forehead, and falling down behind in a large braid, so long as almost to touch the ground with the little riband that confined it at the end.

She wore the common dress of the peasantry of the South of France, and a large gipsy straw hat was thrown back over her shoulder, and tied by a riband about her neck. There was hardly a dusty traveller in the coach who did not envy her companion the seat he occupied beside her.

Just at nightfall we entered the town of St. Jean de Luz, and dashed down its narrow streets at full gallop. The little madcap postilion cracked his knotted whip incessantly, and the sound echoed back from the high dingy walls like the report of a pistol. The coach-wheels nearly touched the houses on each side of us; the idlers in the street jumped right and left to save themselves; window-shutters flew open in all directions; a thousand heads popped out from cellar and upper story; "*Sacr-r-ré matin!*" shouted the postilion—and we rattled on like an earthquake.

St. Jean de Luz is a smoky little fishing-town, situated on the low grounds at the mouth of the Nivelle, and a bridge connects it with the faubourg of Sibourne, which stands on the opposite bank of the river. I had no time, however, to note the peculiarities of the place, for I was whirled out of it with the same speed and confusion with which I had been whirled in, and I can only recollect the sweep of the road across the Nivelle—the church of Sibourne by the water's edge—the narrow streets—the smoky-looking houses with red window-shutters, and "a very ancient and fish-like smell."

I passed by moonlight the little river Bidasoa, which forms the boundary between France and Spain; and when the morning broke, found myself far up among the mountains of San Salvador, the most westerly links of the great Pyrenean chain. The mountains around me were neither rugged nor precipitous, but they rose one above another in a long, majestic swell, and the trace of the ploughshare was

occasionally visible to their summits. They seemed entirely destitute of forest-scenery; and as the season of vegetation had not yet commenced, their huge outlines lay black and barren, and desolate against the sky. But it was a glorious morning, and the sun rose up into a cloudless heaven, and poured a flood of gorgeous splendour over the mountain landscape, as if proud of the realm he shone upon. The scene was enlivened by the dashing of a swollen mountain-brook, whose course we followed for miles down the valley, as it leaped onward to its journey's end, now breaking into a white cascade, and now foaming and chafing beneath a rustic bridge. Now and then we rode through a dilapidated town, with a group of idlers at every corner, wrapped in tattered brown cloaks, and smoking their little paper cigars in the sun; then would succeed a desolate tract of country, cheered only by the tinkle of a mule-bell, or the song of a muleteer; then we would meet a solitary traveller mounted on horseback, and wrapped in the ample folds of his cloak, with a gun hanging at the pommel of his saddle. Occasionally, too, among the bleak, inhospitable hills, we passed a rude little chapel, with a cluster of ruined cottages around it; and whenever our carriage stopped at the relay, or loitered slowly up the hill-side, a crowd of children would gather around us, with little images and crucifixes for sale, curiously ornamented with ribands and little bits of tawdry finery.

A day's journey from the frontier brought us to Vitoria, where the diligence stopped for the night. I spent the scanty remnant of daylight in rambling about the streets of the city, with no other guide but the whim of the moment. Now I plunged down a dark and narrow alley, now emerged into a wide street or a spacious market-place, and now aroused the drowsy echoes of a church or cloister with the sound of

my intruding footsteps. But descriptions of churches and public squares are dull and tedious matters for those readers who are in search of amusement, and not of instruction; and if any one has accompanied me thus far on my fatiguing journey towards the Spanish capital, I will readily excuse him from the toil of an evening ramble through the streets of Vitoria.

On the following morning, we left the town, long before daybreak, and during our forenoon's journey the postilion drew up at an inn, on the southern slope of the Sierra de San Lorenzo, in the province of Old Castile. The house was an old, dilapidated tenement, built of rough stone, and coarsely plastered upon the outside. The tiled roof had long been the sport of wind and rain, the motley coat of plaster was broken and time-worn, and the whole building sadly out of repair; though the fanciful mouldings under the eaves, and the curiously carved wood-work that supported the little balcony over the principal entrance, spoke of better days gone by. The whole building reminded me of a dilapidated Spanish Don, down at the heel and out at elbows, but with here and there a remnant of former magnificence peeping through the loopholes of his tattered cloak.

A wide gateway ushered the traveller into the interior of the building, and conducted him to a low-roofed apartment, paved with round stones, and serving both as a court-yard and a stable. It seemed to be a neutral ground for man and beast,—a little republic, where horse and rider had common privileges, and mule and muleteer lay cheek by jowl. In one corner a poor jackass was patiently devouring a bundle of musty straw—in another, its master lay sound asleep, with a saddle-cloth for a pillow; here a group of muleteers were quarrelling over a pack of dirty cards,—and there the village barber, with a self-important air, stood

laving the alcalde's chin from the helmet of Mambrino. On the wall, a little taper glimmered feebly before an image of St. Anthony; directly opposite these a leathern wine-bottle hung by the neck from a pair of ox-horns; and the pavement below was covered with a curious medley of boxes, and bags, and cloaks, and pack-saddles, and sacks of grain, and skins of wine, and all kinds of lumber.

A small door upon the right led us into the inn-kitchen. It was a room about ten feet square, and literally all chimney; for the hearth was in the centre of the floor, and the walls sloped upward in the form of a long narrow pyramid, with an opening at the top for the escape of the smoke. Quite round this little room ran a row of benches, upon which sat one or two grave personages smoking paper cigars. Upon the hearth blazed a handful of faggots, whose bright flame danced merrily among a motley congregation of pots and kettles, and a long wreath of smoke wound lazily up through the huge tunnel of the roof above. The walls were black with soot, and ornamented with sundry legs of bacon and festoons of sausages; and as there were no windows in this dingy abode, the only light which cheered the darkness within came flickering from the fire upon the hearth, and the smoky sun-beams that peeped down the long-necked chimney.

I had not been long seated by the fire, when the tinkling of mule-bells, the clatter of hoofs, and the hoarse voice of a muleteer in the outer apartment, announced the arrival of new guests. A few moments afterward the kitchen-door opened, and a person entered, whose appearance strongly arrested my attention. It was a tall, athletic figure, with the majestic carriage of a grandee, and a dark, sunburnt countenance, that indicated an age of about fifty years. His dress was singular, and such as I had not before seen.

He wore a round hat with wide, flapping brim, from beneath which his long, black hair hung in curls upon his shoulders; a leather jerkin, with cloth sleeves, descended to his hips; around his waist was closely buckled a leather belt, with a cartouch-box on one side; a pair of loose trousers of black serge hung in ample folds to the knees, around which they were closely gathered by embroidered garters of blue silk; and black broadcloth leggins, buttoned close to the calves, and strapped over a pair of brown leather shoes, completed the singular dress of the stranger. He doffed his hat as he entered, and, saluting the company with a "*Dios guarde á Ustedes, caballeros*" (God guard you, Gentlemen), took a seat by the fire, and entered into conversation with those around him.

As my curiosity was not a little excited by the peculiar dress of this person, I inquired of a travelling companion, who sat at my elbow, who and what this new-comer was. From him I learned that he was a muleteer of the Maragatería—a name given to a cluster of small towns which lie in the mountainous country between Astorga and Villafranca, in the western corner of the kingdom of Leon.

"Nearly every province in Spain," said he, "has its peculiar costume, as you will see, when you have advanced farther into our country. For instance, the Catalonians wear crimson caps, hanging down upon the shoulder like a sack; wide pantaloons of green velvet, long enough in the waistband to cover the whole breast; and a little strip of a jacket, made of the same material, and so short as to bring the pocket directly under the armpit. The Valencians, on the contrary, go almost naked: a linen shirt, white linen trousers, reaching no lower than the knees, and a pair of coarse leather sandals complete their simple garb; it is only in mid-winter that they indulge in the luxury of a

jacket. The most beautiful and expensive costume, however, is that of Andalusia: it consists of a velvet jacket, faced with rich and various-coloured embroidery, and covered with tassels and silken cord; a waistcoat of some gay colour; a silken handkerchief round the neck, and a crimson sash round the waist; breeches that button down each side; gaiters and shoes of white leather; and a handkerchief of bright-coloured silk wound about the head like a turban, and surmounted by a velvet cap or a little round hat, with a wide band, and an abundance of silken loops and tassels. The Old Castilians are more grave in their attire: they wear a leather breastplate instead of a jacket, breeches and leggins, and a montera cap. This fellow is a Maragato; and in the villages of the Maragateria the costume varies a little from the rest of Leon and Castile."

"If he is indeed a Maragato," said I, jestingly, "who knows but he may be a descendant of the muleteer who behaved so naughtily at Cacabelos, as related in the second chapter of the veracious history of Gil Blas de Santillana?"

"*¿ Quien sabe ?*" was the reply. "Notwithstanding the pride which even the meanest Castilian feels in counting over a long line of good-for-nothing ancestors, the science of genealogy has become of late a very intricate study in Spain."

Here our conversation was cut short by the *mayoral* of the diligence, who came to tell us that the mules were waiting; and before many hours had elapsed, we were scrambling through the square of the ancient city of Burgos. On the morrow we crossed the river Duero and the Guadarama Mountains, and early in the afternoon entered the "Heróica Villa" of Madrid, by the Puerta de Fuencarral.

SPAIN.

Santiago y cierra España!—*Spanish War-cry.*

It is a beautiful morning in June;—so beautiful, that I almost fancy myself in Spain. The tessellated shadow of the honeysuckle lies motionless upon the floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet; and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild-brier and the mock-orange, reminding me of that soft, sunny clime where the very air is laden, like the bee, with sweetness, and the south wind

“Comes over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed.”

The birds are carolling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine; while the murmur of the bee, the cooing of doves from the eaves, and the whirring of a little humming-bird that has its nest in the honeysuckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun. How like the climate of the South! How like a summer morning in Spain!

My recollections of Spain are of the most lively and delightful kind. The character of the soil and of its inhabitants,—the stormy mountains and free spirits of the North—the prodigal luxuriance and gay voluptuousness of the South,—the history and traditions of the past, resembling more the fables of romance than the solemn chronicle of events—a soft and yet majestic language that falls like martial music on the ear, and a literature rich in the attractive lore of poetry and fiction—these, but not these alone, are my reminiscences of Spain. With these I recall the thousand little circumstances and enjoyments which always give a colouring to our recollections of the past; the clear sky—

the pure, balmy air—the delicious fruits and flowers—the wild-fig and the aloe—the palm-tree and the olive by the way-side—all, all that makes existence so joyous, and renders the sons and daughters of that clime the children of impulse and sensation.

As I write these words, a shade of sadness steals over me. When I think what that glorious land might be, and what it is—what Nature intended it should be, and what man has made it—my very heart sinks within me. My mind instinctively reverts from the degradation of the present to the glory of the past; or, looking forward with strong misgivings, but with yet stronger hopes, interrogates the future.

The burnished armour of the Cid stands in the archives of the royal museum of Madrid, and there, too, is seen the armour of Ferdinand and Isabel, of Guzman the Good and Gonzalo de Córdoba, and of other early champions of Spain; but what hand shall now wield the sword of the Campeador, or lift up the banner of Leon and Castile? The ruins of Christian castle and Moorish alcázar still look forth from the hills of Spain; but where, O, where is the spirit of freedom that once fired the children of the Goth? Where is the spirit of Bernardo del Carpio, and Perez de Vargas, and Alonzo de Aguilar? Shall it for ever sleep? Shall it never again beat high in the hearts of their degenerate sons? Shall the descendants of Pelayo bow for ever beneath an iron yoke, “like cattle whose despair is dumb?”

The dust of the Cid lies mingling with the dust of Old Castile; but his spirit is not buried with his ashes. It sleeps, but is not dead. The day will come when the foot of the tyrant shall be shaken from the neck of Spain; when a brave and generous people, though now ignorant, degraded, and much abused, shall “know their rights, and knowing dare maintain.”

Of the national character of Spain I have brought away this impression—that its prominent traits are a generous pride of birth, a superstitious devotion to the dogmas of the Church, and an innate dignity, which exhibits itself even in the common and every-day employments of life. Castilian pride is proverbial. A beggar wraps his tattered cloak around him with all the dignity of a Roman senator; and a muleteer bestrides his beast of burden with the air of a grandee.

I have thought, too, that there was a tinge of sadness in the Spanish character. The national music of the land is remarkable for its melancholy tone; and, at times, the voice of a peasant, singing amid the silence and solitude of the mountains, falls upon the ear like a funeral chant. Even a Spanish holiday wears a look of sadness,—a circumstance which some writers attribute to the cruel and overbearing spirit of the municipal laws. “On the greatest festivals,” says Jovellanos, “instead of that boisterous merriment and noise which should bespeak the joy of the inhabitants, there reigns throughout the streets and market-places a slothful inactivity, a gloomy stillness, which cannot be remarked without mingled emotions of surprise and pity. The few persons who leave their houses seem to be driven from them by listlessness, and dragged as far as the threshold, the market, or the church-door; there, muffled in their cloaks, leaning against a corner, seated on a bench, or lounging to and fro, without object, aim, or purpose, they pass their hours, their whole evenings, without mirth, recreation, or amusement. When you add to this picture the dreariness and filth of the villages, the poor and slovenly dress of the inhabitants, the gloominess and silence of their air, the laziness, the want of concert and union so striking everywhere, who but would be astonished, who but would be afflicted by so mournful a phenomenon? This is not,

indeed, the place to expose the errors which conspire to produce it; but, whatever those errors may be, one point is clear—that they are all to be found in the laws!” *

Of the same serious, sombre character is the favourite national sport—the bull-fight. It is a barbarous amusement, but of all others the most exciting, the most spirit-stirring; and in Spain, the most popular. “If Rome lived content with bread and arms,” says the author I have just quoted, in a spirited little discourse, entitled *Pan y Toros*, “Madrid lives content with bread and bulls.”

Shall I describe a Spanish bull-fight? No. It has been so often and so well described by other pens that mine shall not undertake it, though it is a tempting theme. I cannot, however, refuse myself the pleasure of quoting here a few lines from one of the old Spanish ballads upon this subject. It is entitled “The Bull-fight of Ganzul.” The description of the bull, which is contained in the passage I here extract, is drawn with a master’s hand. It is rather a paraphrase than a translation by Mr. Lockhart.

“From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Guadalarif of the plain, nor Barves of the hill;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama’s waters clear,
Beneath the oak-trees was he nursed, this proud and stately steer.

“Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

“Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old, knotted tree,
Whereon the monster’s shaggy mane, like billows curled, you see.

* Informe dado á la Real Academia de Historia sobre Juegos, Espectáculos, y Diversiones Públicas.

“His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night;
Like a strong flail he holds his tail, in fierceness of his might;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcayde's shock.

“Now stops the drum,—close, close they come; thrice meet and thrice
give back;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black;
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun;—
Once more advance upon his lance,—once more; thou fearless one!”

There are various circumstances closely connected with the train of thought I have here touched upon; but I forbear to mention them, for fear of drawing out this introductory chapter to too great a length. Some of them will naturally find a place hereafter. Meanwhile let us turn the leaf to a new chapter, and to subjects of a livelier nature.

A TAILOR'S DRAWER.

Nedyls, threde, thymbell, shers, and all suche knackes.

The Four Ps.

I.

A TAILOR'S drawer, did you say?

Yes; a tailor's drawer. It is, indeed, rather a quaint rubric for a chapter in the pilgrim's breviary; albeit it well befits the motley character of the following pages. It is a title which the Spaniards give to a desultory discourse, wherein various and discordant themes are touched upon, and which is crammed full of little shreds and patches of erudition; and certainly it is not inappropriate to a chapter whose contents are of every shape and hue, and “do no more adhere and keep pace together than the hundredth psalm to the tune of Green Sleeves.”

II.

It is recorded in the Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillana, that, when this renowned personage first visited the city of Madrid, he took lodgings at the house of Mateo Melandez, in the Puerta del Sol. In choosing a place of abode in the Spanish court, I followed, as far as practicable, this illustrious example; but as the kind-hearted Mateo had been long gathered to his fathers, I was content to take up my residence in the hired house of Valentin Gonzalez, at the foot of the Calle de la Montera. My apartments were in the third story, above the dust, though not beyond the rattle of the street; and my balconies looked down into the Puerta del Sol, the heart of Madrid, through which circulates the living current of its population at least once every twenty-four hours.

The Puerta del Sol is a public square, from which diverge the five principal streets of the metropolis. It is the great rendezvous of grave and gay—of priest and layman—of gentle and simple—the mart of business and of gossip—the place where the creditor seeks his debtor, where the lawyer seeks his client, where the stranger seeks amusement, where the friend seeks his friend, and the foe his foe; where the idler seeks the sun in winter, and the shade in summer, and the busy-body seeks the daily news, and picks up the crumbs of gossip to fly away with them in his beak to the *tertulia* of Doña Paquita!

Tell me, ye who have sojourned in foreign lands, and know in what bubbles a traveller's happiness consists—is it not a blessing to have your window overlook a scene like this?

III.

THERE—take that chair upon the balcony, and let us

look down upon the busy scene beneath us. What a continued roar the crowded thoroughfare sends up! Though three stories high, we can hardly hear the sound of our own voices! The London cries are whispers, when compared with the cries of Madrid.

See—yonder, stalks a gigantic peasant of New Castile, with a montera cap, brown jacket and breeches, and coarse blue stockings, forcing his way through the crowd, and leading a donkey laden with charcoal, whose sonorous bray is in unison with the harsh voice of his master. Close at his elbow goes a rosy-cheeked damsel, selling calico. She is an Asturian from the mountains of Santander. How do you know? By her short yellow petticoats—her blue bodice—her coral necklace and ear-rings. Through the middle of the square struts a peasant of Old Castile, with his yellow leather jerkin strapped about his waist—his brown leggings and his blue garters—driving before him a flock of gabbling turkeys, and crying, at the top of his voice, “*Pao, pao, pavitos, paos!*” Next comes a Valencian, with his loose linen trousers and sandal shoon, holding a huge sack of water-melons upon his shoulder with his left hand, and with his right balancing high in air a specimen of his luscious fruit, upon which is perched a little pyramid of the crimson pulp, while he tempts the passers-by with “*A cala, y calando; una sandia vendo-o-o. Si esto es sangre!*” (By the slice—come and try it—water-melon for sale. This is the real blood!) His companion near him has a pair of scales thrown over his shoulder, and holds both arms full of musk-melons. He chimes into the harmonious ditty with “*Melo—melo-o-o meloncitos; aquí está el azúcar!*” (Melons, melons; here is the real sugar!) Behind them creeps a slow-moving Asturian, in heavy wooden shoes, crying watercresses; and a peasant woman from the

Guadarrama Mountains, with a *montera* cocked up in front, and a blue kerchief tied under her chin, swings in each hand a bunch of live chickens—that hang by the claws, head downwards, fluttering, scratching, crowing with all their might, while the good woman tries to drown their voices in the discordant cry of “*¿ Quien me compra un gallo —un par de gallinas?*” (Who buys a cock—a pair of fowls?) That tall fellow in blue, with a pot of flowers upon his shoulder, is a wag, beyond all dispute. See how cunningly he cocks his eye up at us, and cries, “*Si yo tuviera balcon!*” (If I only had a balcony!)

What next? A Manchego with a sack of oil under his arm; a Gallego with a huge water-jar upon his shoulders; an Italian pedler with images of saints and madonnas; a razor grinder with his wheel; a mender of pots and kettles, making music, as he goes, with a shovel and a frying-pan; and, in fine, a noisy, patchwork, ever-changing crowd, whose discordant cries mingle with the rumbling of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, and the clang of church-bells; and make the Puerta del Sol, at certain hours of the day, like a street in Babylon the Great.

IV.

CHITON! A beautiful girl, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and the form of a fairy in a midsummer night's dream, has just stepped out on the balcony beneath us! See how coquettishly she crosses her arms upon the balcony, thrusts her dainty little foot through the bars, and plays with her slipper! She is an Andalusian, from Malaga. Her brother is a bold dragoon, and wears a long sword; so beware! and “let not the creaking of shoes and the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman.” Her mother is a vulgar woman, “fat and forty;” eats garlic in her salad, and

smokes cigars. But mind! that is a secret; I tell it to you in confidence.

V.

THE following little ditty I translate from the Spanish. It is as delicate as a dew-drop:—

She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
Whose shining arms I see,
If steed, or sword, or battle-field
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock
Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge
Be half so fair as she!

VI.

A MILLER has just passed by, covered with flour from head to foot, and perched upon the tip end of a little donkey, crying "*Arre borrico!*" and at every cry swinging a cudgel in his hand, and giving the ribs of the poor beast what in the vulgar dialect is called a *cachiporrizo*. I could not help laughing, though I felt provoked with the fellow for his cruelty. The truth is, I have great regard for a jack-ass. His meekness, and patience, and long-suffering are very amiable qualities, and, considering his situation, worthy of all praise. In Spain a donkey plays as conspicuous a part as a priest or a village alcalde. There would be no

getting along without him. And yet who so beaten and abused as he?

VII.

HERE comes a gay gallant, with white kid gloves, a quizzing-glass, a black cane, with a white ivory pommel, and a little hat, cocked pertly on one side of his head. He is an exquisite fop, and a great lady's man. You will always find him on the Prado at sunset, when the crowd and dust are thickest, ogling through his glass, flourishing his cane, and humming between his teeth some favourite air of the Semiramis, or the Barber of Seville. He is a great amateur, and patron of the Italian Opera—beats time with his cane—nods his head, and cries, *Bravo!*—and fancies himself in love with the Prina Donna. The height of his ambition is to be thought the gay Lothario—the gallant Don Cortejo of his little sphere. He is a poet withal, and daily besieges the heart of the cruel Doña Inez with sonnets and madrigals. She turns a deaf ear to his song, and is inexorable:—

“Mas que no sea mas piadosa
A dos escudos en prosa,
No puede ser.”

VIII.

WHAT a contrast between this personage and the sallow, emaciated being who is now crossing the street! It is a barefooted Carmelite—a monk of an austere order—wasted by midnight vigils and long penance. Abstinence is written on that pale cheek, and the bowed head and downcast eye are in accordance with the meek profession of a mendicant brotherhood.

What is this world to thee, thou man of penitence and prayer? What hast thou to do with all this busy, turbulent

scene about thee,—with all the noise, and gaiety, and splendour of this thronged city? Nothing. The wide world gives thee nothing, save thy daily crust, thy crucifix, thy convent-cell, thy pallet of straw! Pilgrim of heaven! thou hast no home on earth. Thou art journeying onward to “a house not made with hands;” and, like the first apostles of thy faith, thou takest neither gold, nor silver, nor brass, nor scrip for thy journey. Thou hast shut thy heart to the endearments of earthly love—thy shoulder beareth not the burden with thy fellow-man—in all this vast crowd thou hast no friends, no hopes, no sympathies. Thou standest aloof from man,—and art thou nearer God? I know not. Thy motives, thy intentions, thy desires are registered in heaven. I am thy fellow-man,—and not thy judge.

“Who is the greater?” says the German moralist; “the wise man who lifts himself above the storms of time, and from aloof looks down upon them, and yet takes no part therein,—or he who from the height of quiet and repose, throws himself boldly into the battle-tumult of the world? Glorious is it, when the eagle through the beating tempest flies into the bright blue heaven upward; but far more glorious, when, poising in the blue sky over the black storm-abyss, he plunges downward to his aerie on the cliff, where cower his unfledged brood, and tremble.”

IX.

SULTRY grows the day, and breathless! The lately crowded street is silent and deserted—hardly a footfall—hardly here and there a solitary figure stealing along in the narrow strip of shade beneath the eaves! Silent, too, and deserted is the Puerta del Sol; so silent, that even at this distance the splashing of its fountain is distinctly audible,—so deserted, that not a living thing is visible

there, save the outstretched and athletic form of a Galician water-carrier, who lies asleep upon the pavement in the cool shadow of the fountain! There is not air enough to stir the leaves of the jasmine upon the balcony, or break the thin column of smoke that issues from the cigar of Don Diego, master of the noble Spanish tongue, *y hombre de muchos dingolondangos*. He sits bolt upright between the window and the door, with the collar of his snuff-coloured frock thrown back upon his shoulders, and his toes turned out like a dancing-master, poring over the *Diario de Madrid*, to learn how high the thermometer rose yesterday,—what patron saint has a festival to-day,—and at what hour to-morrow the “King of Spain, Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands” will take his departure for the gardens of Aranjuez.

You have a proverb in your language, Don Diego, which says—

“Despues de comer
Ni un sobrescrito leer;”—

after dinner read not even the superscription of a letter. I shall obey, and indulge in the exquisite luxury of a *siesta*. I confess that I love this after-dinner nap. If I have a gift, a vocation for anything, it is for sleeping; and from my heart I can say with honest Sancho, “Blessed be the man that first invented sleep!” In a sultry clime, too, where the noontide heat unmans you, and the cool starry night seems made for anything but slumber, I am willing to barter an hour or two of intense daylight for an hour or two of tranquil, lovely, dewy night!

Therefore, Don Diego, *hasta la vista!*

X.

It is evening; the day is gone; fast gather and deepen the shades of twilight! In the words of a German allegory,

“The babbling day has touched the hem of night's garment, and, weary and still, drops asleep in her bosom.”

The city awakens from its slumber. The convent-bells ring solemnly and slow. The streets are thronged again. Once more I hear the shrill cry, the rattling wheel, the murmur of the crowd. The blast of a trumpet sounds from the Puerta del Sol—then the tap of a drum; a mounted guard opens the way—the crowd doff their hats, and the king sweeps by in a gilded coach drawn by six horses, and followed by a long train of uncouth, antiquated vehicles drawn by mules.

The living tide now sets towards the Prado and the beautiful gardens of the Retiro. Beautiful are they at this magic hour! Beautiful, with the almond-tree in blossom, with the broad green leaves of the sycamore and the chestnut, with the fragrance of the orange and the lemon, with the beauty of a thousand flowers, with the soothing calm and the dewy freshness of evening!

XI.

I LOVE to linger on the Prado till the crowd is gone and the night far advanced. There musing and alone I sit, and listen to the lulling fall of waters in their marble fountains, and watch the moon as it rises over the gardens of the Retiro, brighter than a northern sun. The beautiful scene lies half in shadow, half in light—almost a fairy land. Occasionally the sound of a guitar, or a distant voice, breaks in upon my revery. Then the form of a monk, from the neighbouring convent, sweeps by me like a shadow, and disappears in the gloom of the leafy avenues; and far away from the streets of the city comes the voice of the watchman telling the midnight hour.

Lovely art thou, O Night, beneath the skies of Spain!

Day, panting with heat, and laden with a thousand cares, toils onward like a beast of burden ; but Night, calm, silent, holy Night, is a ministering angel that cools with its dewy breath the toil-heated brow ; and, like the Roman sisterhood, stoops down to bathe the pilgrim's feet. How grateful is the starry twilight ! How grateful the gentle radiance of the moon ! How grateful the delicious coolness of " the omnipresent and deep-breathing air ! " Lovely art thou, O Night, beneath the skies of Spain !

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Winter's Tale.

How universal is the love of poetry ! Every nation has its popular songs, the offspring of a credulous simplicity and an unschooled fancy. The peasant of the North, as he sits by the evening fire, sings the traditionary ballad to his children—

“ Nor wants he gleeful tales, while round
The nut-brown bowl doth trot.”

The peasant of the South, as he lies at noon in the shade of the sycamore, or sits by his door in the evening twilight, sings his amorous lay, and listlessly,

“ On hollow quills of oaten straw,
He pipeth melody.”

The muleteer of Spain carols with the early lark, amid the stormy mountains of his native land. The vintager of Sicily has his evening hymn ; the fisherman of Naples his boat-song ; the gondolier of Venice his midnight serenade.

The goatherd of Switzerland and the Tyrol—the Carpathian boor—the Scotch Highlander—the English ploughboy, singing as he drives his team afield—peasant—serf—slave—all, all have their ballads and traditionary songs. Music is the universal language of mankind—poetry their universal pastime and delight.

The ancient ballads of Spain hold a prominent rank in her literary history. Their number is truly astonishing, and may well startle the most enthusiastic lover of popular song. The *Romancero General** contains upwards of a thousand; and though upon many of these may justly be bestowed the encomium which honest Izaak Walton pronounces upon the old English ballad of the Passionate Shepherd—"old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good,"—yet, as a whole, they are, perhaps, more remarkable for their number than for their beauty. Every great historic event, every marvellous tradition, has its popular ballad. Don Roderick, Bernardo del Carpio, and the Cid Campeador are not more the heroes of ancient chronicle than of ancient song; and the imaginary champions of Christendom, the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne, have found a historian in the wandering ballad-singer no less authentic than the good Archbishop Turpin.

Most of these ancient ballads had their origin during the dominion of the Moors in Spain. Many of them, doubtless, are nearly as old as the events they celebrate; though in their present form the greater part belong to the fourteenth century. The language in which they are now preserved indicates no higher antiquity; but who shall say how long they had been handed down by tradition, ere they were

* *Romancero General*, en que se contiene todos los Romances que andan impresos. 4to. Madrid, 1604.

taken from the lips of the wandering minstrel, and recorded in a more permanent form ?

The seven centuries of the Moorish sovereignty in Spain are the heroic ages of her history and her poetry. What the warrior achieved with his sword the minstrel published in his song. The character of those ages is seen in the character of their literature. History casts its shadow far into the land of song. Indeed, the most prominent characteristic of the ancient Spanish ballads is their warlike spirit. They shadow forth the majestic lineaments of the warlike ages ; and through every line breathes a high and peculiar tone of chivalrous feeling. It is not the piping sound of peace, but a blast—a loud, long blast from the war-horn,—

“ A trump with a stern breath,
Which is cleped the trump of death.”

And with this mingles the voice of lamentation—the requiem for the slain, with a melancholy sweetness :—

Rio Verde, Rio Verde!
Many a corpse is bathed in thee,
Both of Moors and eke of Christians,
Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters
Dappled are with crimson gore ;
For between the Moors and Christians,
Long has been the fight and sore.

Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee,
Lords of high renown were slain,
Perished many a brave hidalgo
Of the noblemen of Spain.

Another prominent characteristic of these ancient ballads is their energetic and beautiful simplicity. A great historic event is described in the fewest possible words ; there is no ornament, no artifice. The poet's intention was to

narrate, not to embellish. It is truly wonderful to observe what force, and beauty, and dramatic power are given to the old romances by this single circumstance. When Bernardo del Carpio leads forth his valiant Leonese against the hosts of Charlemagne, he animates their courage by alluding to their battles with the Moors, and exclaims, "Shall the lions that have bathed their paws in Libyan gore now crouch before the Frank?" When he enters the palace of the treacherous Alfonso, to upbraid him for a broken promise, and the king orders him to be arrested for contumely, he lays his hand upon his sword and cries, "Let no one stir! I am Bernardo; and my sword is not subject even to kings!" When the Count Alarcos prepares to put to death his own wife at the king's command, she submits patiently to her fate, asks time to say a prayer, and then exclaims, "Now bring me my infant boy, that I may give him suck, as my last farewell!" Is there in Homer an incident more touching, or more true to nature?

The ancient Spanish ballads naturally divide themselves into three classes:—the Historic, the Romantic, and the Moorish. It must be confessed, however, that the line of demarcation between these three classes is not well defined; for many of the Moorish ballads are historic, and many others occupy a kind of debatable ground between the historic and the romantic. I have adopted this classification for the sake of its convenience, and shall now make a few hasty observations upon each class, and illustrate my remarks by specimens of the ballads.

The Historic ballads are those which recount the noble deeds of the early heroes of Spain: of Bernardo del Carpio, the Cid, Martin Pelaez, Garcia Perez de Vargas, Alonso de Aguilar, and many others whose names stand conspicuous in Spanish history. Indeed, these ballads may themselves

be regarded in the light of historic documents; they are portraits of long-departed ages, and if at times their features are exaggerated and coloured with too bold a contrast of light and shade, yet the free and spirited touches of a master's hand are recognised in all. They are instinct, too, with the spirit of Castilian pride, with the high and dauntless spirit of liberty that burned so fiercely of old in the heart of the brave hidalgo. Take, for example, the ballad of the Five Farthings. King Alfonso the Eighth, having exhausted his treasury in war, wishes to lay a tax of five farthings upon each of the Castilian hidalgos, in order to defray the expenses of a journey from Burgos to Cuenca. This proposition of the king was met with disdain by the noblemen who had been assembled on the occasion :—

Don Nuño, Count of Lara,
 In anger and in pride,
 Forgot all reverence for the king,
 And thus in wrath replied :—

“ Our noble ancestors,” quoth he,
 “ Ne'er such a tribute paid ;
 Nor shall the king receive of us
 What they have once gainsaid.

“ The base-born soul who deems it just
 May here with thee remain ;
 But follow me, ye cavaliers,
 Ye noblemen of Spain.”

Forth followed they the noble count,
 They marched to Glera's plain ;
 Out of three thousand gallant knights
 Did only three remain.

They tied the tribute to their spears,
 They raised it in the air,
 And they sent to tell their lord the king
 That his tax was ready there.

“He may send and take by force,” said they,
 “This paltry sum of gold;
 But the goodly gift of liberty
 Cannot be bought and sold.”

The same gallant spirit breathes through all the historic ballads; but, perhaps, most fervently in those which relate to Bernado del Carpio. How spirit-stirring are all the speeches which the ballad-writers have put into the mouth of this valiant hero! “Ours is the blood of the Goth,” says he to King Alfonso; “sweet to us is liberty, and bondage odious!”—“The king may give his castles to the Frank, but not his vassals; for kings themselves hold no dominion over the free will!” He and his followers would rather die freemen than live slaves! If these are the common watchwords of liberty at the present day, they were no less so among the high-born and high-souled Spaniards of the eighth century.

One of the finest of the historic ballads is that which describes Bernardo's march to Roncesvalles. He sallies forth “with three thousand Leonese and more,” to protect the glory and freedom of his native land. From all sides the peasantry of the land flock to the hero's standard:—

The peasant leaves his plough afield,
 The reaper leaves his hook,
 And from his hand the shepherd-boy
 Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,
 The old forget their years,
 The feeble man grows stout of heart,
 No more the craven fears.

All rush to Bernard's standard,
 And on liberty they call;
 They cannot brook to wear the yoke,
 When threatened by the Gaul.

“Free were we born,” ’tis thus they cry,
 “And willingly pay we
 The duty that we owe our king,
 By the divine decree.

“But God forbid that we obey
 The laws of foreign knaves,
 Tarnish the glory of our sires,
 And make our children slaves.

“Our hearts have not so craven grown,
 So bloodless all our veins,
 So vigourless our brawny arms,
 As to submit to chains.

“Has the audacious Frank, forsooth,
 Subdued these seas and lands?
 Shall he a bloodless victory have?
 No; not while we have hands.

“He shall learn that the gallant Leonese
 Can bravely fight and fall;
 But that they know not how to yield;
 They are Castilians all.

“Was it for this the Roman power
 Of old was made to yield
 Unto Numantia’s valiant hosts,
 On many a bloody field?

“Shall the bold lions, that have bathed
 Their paws in Libyan gore,
 Crouch basely to a feebler foe,
 And dare the strife no more?

“Let the false king sell town and tower,
 Bat not his vassals free;
 For to subdue the free-born soul
 No royal power hath he!”

These short specimens will suffice to show the spirit of the old heroic ballads of Spain; the Romances del Cid, and those that rehearse the gallant achievements of many

other champions, brave and stalwart knights of old, I must leave unnoticed, and pass to another field of chivalry and song.

The next class of the ancient Spanish ballads is the Romantic, including those which relate to the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne and other imaginary heroes of the days of chivalry. There is an exaggeration in the prowess of these heroes of romance which is in accordance with the warmth of a Spanish imagination; and the ballads which celebrate their achievements still go from mouth to mouth among the peasantry of Spain, and are hawked about the streets by the blind ballad-monger.

Among the romantic ballads, those of the Twelve Peers stand pre-eminent; not so much for their poetic merit as for the fame of their heroes. In them are sung the valiant knights whose history is written more at large in the prose romances of chivalry,—Orlando, and Oliver, and Montesinos, and Durandarte, and the Marques de Mantua, and the other paladins, "*que en una mesa comian pan.*" These ballads are of different length and various degrees of merit. Of some a few lines only remain; they are evidently fragments of larger works; while others, on the contrary, aspire to the length and dignity of epic poems;—witness the ballads of the Conde de Irlas and the Marques de Mantua, each of which consists of nearly a thousand long and sonorous hexameters.

Among these ballads of the Twelve Peers there are many of great beauty; others possess little merit, and are wanting in vigour and conciseness. From the structure of the versification, I should rank them among the oldest of the Spanish ballads. They are all monorhythmic, with full consonant rhymes.

To the romantic ballads belong also a great number

which recount the deeds of less celebrated heroes; but among them all none is so curious as that of Virgil. Like the old French romance-writers of the Middle Ages, the early Spanish poets introduce the Mantuan bard as a knight of chivalry. The ballad informs us that a certain king kept him imprisoned seven years, for what old Brantôme would call *outrécuydance* with a certain Doña Isabel. But being at mass on Sunday, the recollection of Virgil comes suddenly into his mind, when he ought to be attending to the priest; and, turning to his knights, he asks them what has become of Virgil. One of them replies, "Your Highness has him imprisoned in your dungeons;" to which the king makes answer with the greatest coolness, by telling them that the dinner is waiting, and that after they have dined they will pay Virgil a visit in his prison. Then up and spake the queen like a true heroine; quoth she, "I will not dine without him;" and straightway they all repaired to the prison, where they find the incarcerated knight engaged in the pleasant pastime of combing his hair and arranging his beard. He tells the king very coolly that on that very day he has been a prisoner seven years. To this the king replies, "Hush, hush, Virgil; it takes three more to make ten."—"Sire," says Virgil, with the same philosophical composure, "if your Highness so ordains, I will pass my whole life here."—"As a reward for your patience, you shall dine with me to-day," says the king.—"My coat is torn," says Virgil; "I am not in trim to make a leg." But this difficulty is removed by the promise of a new suit from the king; and they go to dinner. Virgil delights both knights and damsels, but most of all Doña Isabel. The archbishop is called in; they are married forthwith, and the ballad closes like a scene in some old play:—"He takes her by the hand, and leads her to the garden."

Such is this curious ballad.

I now turn to one of the most beautiful of these ancient Spanish poems;—it is the Romance del Conde Alarcos; a ballad full of interest and of touching pathos. The story is briefly this. The Count Alarcos, after being secretly betrothed to the Infanta Solisa, forsakes her and weds another lady. Many years afterward, the princess, sitting alone, as she was wont, and bemoaning her forsaken lot, resolves to tell the cause of her secret sorrow to the king her father; and, after confessing her clandestine love for Count Alarcos, demands the death of the countess, to heal her wounded honour. Her story awakens the wrath of the king; he acknowledges the justness of her demand, seeks an interview with the count, and sets the case before him in so strong a light, that finally he wrings from him a promise to put his wife to death with his own hand. The count returns homeward a grief-stricken man, weeping the sad destiny of his wife, and saying within himself, “How shall I look upon her smile of joy when she comes forth to meet me?” The countess welcomes his return with affectionate tenderness; but he is heavy at heart, and disconsolate. He sits down to supper with his children around him, but the food is untasted; he hides his face in his hands, and weeps. At length they retire to their chamber. In the language of Mr. Lockhart’s translation,—

“They came together to the bower, where they were used to rest—
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast:
The count had barred the chamber-doors—they ne’er were barred
till then:

‘Unhappy lady,’ he began, ‘and I most lost of men!’

“‘Now speak not so, my noble lord, my husband, and my life!
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarcos’ wife!’
‘Alas! unhappy lady, ’tis but little that you know;
For in that very word you’ve said is gathered all your woe.

“ ‘ Long since I loved a lady—long since I oaths did plight
 To be that lady’s husband, to love her day and night;
 Her father is our lord the king—to him the thing is known;
 And now—that I the news should bring!—she claims me for her
 OWN.

“ ‘ Alas! my love, alas! my life, the right is on their side;
 Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride;
 But—O, that I should speak the word!—since in her place you lie,
 It is the bidding of our lord that you this night must die.’

“ ‘ Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal?
 O, kill me not, thou noble Count, when at thy foot I kneel!
 But send me to my father’s house, where once I dwelt in glee;
 There will I live a lone, chaste life, and rear my children three.’

“ ‘ It may not be—mine oath is strong—ere dawn of day you die.’
 ‘ O, well ’tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I!—
 My father is an old, frail man; my mother’s in her grave;
 And dead is stout Don Garci—alas! my brother brave!

“ ‘ ’Twas at this coward king’s command they slew my brother dear,
 And now I ’m helpless in the land!—it is not death I fear,
 But loath, loath am I to depart, and leave my children so;—
 Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them, ere I go.’

“ ‘ Kiss him that lies upon thy breast—the rest thou mayst not see.’
 ‘ I fain would say an Ave.’ ‘ Then say it speedily.’
 She knelt her down upon her knee,—‘ O Lord, behold my case!
 Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace!’

“ ‘ When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose:—
 ‘ Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose;
 And now give me my boy once more, upon my breast to hold,
 That he may drink one farewell drink before my breast be cold.’

“ ‘ Why would you waken the poor child? you see he is asleep;
 Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep.’
 ‘ Now, hear me, Count Alarcos! I give thee pardon free;
 I pardon thee for the love’s sake wherewith I’ve loved thee;—

“ ‘ But they have not my pardon—the king and his proud daughter;
 The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter!
 I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
 To meet me in the realm of death, and at God’s awful throne!’ ”

The count then strangles her with a scarf, and the ballad concludes with the fulfilment of the dying lady's prayer, in the death of the king and the Infanta within twenty days of her own.

Few, I think, will be disposed to question the beauty of this ancient ballad, though the refined and cultivated taste of many may revolt from the seemingly unnatural incident upon which it is founded. It must be recollected that this is a scene taken from a barbarous age, when the life of even the most cherished and beloved was held of little value in comparison with a chivalrous but false and exaggerated point of honour. It must be borne in mind also, that, notwithstanding the boasted liberty of the Castilian hidalgos, and their frequent rebellions against the crown, a deep reverence for the divine right of kings, and a consequent disposition to obey the mandates of the throne, at almost any sacrifice, has always been one of the prominent traits of the Spanish character. When taken in connection with these circumstances, the story of this old ballad ceases to be so grossly improbable as it seems at first sight; and, indeed, becomes an illustration of national character. In all probability, the story of the Conde Alarcos had some foundation in fact.*

The third class of the ancient Spanish ballads is the Moorish. Here we enter a new world, more gorgeous and more dazzling than that of Gothic chronicle and tradition. The stern spirits of Bernardo, the Cid, and Mudarra have passed away; the mail-clad forms of Guarinos, Orlando, and Durandarte are not here; the scene is changed; it is

* This exaggerated reverence for the person and prerogatives of the king has furnished the groundwork of two of the best dramas in the Spanish language; *La Estrella de Sevilla*, by Lope de Vega, and *Del Rey abajo Ninguno*, by Francisco de Rojas.

the bridal of Andalla; the bull-fight of Ganzul. The sunshine of Andalusia glances upon the marble halls of Granada, and green are the banks of the Xenil and the Darro. A band of Moorish knights gaily arrayed in gambesons of crimson silk, with scarfs of blue and jewelled tahalies, sweep like the wind through the square of Vivarambla. They ride to the Tournament of Reeds; the Moorish maiden leans from the balcony; bright eyes glisten from many a lattice; and the victorious knight receives the prize of valour from the hand of her whose beauty is like the star-lit night. These are the Xarifas, the Celindas, and Lindaraxas—the Andallas, Ganzules, and Abenzaydes of Moorish song.

Then comes the sound of the silver clarion, and the roll of the Moorish atabal, down from the snowy pass of the Sierra Nevada and across the gardens of the Vega. Alhama has fallen! woe is me, Alhama! The Christian is at the gates of Granada; the banner of the cross floats from the towers of the Alhambra! And these, too, are themes for the minstrel—themes sung alike by Moor and Spaniard.

Among the Moorish ballads are included not only those which were originally composed in Arabic, but all that relate to the manners, customs, and history of the Moors in Spain. In most of them the influence of an Oriental taste is clearly visible; their spirit is more refined and effeminate than that of the historic and romantic ballads, in which no trace of such an influence is perceptible. The spirit of the Cid is stern, unbending, steel-clad; his hand grasps his sword Tizona; his heel wounds the flank of his steed Babieca.

“La mano aprieta à Tizona,
Y el talon fiere à Babieca.”

But the spirit of Arbolan the Moor, though resolute in

camp, is effeminate in courts; he is a diamond among scimitars, yet graceful in the dance;—

“Diamante entre los alfanges,
Gracioso en baylar las zambras.”

The ancient ballads are stamped with the character of their heroes. Abundant illustrations of this could be given, but it is not necessary.

Among the most spirited of the Moorish ballads are those which are interwoven in the History of the Civil Wars of Granada. The following, entitled “A very mournful Ballad on the Siege and Conquest of Alhama,” is very beautiful; and such was the effect it produced upon the Moors, that it was forbidden, on pain of death, to sing it within the walls of Granada. The translation, which is executed with great skill and fidelity, is from the pen of Lord Byron.

“The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada’s royal town;
From Elvira’s gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

“Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama’s city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

“He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

“When the Alhambra’s walls he gained,
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

“ And when the hollow drums of war
 Beat the loud alarm afar,
 That the Moors of town and plain
 Might answer to the martial strain—
 Woe is me, Alhama!

“ Then the Moors, by this aware
 That bloody Mars recalled them there,
 One by one, and two by two,
 To a mighty squadron grew.
 Woe is me, Alhama!

“ Out then spake an aged Moor
 In these words the king before:—
 ‘ Wherefore call on us, O king?
 What may mean this gathering?’
 Woe is me, Alhama!

“ ‘ Friends! ye have, alas! to know
 Of a most disastrous blow;
 That the Christians, stern and bold,
 Have obtained Alhama’s hold.’
 Woe is me, Alhama!

“ Out then spake old Alfaqui,
 With his beard so white to see:—
 ‘ Good king, thou art justly served;
 Good king, this thou hast deserved.
 Woe is me, Alhama!

“ ‘ By thee were slain, in evil hour,
 The Abencerrage, Granada’s flower;
 And strangers were received by thee
 Of Córdoba the chivalry.
 Woe is me, Alhama!

“ ‘ And for this, O king! is sent
 On thee a double chastisement;
 Thee and thine; thy crown and realm,
 One last wreck shall overwhelm.
 Woe is me, Alhama!

“ ‘ He who holds no laws in awe,
 He must perish by the law;

And Granada must be won,
 And thyself with her undone.'
 Woe is me, Alhama!

"Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes;
 The monarch's wrath began to rise,
 Because he answered, and because
 He spake exceeding well of laws.
 Woe is me, Alhama!

" 'There is no law to say such things
 As may disgust the ear of kings!'
 Thus, snorting with his choler, said
 The Moorish king, and doomed him dead.
 Woe is me, Alhama!"

Such are the ancient ballads of Spain; poems which, like the Gothic cathedrals of the Middle Ages, have outlived the names of their builders. They are the handiwork of wandering, homeless minstrels, who for their daily bread thus "built the lofty rhyme;" and whose names, like their dust and ashes, have long, long been wrapped in a shroud. "These poets," says an anonymous writer, "have left behind them no trace to which the imagination can attach itself; they have 'died and made no sign.' We pass from the infancy of Spanish poetry to the age of Charles, through a long vista of monuments without inscriptions, as the traveller approaches the noise and bustle of modern Rome through the lines of silent and unknown tombs that border the Appian Way."

Before closing this essay, I must allude to the unfavourable opinion which the learned Dr. Southey has expressed concerning the merit of these old Spanish ballads. In his preface to the Chronicle of the Cid, he says,—“The heroic ballads of the Spaniards have been overrated in this country; they are infinitely and every way inferior to our own; there are some spirited ones in the Guerras Civiles

de Granada, from which the rest have been estimated; but, excepting these, I know none of any value among the many hundreds which I have perused." On this field I am willing to do battle, though it be with a veteran knight who bears enchanted arms, and whose sword, like that of Martin Antolinez, "illumines all the field." That the old Spanish ballads may have been overrated, and that as a whole they are inferior to the English, I concede; that many of the hundred ballads of the Cid are wanting in interest, and that many of those of the Twelve Peers of France are languid, and drawn out beyond the patience of the most patient reader, I concede; I willingly confess, also, that among them all I have found none that can rival in graphic power the short but wonderful ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, wherein the mariner sees "the new moon with the old moon in her arm," or the more modern one of the Battle of Agincourt, by Michael Drayton, beginning—

• "Fair stood the wind for France,
 As we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;
 But putting to the main,
 At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry."

All this I readily concede; but that the old Spanish ballads are infinitely and every way inferior to the English, and that among them all there are none of any value, save a few which celebrate the civil wars of Granada—this I deny. The March of Bernardo del Carpio is hardly inferior to Chevy Chase; and the ballad of the Conde Alarcos, in simplicity and pathos, has no peer in all English balladry—it is superior to Edem o' Gordon.

But a truce to criticism. Already, methinks, I hear the

voice of a drowsy and prosaic herald proclaiming, in the language of Don Quixote to the puppet-player, "Make an end, Master Peter; for it grows toward supper-time, and I have some symptoms of hunger upon me."

THE VILLAGE OF EL PARDILLO.

When the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams we now see glide so quietly by us.

IZAACK WALTON.

IN that delicious season when the coy and capricious maidenhood of spring is swelling into the warmer, riper, and more voluptuous womanhood of summer, I left Madrid for the village of El Pardillo. I had already seen enough of the villages of the North of Spain to know that for the most part they have few charms to entice one from the city; but I was curious to see the peasantry of the land in their native homes—to see how far the shepherds of Castile resemble those who sigh and sing in the pastoral romances of Montemayor and Gaspar Gil Polo.

I love the city and its busy hum; I love that glad excitement of the crowd which makes the pulse beat quick, the freedom from restraint, the absence of those curious eyes and idle tongues which persecute one in villages and provincial towns. I love the country, too, in its season; and there is no scene over which my eye roves with more delight than the face of a summer landscape dimpled with soft sunny hollows, and smiling in all the freshness and luxuriance of June. There is no book in which I read sweeter lessons of virtue, or find the beauty of a quiet life more legibly recorded. My heart drinks in the tranquillity

of the scene ; and I never hear the sweet warble of a bird from its native wood, without a silent wish that such a cheerful voice and peaceful shade were mine. There is a beautiful moral feeling connected with everything in rural life, which is not dreamed of in the philosophy of the city ; the voice of the brook and the language of the winds and woods are no poetic fiction. What an impressive lesson is there in the opening bud of spring ! what an eloquent homily in the fall of the autumnal leaf ! How well does the song of a passing bird represent the glad but transitory days of youth ! and in the hollow tree and hooting owl what a melancholy image of the decay and imbecility of old age ! In the beautiful language of an English poet :—

“Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

“Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer ;

“Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned ;

“To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,—
Its choir the winds and waves,—its organ thunder,—
Its dome the sky.

“There, amid solitude and shade, I wander
Through the green aisles, and, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.”

But the traveller who journeys through the northern provinces of Spain will look in vain for the charms of rural

scenery in the villages he passes. Instead of trim cottages, and gardens, and the grateful shade of trees, he will see a cluster of stone hovels roofed with red tiles and basking in the hot sun, without a single tree to lend him shade or shelter; and instead of green meadows and woodlands vocal with the song of birds, he will find bleak and rugged mountains, and vast extended plains, that stretch away beyond his ken.

It was my good fortune, however, to find, not many leagues from the metropolis, a village which could boast the shadow of a few trees. El Pardillo is situated on the southern slope of the Guadarrama Mountains, just where the last broken spurs of the sierra stretch forward into the vast table-land of New Castile. The village itself, like most other Castilian villages, is only a cluster of weather-stained and dilapidated houses, huddled together without beauty or regularity; but the scenery around it is picturesque,—a mingling of hill and dale, sprinkled with patches of cultivated land and clumps of forest-trees; and in the background, the blue, vapoury outline of the Guadarrama Mountains melting into the sky.

In this quiet place I sojourned for a season, accompanied by the publican Don Valentin and his fair daughter Florencia. We took up our abode in the cottage of a peasant named Lucas, an honest tiller of the soil, simple and good-natured; or, in the more emphatic language of Don Valentin, "*un hombre muy infeliz, y sin malicia ninguna.*" Not so his wife Martina; she was a Tartar, and so mettlesome withal, that poor Lucas skulked doggedly about his own premises, with his head down and his tail between his legs.

In this little village my occupations were few and simple. My morning's walk was to the Cross of Espalmado, a large wooden crucifix in the fields; the day was passed with books, or with any idle companion I was lucky enough to

catch by the button, and bribe with a cigar into a long story, or a little village gossip; and I whiled away the evening in peeping round among the cottagers, studying the beautiful landscape that spread before me, and watching the occasional gathering of a storm about the blue peaks of the Guadarrama Mountains. My favourite haunt was a secluded spot in a little woodland valley, through which a crystal brook ran brawling along its pebbly channel. There, stretched in the shadow of a tree, I often passed the hours of noontide heat, now reading the magic numbers of Garcilaso, and anon listening to the song of the nightingale overhead; or watching the toil of a patient ant, as he rolled his stone, like Sisyphus, up-hill, or the flight of a bee darting from flower to flower, and "hiding his murmurs in the rose."

Blame me not, thou studious moralist,—blame me not unheard for this idle dreaming; such moments are not wholly thrown away. In the language of Goethe, "I lie down in the grass near a falling brook, and close to the earth a thousand varieties of grasses become perceptible. When I listen to the hum of the little world between the stubble, and see the countless indescribable forms of insects, I feel the presence of the Almighty who has created us,—the breath of the All-benevolent who supports us in perpetual enjoyment."

The village church, too, was a spot around which I occasionally lingered of an evening, when in pensive or melancholy mood. And here, gentle reader, thy imagination will straightway conjure up a scene of ideal beauty,—a village church with decent white-washed walls, and modest spire just peeping forth from a clump of trees! No; I will not deceive thee;—the church of El Pardillo resembles not this picture of thy well-tutored fancy. It is a gloomy little edifice, standing upon the outskirts of the village, and built

of dark and unhewn stone, with a spire like a sugar-loaf. There is no grass-plot in front, but a little esplanade beaten hard by the footsteps of the church-going peasantry. The tombstone of one of the patriarchs of the village serves as a door-step, and a single solitary tree throws its friendly shade upon the portals of the little sanctuary.

One evening, as I loitered around this spot, the sound of an organ and the chant of youthful voices from within struck my ear: the church-door was ajar, and I entered. There stood the priest, surrounded by a group of children, who were singing a hymn to the Virgin:—

“Ave, Regina cœlorum,
Ave, Domina angelorum.”

There is something exceedingly thrilling in the voices of children singing. Though their music be unskilful, yet it finds its way to the heart with wonderful celerity. Voices of cherubs are they, for they breathe of paradise; clear, liquid tones, that flow from pure lips and innocent hearts, like the sweetest notes of a flute, or the falling of water from a fountain! When the chant was finished, the priest opened a little book which he held in his hand, and began, with a voice as solemn as a funeral bell, to question this class of roguish little catechumens, whom he was initiating into the mysterious doctrines of the mother church. Some of the questions and answers were so curious, that I cannot refrain from repeating them here; and should any one doubt their authenticity, he will find them in the Spanish catechisms.

“In what consists the mystery of the Holy Trinity?”

“In one God, who is three persons; and three persons, who are but one God.”

“But tell me—three human persons, are they not three men?”

“Yes, father.”

“Then why are not three divine persons three Gods?”

“Because three human persons have three human natures; but the three divine persons have only one divine nature.”

“Can you explain this by an example?”

“Yes, father; as a tree which has three branches is still but one tree, since all the three branches spring from one trunk, so the three divine persons are but one God, because they all have the same divine nature.”

“Where were these three divine persons before the heavens and the earth were created?”

“In themselves.”

“Which of them was made man?”

“The Son.”

“And after the Son was made man, was he still God?”

“Yes, father; for in becoming man he did not cease to be God, any more than a man when he becomes a monk ceases to be a man.”

“How was the Son of God made flesh?”

“He was born of the most holy Virgin Mary.”

“And can we still call her a virgin?”

“Yes, father; for as a ray of the sun may pass through a pane of glass, and the glass remain unbroken, so the Virgin Mary, after the birth of her Son, was a pure and holy virgin as before.” *

* This illustration was also made use of during the dark ages. Pierre de Corbiac, a Troubadour of the thirteenth century, thus introduces it in a poem entitled Prayer to the Virgin:—

“Domna, verges pur' e fina
 Ans que fos l' enfantamens,
 Et apres tot eissamens,
 De vos trais sa carn humana
 Jhesu-Christ nostre salvaire
 Si com ses trencamens faire
 Intra'l bel rais quan solelha
 Per la fenestra veirina.”

“Who died to save and redeem us?”

“The Son of God: as man, and not as God.”

“How could he suffer and die as man only, being both God and man, and yet but one person?”

“As in a heated bar of iron upon which water is thrown, the heat only is affected and not the iron, so the Son of God suffered in his human nature and not in his divine.”

“And when the spirit was separated from his most precious body, whither did the spirit go?”

“To limbo, to glorify the souls of the holy fathers.”

“And the body?”

“It was carried to the grave.”

“Did the divinity remain united with the spirit or with the body?”

“With both. As a soldier, when he unsheathes his sword, remains united both with the sword and the sheath, though they are separated from each other, so did the divinity remain united both with the spirit and body of Christ, though the spirit was separated and removed from the body.”

I did not quarrel with the priest for having been born and educated in a different faith from mine; but as I left the church and sauntered slowly homeward, I could not help asking myself, in a whisper, Why perplex the spirit of a child with these metaphysical subtleties, these dark, mysterious speculations, which man in all his pride of intellect cannot fathom or explain?

I must not forget, in this place, to make honourable mention of the little great men of El Pardillo. And first in order comes the priest. He was a short, portly man, serious in manner, and of grave and reverend presence; though at the same time there was a dash of the jolly-friar about him; and on hearing a good joke or a sly

innuendo, a smile would gleam in his eye, and play over his round face, like the light of a glow-worm. His house-keeper was a brisk, smiling little woman, on the shady side of thirty, and a cousin of his to boot. Whenever she was mentioned, Don Valentin looked wise, as if this cousinship were apocryphal; but he said nothing—not he; what right had he to be peeping into other people's business, when he had only one eye to look after his own withal? Next in rank to the Dominie was the Alcalde, justice of the peace and quorum; a most potent, grave, and reverend personage, with a long beak of a nose, and a pouch under his chin, like a pelican. He was a man of few words, but great in authority; and his importance was vastly increased in the village by a pair of double-barrelled spectacles, so contrived, that, when bent over his desk and deeply buried in his musty papers, he could look up and see what was going on around him without moving his head, whereby he got the reputation of seeing twice as much as other people. There was the village surgeon, too, a tall man with a varnished hat and a starved dog; he had studied at the University of Salamanca, and was pompous and pedantic, ever and anon quoting some threadbare maxim from the Greek philosophers, and embellishing it with a commentary of his own. Then there was the gray-headed Sacristan, who rang the church-bell, played on the organ, and was learned in tombstone lore; a Politician, who talked me to death about taxes, liberty, and the days of the constitution; and a Notary Public, a poor man with a large family, who would make a paper-cigar last half an hour, and who kept up his respectability in the village by keeping a horse.

Beneath the protecting shade of these great men full many an inhabitant of El Pardillo was born and buried. The village continued to flourish, a quiet, happy place,

though all unknown to fame. The inhabitants were orderly and industrious, went regularly to mass and confession, kept every saint's day in the calendar, and devoutly hung Judas once a year in effigy. On Sundays and all other holydays, when mass was over, the time was devoted to sports and recreation; and the day passed off in social visiting and athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling, pitching quoits, and heaving the bar. When evening came, the merry sound of the guitar summoned to the dance; then every nook and alley poured forth its youthful company,—light of heart and heel, and decked out in all the holiday finery of flowers, and ribands, and crimson sashes. A group gathered before the cottage-door; the signal was given, and away whirled the merry dancers to the wild music of voice and guitar, and the measured beat of castanet and tambourine.

I love these rural dances,—from my heart I love them.—This world, at best, is so full of care and sorrow,—the life of a poor man is so stained with the sweat of his brow,—there is so much toil, and struggling, and anguish, and disappointment here below, that I gaze with delight on a scene where all these are laid aside and forgotten, and the heart of the toil-worn peasant seems to throw off its load, and to leap to the sound of music, when merrily,

“Beneath soft eve's consenting star,
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet.”

Not many miles from the village of El Pardillo stands the ruined castle of Villafranca, an ancient stronghold of the Moors of the fifteenth century. It is built upon the summit of a hill, of easy ascent upon one side, but precipitous and inaccessible on the other. The front presents a large, square tower, constituting the main part of the castle;

on one side of which an arched gateway leads to a spacious court-yard within, surrounded by battlements. The corner towers are circular, with beetling turrets; and here and there, apart from the main body of the castle, stand several circular basements, whose towers have fallen and mouldered into dust. From the balcony in the square tower, the eye embraces the level landscape for leagues and leagues around; and beneath, in the depth of the valley, lies a beautiful grove, alive with the song of the nightingale. The whole castle is in ruin, and occupied only as a hunting-lodge, being inhabited by a solitary tenant, who has charge of the adjacent domain.

One holyday, when mass was said and the whole village was let loose to play, we made a pilgrimage to the ruins of this old Moorish alcázar. Our cavalcade was as motley as that of old,—the pilgrims “that toward Canterbury wolden ride;” for we had the priest and the doctor of physic, and the man of laws, and a wife of Bath, and many more whom I must leave unsung. Merrily flew the hours and fast; and sitting after dinner in the gloomy hall of that old castle, many a tale was told, and many a legend and tradition of the past conjured up to satisfy the curiosity of the present.

Most of these tales were about the Moors who built the castle, and the treasures they had buried beneath it. Then the priest told the story of a lawyer who sold himself to the devil for a pot of money, and was burnt by the Holy Inquisition therefore. In his confession, he told how he had learned from a Jew the secret of raising the devil; how he went to the castle at midnight with a book which the Jew gave him, and, to make the charm sure, carried with him a loadstone, six nails from the coffin of a child of three years, six tapers of rosewax, made by a child of four years, the skin and blood of a young kid, an iron fork, with which the kid had

been killed, a few hazel-rods, a flask of high-proof brandy, and some *lignum-vitæ* charcoal to make a fire. When he read in the book, the devil appeared in the shape of a man dressed in flesh-coloured clothes, with long nails, and large fiery eyes, and he signed an agreement with him written in blood, promising never to go to mass, and to give him his soul at the end of eight years; in return for this, he was to have a million of dollars in good money, which the devil was to bring to him the next night; but when the next night came, and the lawyer had conjured from his book, instead of the devil, there appeared—who do you think?—the *alcalde*, with half the village at his heels, and the poor lawyer was handed over to the Inquisition, and burnt for dealing in the black art.

I intended to repeat here some of the many tales that were told; but, upon reflection, they seem too frivolous, and must therefore give place to a more serious theme.

THE DEVOTIONAL POETRY OF SPAIN.

Heaven's dove, when highest he flies,
Flies with thy heavenly wings.

CRASHAW.

THERE is hardly a chapter in literary history more strongly marked with the peculiarities of national character than that which contains the moral and devotional poetry of Spain. It would naturally be expected that in this department of literature all the fervency and depth of national feeling would be exhibited. But still, as the spirit of morality and devotion is the same, wherever it exists,—as the enthusiasm of virtue and religion is everywhere essentially the same feeling, though modified in its

degree and in its action by a variety of physical causes and local circumstances,—and as the subject of the didactic verse and the spiritual canticle cannot be materially changed by the change of nation and climate, it might at the first glance seem quite as natural to expect that the moral and devotional poetry of Christian countries would never be very strongly marked with national peculiarities. In other words, we should expect it to correspond to the warmth or coldness of national feeling, for it is the external and visible expression of this feeling; but not to the distinctions of national character, because, its nature and object being everywhere the same, these distinctions become swallowed up in one universal Christian character.

In moral poetry this is doubtless true. The great principles of Christian morality being eternal and invariable; the verse which embodies and represents them must, from this very circumstance, be the same in its spirit through all Christian lands. The same, however, is not necessarily true of devotional or religious poetry. There, the language of poetry is something more than the visible image of a devotional spirit. It is also an expression of religious faith; shadowing forth, with greater or less distinctness, its various creeds and doctrines. As these are different in different nations, the spirit that breathes in religious song, and the letter that gives utterance to the doctrine of faith, will not be universally the same. Thus, Catholic nations sing the praises of the Virgin Mary in language in which nations of the Protestant faith do not unite; and among Protestants themselves, the difference of interpretations, and the consequent belief or disbelief of certain doctrines, give a various spirit and expression to religious poetry. And yet, in all, the devotional feeling, the heavenward volition, is the same.

As far, then, as peculiarities of religious faith exercise an influence upon intellectual habits, and thus become a part of national character, so far will the devotional or religious poetry of a country exhibit the characteristic peculiarities resulting from this influence of faith, and its assimilation with the national mind. Now, Spain is by pre-eminence the Catholic land of Christendom. Most of her historic recollections are more or less intimately associated with the triumphs of the Christian faith; and many of her warriors—of her best and bravest—were martyrs in the holy cause, perishing in that war of centuries which was carried on within her own territories between the crescent of Mahomet and the cross of Christ. Indeed, the whole tissue of her history is interwoven with miraculous tradition. The intervention of her patron saint has saved her honour in more than one dangerous pass; and the war-shout of "*Santiago, y cierra España!*" has worked like a charm upon the wavering spirit of the soldier. A reliance on the guardian ministry of the saints pervades the whole people, and devotional offerings for signal preservation in times of danger and distress cover the consecrated walls of churches. An enthusiasm of religious feeling, and of external ritual observances, prevails throughout the land. But more particularly is the name of the Virgin honoured and adored. *Ave Maria* is the salutation of peace at the friendly threshold, and the God-speed to the wayfarer. It is the evening orison, when the toils of day are done; and at midnight it echoes along the solitary streets in the voice of the watchman's cry.

These and similar peculiarities of religious faith are breathing and moving through a large portion of the devotional poetry of Spain. It is not only instinct with religious feeling, but incorporated with "the substance of

things not seen." Not only are the poet's lips touched with a coal from the altar, but his spirit is folded in the cloud of incense that rises before the shrines of the Virgin Mother, and the glorious company of the saints and martyrs. His soul is not wholly swallowed up in the contemplation of the sublime attributes of the Eternal Mind; but, with its lamp trimmed and burning, it goeth out to meet the bridegroom, as if he were coming in a bodily presence.

The history of the devotional poetry of Spain commences with the legendary lore of Maestro Gonzalo de Berceo, a secular priest, whose life was passed in the cloisters of a Benedictine convent, and amid the shadows of the thirteenth century. The name of Berceo stands foremost on the catalogue of Spanish poets, for the author of the Poem of the Cid is unknown. The old patriarch of Spanish poetry has left a monument of his existence in upwards of thirteen thousand alexandrines, celebrating the lives and miracles of saints and the Virgin, as he found them written in the Latin chronicles and dusty legends of his monastery. In embodying these in rude verse in *roman paladino*, or the old Spanish romance tongue, intelligible to the common people, Fray Gonzalo seems to have passed his life. His writings are just such as we should expect from the pen of a monk of the thirteenth century. They are more ghostly than poetical; and throughout, unction holds the place of inspiration. Accordingly, they illustrate very fully the preceding remarks; and the more so, inasmuch as they are written with the most ample and childish credulity, and the utmost singleness of faith touching the events and miracles described.

The following extract is taken from one of Berceo's poems, entitled "*Vida de San Millan*" It is a description of the miraculous appearance of Santiago and San Millan, mounted

on snow-white steeds, and fighting for the cause of Christendom, at the battle of Simancas in the *Campo de Toro*.

And when the kings were in the field,—their squadrons in array,—
With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray ;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes,—
These were a numerous army,—a little handful those.

And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts
on high ;
And there two figures they beheld, all beautiful and bright,
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen ;
The one, he held a crosier,—a pontiff's mitre wore ;
The other held a crucifix,—such man ne'er saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they,—
And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way ;
They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,
And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart again ;
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle-ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around ;
Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high ;
The Moors raised up their voices and by the Koran swore
That in their lives such deadly fray they ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers,—fast sped the bloody fight,—
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half dead with fright :
Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

Another thing befell them,—they dreamed not of such woes,—
 The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows
 Turned back against them in their flight and wounded them full sore,
 And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

.

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal crown had on,
 Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of Saint John;
 And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
 Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighbourhood.

Berceo's longest poem is entitled "*Miraclos de Nuestra Señora*," Miracles of Our Lady. It consists of nearly four thousand lines, and contains the description of twenty-five miracles. It is a complete homily on the homage and devotion due to the glorious Virgin, *Madre de Jhu Xto*, Mother of Jesus Christ; but it is written in a low and vulgar style, strikingly at variance with the elevated character of the subject. Thus, in the twentieth miracle, we have the account of a monk who became intoxicated in a wine-cellar. Having lain on the floor till the vesper-bell aroused him, he staggered off towards the church in most melancholy plight. The Evil One besets him on the way, assuming the various shapes of a bull, a dog, and a lion; but from all these perils he is miraculously saved by the timely intervention of the Virgin, who, finding him still too much intoxicated to make his way to bed, kindly takes him by the hand, leads him to his pallet, covers him with a blanket and a counterpane, smooths his pillow, and, after making the sign of the cross over him, tells him to rest quietly, for sleep will do him good.

To a certain class of minds there may be something interesting and even affecting in descriptions which represent the spirit of a departed saint as thus assuming a corporeal shape, in order to assist and console human nature even in its baser infirmities; but it ought also to be considered

how much such descriptions tend to strip religion of its peculiar sanctity, to bring it down from its heavenly abode, not merely to dwell among men, but, like an imprisoned culprit, to be chained to the derelict of principle, manacled with the base desire and earthly passion, and forced to do the menial offices of a slave. In descriptions of this kind, as in the representations of our Saviour and of sainted spirits in a human shape, execution must of necessity fall far short of the conception. The handiwork cannot equal the glorious archetype, which is visible only to the mental eye. Painting and sculpture are not adequate to the task of embodying in a permanent shape the glorious visions, the radiant forms, the glimpses of heaven, which fill the imagination, when purified and exalted by devotion. The hand of man unconsciously inscribes upon all his works the sentence of imperfection, which the finger of the invisible hand wrote upon the wall of the Assyrian monarch. From this it would seem to be not only a natural but a necessary conclusion, that all the descriptions of poetry which borrow anything, either directly or indirectly, from these bodily and imperfect representations, must partake of their imperfection, and assume a more earthly and material character than those which come glowing and burning from the more spiritualized perceptions of the internal sense.

It is very far from my intention to utter any sweeping denunciation against the divine arts of painting and sculpture, as employed in the exhibition of Scriptural scenes and personages. These I esteem meet ornaments for the house of God; though, as I have already said, their execution cannot equal the high conceptions of an ardent imagination, yet, whenever the hand of a master is visible, —when the marble almost moves before you, and the

painting starts into life from the canvass,—the effect upon an enlightened mind will generally, if not universally, be to quicken its sensibilities and excite to more ardent devotion, by carrying the thoughts beyond the representations of bodily suffering, to the contemplation of the intenser mental agony,—the moral sublimity exhibited by the martyr. The impressions produced, however, will not be the same in all minds; they will necessarily vary according to the prevailing temper and complexion of the mind which receives them. As there is no sound where there is no ear to receive the impulses and vibrations of the air, so is there no moral impression,—no voice of instruction from all the works of nature, and all the imitations of art,—unless there be within the soul itself a capacity for hearing the voice and receiving the moral impulse. The cause exists eternally and universally; but the effect is produced only when and where the cause has room to act, and just in proportion as it has room to act. Hence the various moral impressions, and the several degrees of the same moral impression, which an object may produce in different minds. These impressions will vary in kind and in degree according to the acuteness and the cultivation of the internal moral sense. And thus the representations spoken of above might exercise a very favourable influence upon an enlightened and well-regulated mind, and at the same time a very unfavourable influence upon an unenlightened and superstitious one. And the reason is obvious. An enlightened mind beholds all things in their just proportions, and receives from them the true impressions they are calculated to convey. It is not hoodwinked,—it is not shut up in a gloomy prison, till it thinks the walls of its own dungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge

of all intelligence ; but it walks abroad ; the sunshine and the air pour in to enlighten and expand it ; the various works of nature are its ministering angels ; the glad recipient of light and wisdom, it developes new powers and acquires increased capacities, and thus, rendering itself less subject to error, assumes a nearer similitude to the Eternal Mind. But not so the dark and superstitious mind. It is filled with its own antique and mouldy furniture,—the moth-eaten tome, the gloomy tapestry, the dusty curtain. The straggling sunbeam from without streams through the stained window, and as it enters assumes the colours of the painted glass ; while the half-extinguished fire within, now smouldering in its ashes, and now shooting forth a quivering flame, casts fantastic shadows through the chambers of the soul. Within, the spirit sits, lost in its own abstractions. The voice of nature from without is hardly audible ; her beauties are unseen, or seen only in shadowy forms, through a coloured medium, and with a strained and distorted vision. The invigorating air does not enter that mysterious chamber ; it visits not that lonely inmate, who, breathing only a close, exhausted atmosphere, exhibits in the languid frame and feverish pulse the marks of lingering incurable disease. The picture is not too strongly sketched ; such is the contrast between the free and the superstitious mind. Upon the latter, which has little power over its ideas,—to generalize them, to place them in their proper light and position, to reason upon, to discriminate, to judge them in detail, and thus to arrive at just conclusions ; but, on the contrary, receives every crude and inadequate impression as it first presents itself, and treasures it up as an ultimate fact,—upon such a mind representations of Scripture-scenes, like those mentioned above, exercise an unfavourable influence. Such a mind

cannot rightly estimate, it cannot feel, the work of a master; and a miserable painting, or a still more miserable caricature carved in wood, will serve only the more to drag the spirit down to earth. Thus, in the unenlightened mind, these representations have a tendency to sensualize and desecrate the character of holy things. Being brought constantly before the eye, and represented in a real and palpable form to the external senses, they lose, by being made too familiar, that peculiar sanctity with which the mind naturally invests the unearthly and invisible.

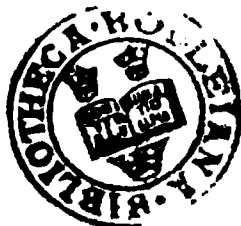
It is curious to observe the influence of the circumstances just referred to upon the devotional poetry of Spain.*

* The following beautiful little hymn in Latin, written by the celebrated Francisco Xavier, the friend and companion of Loyola, and from his zeal in the Eastern missions surnamed the Apostle of the Indies, would hardly have originated in any mind but that of one familiar with the representations of which I have spoken above.

O Deus! ego amo te:
Nec amo te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes te
Æterno punis igne.

Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce,
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam:
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem: et hæc propter me
Ac pro me peccatore.

Cur igitur non amem te,
O Jesu amantissime?
Non ut in cælo salves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me,
Nec præmii ullius spe:
Sed sicut tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo te:



Sometimes it exhibits itself directly and fully, sometimes indirectly and incidentally, but always with sufficient clearness to indicate its origin. Sometimes it destroys the beauty of a poem by a miserable conceit; at other times it gives it the character of a beautiful allegory.*

Solum quia rex meus es,
Et solum quia Deus es.
Amen.

O God! my spirit loves but thee:
Not that in heaven its home may be,
Nor that the souls which love not thee
Shall groan in fire eternally.

But thou on the accursed tree
In mercy hast embraced me.
For me the cruel nails, the spear,
The ignominious scoff, didst bear,
Countless, unutterable woes,—
The bloody sweat,—death's pangs and throes,—
These thou didst bear, all these for me,
A sinner and estranged from thee.

And wherefore no affection show,
Jesus, to thee that lov'st me so?
Not that in heaven my home may be,
Not lest I die eternally,—
Nor from the hopes of joys above me:
But even as thou thyself didst love me,
So love I, and will ever love thee:
Solely because my King art thou,
My God for evermore as now.
Amen.

* I recollect but few instances of this kind of figurative poetry in our language. There is, however, one of most exquisite beauty and pathos, far surpassing anything I have seen of the kind in Spanish. It is a passage from Cowper.

“I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since: with many an arrow deep infixt

The following sonnets will serve as illustrations. They are from the hand of the wonderful Lope de Vega:—

Shepherd! that with thine amorous sylvan song
 Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,
 That madest thy crook from the accursed tree
 On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long,—
 Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains,
 For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be,
 I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains!
 Hear, Shepherd!—thou that for thy flock art dying,
 O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
 Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
 O, wait!—to thee my weary soul is crying,—
 Wait for me!—yet why ask it, when I see,
 With feet nailed to the cross, thou art waiting still for me?

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
 Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
 Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
 O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
 Thy blessed approach! and O, to Heaven how lost,
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet!
 How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
 "Soul, from thy casement look without and see
 How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
 And O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
 "To-morrow we will open!" I replied;
 And when the morrow came, I answered still, "To-morrow!"

The most remarkable portion of the devotional poetry

My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
 There was I found by one who had himself
 Been hurt by archers; in his side he bore,
 And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
 With gentle force soliciting the darts,
 He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live."

of the Spaniards is to be found in their sacred dramas, their *Vidas de Santos* and *Autos Sacramentales*. These had their origin in the Mysteries and Moralities of the dark ages, and are indeed monstrous creations of the imagination. The *Vidas de Santos*, or Lives of Saints, are representations of their miracles, and of the wonderful traditions concerning them. The *Autos Sacramentales* have particular reference to the Eucharist and the ceremonies of the *Corpus Christi*. In these theatrical pieces are introduced upon the stage, not only angels and saints, but God, the Saviour, the Virgin Mary; and in strange juxtaposition with these, devils, peasants, and kings; in fine, they contain the strangest medley of characters, real and allegorical, which the imagination can conceive. As if this were not enough, in the midst of what was intended as a solemn, religious celebration, scenes of low buffoonery are often introduced.

The most remarkable of the *Autos* which I have read is "*La Devocion de la Cruz*," The Devotion of the Cross. It is one of the most celebrated of Calderon's sacred dramas, and will serve as a specimen of that class of writing. The piece commences with a dialogue between Lisardo, the son of Curcio, a decayed nobleman, and Eusebio, the hero of the play and lover of Julia, Lisardo's sister. Though the father's extravagance has wasted his estates, Lisardo is deeply offended that Eusebio should aspire to an alliance with the family, and draws him into a secluded place in order to settle their dispute with the sword. Here the scene opens, and in the course of the dialogue which precedes the combat, Eusebio relates that he was born at the foot of a cross, which stood in a rugged and desert part of those mountains; that the virtue of this cross preserved him from the wild beasts; that, being found by a peasant three

days after his birth, he was carried to a neighbouring village, and there received the name of Eusebio of the Cross; that, being thrown by his nurse into a well, he was heard to laugh, and was found floating upon the top of the water, with his hands placed upon his mouth in the form of a cross; that the house in which he dwelt being consumed by fire, he escaped unharmed amid the flames, and it was found to be Corpus Christi day; and, in fine, after relating many other similar miracles, worked by the power of the cross, at whose foot he was born, he says that he bears its image miraculously stamped upon his breast. After this they fight, and Lisardo falls mortally wounded. In the next scene, Eusebio has an interview with Julia at her father's house; they are interrupted, and Eusebio conceals himself; Curcio enters, and informs Julia that he has determined to send her that day to a convent, that she may take the veil "*para ser de Cristo esposa.*" While they are conversing, the dead body of Lisardo is brought in by peasants, and Eusebio is declared to be the murderer. The scene closes by the escape of Eusebio. The second act, or *jornada*, discovers Eusebio as the leader of a band of robbers. They fire upon a traveller, who proves to be a priest, named Alberto, and who is seeking a spot in those solitudes wherein to establish a hermitage. The shot is prevented from taking effect by a book which the pious old man carries in his bosom, and which he says is a "treatise on the true origin of the divine and heavenly tree, on which, dying with courage and fortitude, Christ triumphed over death; in fine, the book is called the 'Miracles of the Cross.'" They suffer the priest to depart unharmed, who in consequence promises Eusebio that he shall not die without confession, but that wherever he may be, if he but call upon his name, he will

hasten to absolve him. In the mean time, Julia retires to a convent, and Curcio goes with an armed force in pursuit of Eusebio, who has resolved to gain admittance to Julia's convent. He scales the walls of the convent by night, and silently gropes his way along the corridor. Julia is discovered sleeping in her cell, with a taper beside her. He is, however, deterred from executing his malicious designs, by discovering upon her breast the form of a cross, similar to that which he bears upon his own, and "Heaven would not suffer him, though so great an offender, to lose his respect for the cross." To be brief, he leaps from the convent-walls and escapes to the mountains. Julia, counting her honour lost, having offended God, "*como á Dios, y como á esposa,*" pursues him,—descends the ladder from the convent-wall, and, when she seeks to return to her cell, finds the ladder has been removed. In her despair, she accuses Heaven of having withdrawn its clemency, and vows to perform such deeds of wickedness as shall terrify both heaven and hell.

The third *jornada* transports the scene back to the mountains. Julia, disguised in man's apparel, with her face concealed, is brought to Eusebio by a party of the banditti. She challenges him to single combat; and he accepts the challenge, on condition that his antagonist shall declare who he is. Julia discovers herself, and relates several horrid murders she has committed since leaving the convent. Their interview is here interrupted by the entrance of banditti, who inform Eusebio that Curcio, with an armed force from all the neighbouring villages, is approaching. The attack commences. Eusebio and Curcio meet, but a secret and mysterious sympathy prevents them from fighting; and a great number of peasants, coming in at this moment, rush upon Eusebio in a body, and he is

thrown down a precipice. There Curcio discovers him, expiring with his numerous wounds. The *dénouement* of the piece commences. Curcio, moved by compassion, examines a wound in Eusebio's breast, discovers the mark of the cross, and thereby recognises him to be his son. Eusebio expires, calling on the name of Alberto, who shortly after enters, as if lost in those mountains. A voice from the dead body of Eusebio calls his name. I shall here transcribe a part of the scene.

Eusebio. Alberto!

Alberto. Hark!—what breath
Of fearful voice is this,
Which uttering my name
Sounds in my ears?

Eusebio. Alberto!

Alberto. Again it doth pronounce
My name: methinks the voice
Came from this side: I will
Approach.

Eusebio. Alberto!

Alberto. Hist! more near it sounds.
Thou voice, that ridest swift
The wind, and utterest my name,
Who art thou?

Eusebio. I am Eusebio.
Come, good Alberto, this way come,
Where sepulchred I lie;
Approach, and raise these branches:
Fear not.

Alberto. I do not fear.

[*Discovers the body.*]

Now I behold thee.
Speak, in God's holy name,
What wouldst thou with me?

Eusebio. In his name,
My faith, Alberto, called thee,
That previous to my death
Thou hearest my confession.

Long since I should have died,
 For this stiff corpse resigned
 The disembodied soul ;
 But the strong mace of death
 Smote only, and dissevered not
 The spirit and the flesh. [Rises.
 Come, then, Alberto, that I may
 Confess my sins ; for, O, they are
 More than the sands beside the sea,
 Or motes that fill the sunbeam !
 So much with Heaven avails
 Devotion to the cross !

Eusebio then retires to confess himself to Alberto ; and Curcio afterwards relates, that, when the venerable saint had given him absolution, his body again fell dead at his feet. Julia discovers herself, overwhelmed with the thoughts of her incestuous passion for Eusebio and her other crimes, and as Curcio, in a transport of indignation, endeavours to kill her, she seizes a cross which stands over Eusebio's grave, and with it ascends to heaven, while Alberto shouts, "*Gran milagro !*" and the curtain falls.

Thus far I have spoken of the devotional poetry of Spain as modified by the peculiarities of religious faith and practice. Considered apart from the dogmas of a creed, and as the expression of those pure and elevated feelings of religion which are not the prerogative of any one sect or denomination, but the common privilege of all, it possesses strong claims to our admiration and praise. I know of nothing in any modern tongue so beautiful as some of its finest passages. The thought springs heavenward from the soul,—the language comes burning from the lip. The imagination of the poet seems spiritualized ; with nothing of earth, and all of heaven,—a heaven, like that of his own native clime, without a cloud, or a vapour of earth, to obscure its brightness. His voice, speaking

the harmonious accents of that noble tongue, seems to flow from the lips of an angel,—melodious to the ear and to the internal sense,—breathing those

“Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul itself more feels than hears.”

The following sonnets of Francisco de Aldana, a writer remarkable for the beauty of his conceptions and the harmony of his verse, are illustrations of this remark. In what glowing language he describes the aspirations of the soul for its paternal heaven, its celestial home! how beautifully he portrays in a few lines the strong desire, the ardent longing, of the exiled and imprisoned spirit to wing its flight away and be at rest! The strain bears our thoughts upward with it; it transports us to the heavenly country; it whispers to the soul,—Higher, immortal spirit! higher!

Clear fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not death.
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

O Lord! that seest from yon starry height
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!

Eternal Sun ! the warmth which thou hast given
To cheer life's flowery April fast decays ;
Yet in the hoary winter of my days,
For ever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
Celestial King ! O, let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

The prevailing characteristics of Spanish devotional poetry are warmth of imagination, and depth and sincerity of feeling. The conception is always striking and original, and, when not degraded by dogmas, and the poor, puerile conceits arising from them, beautiful and sublime. This results from the frame and temperament of the mind, and is a general characteristic of the Spanish poets, not only in this department of song, but in all others. The very ardour of imagination which, exercised upon minor themes, leads them into extravagance and hyperbole, when left to act in a higher and wider sphere conducts them nearer and nearer to perfection. When imagination spreads its wings in the bright regions of devotional song,—in the pure empyrean,—judgment should direct its course, but there is no danger of its soaring too high. The heavenly land still lies beyond its utmost flight. There are heights it cannot reach ; there are fields of air which tire its wing ; there is a splendour which dazzles its vision ;—for there is a glory “ which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.”

But perhaps the greatest charm of the devotional poets of Spain is their sincerity. Most of them were ecclesiastics, —men who had in sober truth renounced the realities of this life for the hopes and promises of another. We are

not to suppose that all who take holy orders are saints ; but we should be still farther from believing that all are hypocrites. It would be even more absurd to suppose that none are sincere in their professions than that all are. Besides, with whatever feelings a man may enter the monastic life, there is something in its discipline and privations which has a tendency to wean the mind from earth, and to fix it upon heaven. Doubtless many have seemingly renounced the world from motives of worldly aggrandizement ; and others have renounced it because it has renounced them. The former have carried with them to the cloister their earthly ambition, and the latter their dark misanthropy ; and though many have daily kissed the cross and yet grown hoary in iniquity, and shrived their souls that they might sin more gaily on,—yet solitude works miracles in the heart, and many who enter the cloister from worldly motives find it a school wherein the soul may be trained to more holy purposes and desires. There is not half the corruption and hypocrisy within the convent's walls that the church bears the shame of hiding there. Hermits may be holy men, though knaves have sometimes been hermits. Were they all hypocrites who of old for their souls' sake exposed their naked bodies to the burning sun of Syria ? Were they who wandered houseless in the solitudes of Engaddi ? Were they who dwelt beneath the palm-trees by the Red Sea ? O, no ! They were ignorant, they were deluded, they were fanatic, but they were not hypocrites ; if there be any sincerity in human professions and human actions, they were not hypocrites. During the Middle Ages there was corruption in the church,—foul, shameful corruption ; and now also hypocrisy may scourge itself in feigned repentance, and ambition hide its face beneath a hood ; yet all is not

therefore rottenness that wears a cowl. Many a pure spirit, through heavenly-mindedness and an ardent though mistaken zeal, has fled from the temptations of the world to seek in solitude and self-communion a closer walk with God. And not in vain. They have found the peace they sought. They have felt, indeed, what many profess to feel, but do not feel,—that they are strangers and sojourners here, travellers who are bound for their home in a far country. It is this feeling which I speak of as giving a peculiar charm to the devotional poetry of Spain. Compare its spirit with the spirit which its authors have exhibited in their lives. They speak of having given up the world, and it is no poetical hyperbole; they speak of longing to be free from the weakness of the flesh, that they may commence their conversation in heaven,—and we feel that they had already begun it in lives of penitence, meditation, and prayer.

THE PILGRIM'S BREVIARY.

If thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way to an ordinary traveller—sometimes fair, sometimes foul; here champaign, there enclosed; barren in one place, better soyle in another; by woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, I shall lead thee.—BURTON'S *Anatomie of Melancholy*.

THE glittering spires and cupolas of Madrid have sunk behind me. Again and again I have turned to take a parting look, till at length the last trace of the city has disappeared, and I gaze only upon the sky above it.

And now the sultry day is passed; the freshening twilight falls, and the moon and the evening star are in the sky. This river is the Xarama. This noble avenue of trees leads to Aranjuez. Already its lamps begin to

twinkle in the distance. The hoofs of our weary mules clatter upon the wooden bridge; the public square opens before us; yonder, in the moonlight, gleam the walls of the royal palace, and near it, with a rushing sound, fall the waters of the Tagus.

WE have now entered the vast and melancholy plains of La Mancha,—a land to which the genius of Cervantes has given a vulgo-classic fame. Here are the windmills, as of old; every village has its Master Nicholas,—every venta its Maritornes. Wondrous strong are the spells of fiction! A few years pass away, and history becomes romance, and romance history. To the peasantry of Spain, Don Quixote and his squire are historic personages; and woe betide the luckless wight who unwarily takes the name of Dulcinea upon his lips within a league of El Toboso! The traveller, too, yields himself to the delusion; and as he traverses the arid plains of La Mancha, pauses with willing credulity to trace the footsteps of the mad Hidalgo, with his “velvet breeches on a holyday, and slippers of the same.” The high-road from Aranjuez to Córdoba crosses and recrosses the knight-errant’s path. Between Manzanares and Valdepeñas stands the inn where he was dubbed a knight; to the northward, the spot where he encountered the windmills; to the westward, the inn where he made the balsam of Fierabras, the scenes of his adventures with the fulling-mills, and his tournament with the barber; and to the southward, the Sierra Morena, where he did penance, like the knights of olden time.

For my own part, I confess that there are seasons when I am willing to be the dupe of my imagination; and if this harmless folly but lends its wings to a dull-paced hour, I am even ready to believe a fairy tale.

On the fourth day of our journey we dined at Manzanares, in an old and sombre-looking inn, which, I think, some centuries back, must have been the dwelling of a grandee. A wide gateway admitted us into the inn-yard, which was a paved court, in the centre of the edifice, surrounded by a colonnade, and open to the sky above. Beneath this colonnade we were shaved by the village barber, a supple, smooth-faced Figaro, with a brazen laver and a gray montera cap. There, too, we dined in the open air, with bread as white as snow, and the rich red wine of Valdepeñas; and there, in the listlessness of after-dinner, smoked the sleep-inviting cigar, while in the court-yard before us the muleteers danced a fandango with the maids of the inn, to such music as three blind musicians could draw from a violin, a guitar, and a clarinet. When this scene was over, and the blind men had groped their way out of the yard, I fell into a delicious slumber, from which I was soon awakened by music of another kind. It was a clear, youthful voice, singing a national song to the sound of a guitar. I opened my eyes, and near me stood a tall, graceful figure, leaning against one of the pillars of the colonnade, in the attitude of a serenader. His dress was that of a Spanish student. He wore a black gown and cassock, a pair of shoes made of an ex-pair of boots, and a hat in the shape of a half-moon, with the handle of a wooden spoon sticking out on one side like a cockade. When he had finished his song, we invited him to the remnant of a Vich sausage, a bottle of Valdepeñas, bread at his own discretion, and a pure Havana cigar. The stranger made a leg, and accepted these signs of good company with the easy air of a man who is accustomed to earn his livelihood by hook or by crook; and as the wine was of that stark and generous kind which readily

“ascends one into the brain,” our gentleman with the half-moon hat grew garrulous and full of anecdote, and soon told us his own story, beginning with his birth and parentage, like the people in Gil Blas.

“I am the son of a barber,” quoth he; “and first saw the light some twenty years ago, in the great city of Madrid. At a very early age I was taught to do something for myself, and began my career of gain by carrying a slow-match in the Prado, for the gentlemen to light their cigars with, and catching the wax that dropped from the friars’ tapers at funerals and other religious processions.

“At school I was noisy and unruly; and was finally expelled for hooking the master’s son with a pair of ox-horns, which I had tied to my head, in order to personate the bull in a mock bull-fight. Soon after this my father died, and I went to live with my maternal uncle, a curate in Fuencarral. He was a man of learning, and resolved that I should be like him. He set his heart upon making a physician of me; and to this end taught me Latin and Greek.

“In due time I was sent to the University of Alcalá. Here a new world opened before me. What novelty,—what variety,—what excitement! But, alas! three months were hardly gone, when news came that my worthy uncle had passed to a better world. I was now left to shift for myself. I was penniless, and lived as I could, not as I would. I became a *sopista*, a soup-eater,—a knight of the wooden spoon. I see you do not understand me. In other words, then, I became one of that respectable body of charity scholars who go armed with their wooden spoons to eat the allowance of eleemosynary soup which is daily served out to them at the gate of the convents. I had

no longer house nor home. But necessity is the mother of invention. I became a hanger-on of those who were more fortunate than myself; studied in other people's books, slept in other people's beds, and breakfasted at other people's expense. This course of life has been demoralizing, but it has quickened my wits to a wonderful degree.

“Did you ever read the life of the Gran Tacaño, by Quevedo? In the first book you have a faithful picture of life in a Spanish university. What was true in his day is true in ours. O Alcalá! Alcalá! if your walls had tongues as well as ears, what tales could they repeat! what midnight frolics! what madcap revelries! what scenes of merriment and mischief! How merry is a student's life, and yet how changeable! Alternate feasting and fasting,—alternate Lent and Carnival,—alternate want and extravagance! Care given to the winds,—no thought beyond the passing hour; yesterday, forgotten,—to-morrow, a word in an unknown tongue!

“Did you ever hear of raising the dead? not literally,—but such as the student raised, when he dug for the soul of the licentiate Pedro Garcias, at the fountain between Peñafiel and Salamanca,—money? No? Well, it is done after this wise. Gambling, you know, is our great national vice; and then gamblers are so dishonest! Now, our game is to cheat the cheater. We go at night to some noted gaming-house,—five or six of us in a body. We stand around the table, watch those that are at play, and occasionally put in a trifle ourselves to avoid suspicion. At length the favourable moment arrives. Some eager player ventures a large stake. I stand behind his chair. He wins. As quick as thought, I stretch my arm over his shoulder and seize the glittering prize, saying

very coolly, 'I have won at last.' My gentleman turns round in a passion, and I meet his indignant glance with a look of surprise. He storms, and I expostulate; he menaces,—I heed his menaces no more than the buzzing of a fly that has burnt his wings in my lamp. He calls the whole table to witness; but the whole table is busy, each with his own gain or loss, and there stand my comrades, all loudly asserting that the stake was mine. What can he do? there was a mistake; he swallows the affront as best he may, and we bear away the booty. This we call raising the dead. You say it is disgraceful,—dishonest. Our maxim is, that all is fair among sharpers: *Baylar al son que se toca*,—Dance to any tune that is fiddled. Besides, as I said before, poverty is demoralizing. One loses the nice distinctions of right and wrong, of *meum* and *tuum*.

“ Thus merrily pass the hours of term-time. When the summer vacations come round, I sling my guitar over my shoulder, and with a light heart, and a lighter pocket, scour the country, like a strolling piper or a mendicant friar. Like the industrious ant, in summer I provide for winter; for in vacation we have time for reflection, and make the great discovery, that there is a portion of time called the future. I pick up a trifle here and a trifle there, in all the towns and villages through which I pass, and before the end of my tour I find myself quite rich—for the son of a barber. This we call the *vida tunantesca*.—a rag-tag-and-bobtail sort of life. And yet the vocation is as honest as that of a begging Franciscan. Why not?

“ And now, gentlemen, having dined at your expense, with your leave I will put this loaf of bread and the remains of his excellent Vich sausage into my pocket, and,

thanking you for your kind hospitality, bid you a good afternoon. God be with you, gentlemen!"

In general, the aspect of La Mancha is desolate and sad. Around you lies a parched and sunburnt plain, which, like the ocean, has no limits but the sky; and straight before you, for many a weary league, runs the dusty and level road, without the shade of a single tree. The villages you pass through are poverty-stricken and half-depopulated; and the squalid inhabitants wear a look of misery that makes the heart ache. Every league or two, the ruins of a post-house, or a roofless cottage with shattered windows and blackened walls, tells a sad tale of the last war. It was there that a little band of peasantry made a desperate stand against the French, and perished by the bullet, the sword, or the bayonet. The lapse of many years has not changed the scene, nor repaired the battered wall; and at almost every step the traveller may pause and exclaim:—

“Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host;
Here the bold peasant stormed the dragon's nest.”

From Valdepeñas southward the country wears a more lively and picturesque aspect. The landscape breaks into hill and valley, covered with vineyards and olive-fields; and before you rise the dark ridges of the Sierra Morena, lifting their sullen fronts into a heaven all gladness and sunshine. Ere long you enter the wild mountain-pass of Despeña-Perros. A sudden turn in the road brings you to a stone column, surmounted by an iron cross, marking the boundary-line between La Mancha and Andalusia. Upon one side of this column is carved a sorry-looking face, not unlike the death's-heads on the tomb-

stones of a country church-yard. Over it is written this inscription :—" EL VERDADERO RETRATO DE LA SANTA CARA DEL DIOS DE XAEN,"—The true portrait of the holy countenance of the God of Xaen! I was so much struck with this strange superscription that I stopped to copy it.

"Do you really believe that this is what it pretends to be?" said I to a muleteer, who was watching my movements.

"I don't know," replied he, shrugging his brawny shoulders; "they say it is."

"Who says it is?"

"The priest,—the Padre Cura."

"I supposed so. And how was this portrait taken?"

He could not tell. The Padre Cura knew all about it.

When I joined my companions, who were a little in advance of me with the carriage, I got the mystery explained. The Catholic church boasts of three portraits of our Saviour, miraculously preserved upon the folds of a handkerchief, with which St. Veronica wiped the sweat from his brow on the day of crucifixion. One of these is at Toledo, another in the kingdom of Xaen, and the third at Rome.

THE impression which this monument of superstition made upon my mind was soon effaced by the magnificent scene which now burst upon me. The road winds up the mountain-side with gradual ascent; wild, shapeless, gigantic crags overhang it upon the right, and upon the left the wary foot starts back from the brink of a fearful chasm hundreds of feet in depth. Its sides are black with ragged pines, and rocks that have toppled down from above; and at the bottom, scarcely visible, wind the silvery waters of a little stream, a tributary of

the Guadalquivir. The road skirts the ravine for miles,—now climbing the barren rock, and now sliding gently downward into shadowy hollows, and crossing some rustic bridge thrown over a wild mountain-brook.

At length the scene changed. We stood upon the southern slope of the Sierra, and looked down upon the broad, luxuriant valleys of Andalusia, bathed in the gorgeous splendour of a southern sunset. The landscape had already assumed the “burnished livery” of autumn; but the air I breathed was the soft and balmy breath of spring,—the eternal spring of Andalusia.

If ever you should be fortunate enough to visit this part of Spain, stop for the night at the village of La Carolina. It is indeed a model for all villages,—with its broad streets, its neat, white houses, its spacious market-place surrounded with a colonnade, and its public walk ornamented with fountains, and set out with luxuriant trees. I doubt whether all Spain can show a village more beautiful than this.

THE approach to Córdoba from the east is enchanting. The sun was just rising as we crossed the Guadalquivir and drew near to the city; and, alighting from the carriage, I pursued my way on foot, the better to enjoy the scene and the pure morning air. The dew still glistened on every leaf and spray; for the burning sun had not yet climbed the tall hedge-row of wild fig-tree and aloes which skirts the road-side. The highway wound along through gardens, orchards, and vineyards, and here and there above me towered the glorious palm in all its leafy magnificence. On my right, a swelling mountain-ridge, covered with verdure and sprinkled with little white her-

mitages, looked forth towards the rising sun; and on the left, in a long, graceful curve, swept the bright waters of the Guadalquivir, pursuing their silent journey through a verdant reach of soft lowland landscape. There, amid all the luxuriance of this sunny clime, arises the ancient city of Córdoba, though stripped, alas! of its former magnificence. All that reminds you of the past is the crumbling wall of the city, and a Saracen mosque, now changed to a Christian cathedral. The stranger, who is familiar with the history of the Moorish dominion in Spain, pauses with a sigh, and asks himself, Is this the imperial city of Alhakam the Just, and Abdoulrahman the Magnificent?

THIS, then, is Seville, that "pleasant city, famous for oranges and women." After all I have heard of its beauty, I am disappointed in finding it less beautiful than my imagination had painted it. The wise saw,—

" Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla,"—

He who has not seen Seville has seen no marvel,—is an Andalusian gasconade. This, however, is the judgment of a traveller weary and wayworn with a journey of twelve successive days in a carriage drawn by mules; and I am well aware how much our opinions of men and things are coloured by these trivial ills. A sad spirit is like a rainy day; its mists and shadows darken the brightest sky, and clothe the fairest landscape in gloom.

I am, likewise, a disappointed man in another respect. I have come all the way from Madrid to Seville without being robbed! And this, too, when I journeyed at a snail's pace, and had bought a watch large enough for the clock

of a village church, for the express purpose of having it violently torn from me by a fierce-whiskered highwayman, with his blunderbuss and his "*Boca abajo, ladrones!*" If I print this in a book, I am undone. What! travel in Spain and not be robbed! To be sure, I came very near it more than once. Almost every village we passed through had its tale to tell of atrocities committed in the neighbourhood. In one place, the stage-coach had been stopped and plundered; in another, a man had been murdered and thrown into the river; here and there a rude wooden cross and a shapeless pile of stones marked the spot where some unwary traveller had met his fate; and at night, seated around the blazing hearth of the inn-kitchen, my fellow-travellers would converse in a mysterious under-tone of the dangers we were to pass through on the morrow. But the morrow came and went, and, alas! neither *salteador* nor *ratero* moved a finger. At one place, we were a day too late; at another, a day too early.

I am now at the *Fonda de los Americanos*. My chamber-door opens upon a gallery, beneath which is a little court paved with marble, having a fountain in the centre. As I write, I can just distinguish the tinkling of its tiny jet, falling into the circular basin with a murmur so gentle that it scarcely breaks the silence of the night. At day-dawn I start for Cadiz, promising myself a pleasant sail down the Guadalquivir. All I shall be able to say of Seville is what I have written above,—that it is "a pleasant city, famous for oranges and women."

I AM at length in Cadiz. I came across the bay yesterday morning in an open boat from Santa Maria, and

have established myself in very pleasant rooms, which look out upon the *Plaza de San Antonio*, the public square of the city. The morning sun awakes me, and at evening the sea-breeze comes in at my window. At night the square is lighted by lamps suspended from the trees, and thronged with a brilliant crowd of the young and gay.

Cadiz is beautiful almost beyond imagination. The cities of our dreams are not more enchanting. It lies like a delicate sea-shell upon the brink of the ocean, so wondrous fair that it seems not formed for man. In sooth, the Paphian queen, born of the feathery sea-foam, dwells here. It is the city of beauty and of love.

The women of Cadiz are world-renowned for their loveliness. Surely earth has none more dazzling than a daughter of that bright, burning clime. What a faultless figure! what a dainty foot! what dignity! what matchless grace!

“What eyes,—what lips,—what everything about her!
How like a swan she swims her pace, and bears
Her silver breasts!”

The Gaditana is not ignorant of her charms. She knows full well the necromancy of a smile. You see it in the flourish of her fan,—a magic wand, whose spell is powerful; you see it in her steady gaze, the elastic step,

“The veil,
Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
While the o’erpowering eye, that turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart.”

When I am grown old and gray, and sit by the fire-side wrapped in flannels, if, in a listless moment, recalling what is now the present, but will then be the distant and almost forgotten past, I turn over the leaves of this journal till my watery eye falls upon the page I have just written,

I shall smile at the enthusiasm with which I have sketched this portrait. And where will then be the bright forms that now glance before me, like the heavenly creations of a dream? All gone,—all gone! Or, if perchance a few still linger upon the earth, the silver cord will be loosed,—they will be bowed with age and sorrow, saying their paternosters with a tremulous voice.

Old age is a Pharisee; for he makes broad his phylacteries, and wears them upon his brow, inscribed with prayer, but in the "crooked autograph" of a palsied hand. "I see with pain," says Madame de Pompadour, "that there is nothing durable upon earth. We bring into the world a fair face, and lo! in less than thirty years it is covered with wrinkles; after which a woman is no longer good for anything."

Were I to translate these sombre reflections into choice Castilian, and read them to the bright-eyed houri who is now leaning over the balcony opposite, she would laugh, and laughing say, "*Cuando el demonio es viejo, se mete frayle.*"

THE devotion paid at the shrine of the Virgin is one of the most prominent and characteristic features of the Catholic religion. In Spain it is one of its most attractive features. In the southern provinces, in Granada and in Andalusia, which the inhabitants call "*La tierra de María Santísima*,"—the land of the most holy Mary,—this adoration is ardent and enthusiastic. There is one of its outward observances which struck me as peculiarly beautiful and impressive. I refer to the Ave Maria, an evening service of the Virgin. Just as the evening twilight commences, the bell tolls to prayer. In a moment, throughout the

crowded city, the hum of business is hushed, the thronged streets are still; the gay multitudes that crowd the public walks stand motionless; the angry dispute ceases; the laugh of merriment dies away; life seems for a moment to be arrested in its career, and to stand still. The multitude uncover their heads, and, with the sign of the cross, whisper their evening prayer to the Virgin. Then the bells ring a merrier peal; the crowds move again in the streets, and the rush and turmoil of business recommence. I have always listened with feelings of solemn pleasure to the bell that sounded forth the Ave Maria. As it announced the close of day, it seemed also to call the soul from its worldly occupations to repose and devotion. There is something beautiful in thus measuring the march of time. The hour, too, naturally brings the heart into unison with the feelings and sentiments of devotion. The close of the day, the shadows of evening, the calm of twilight, inspire a feeling of tranquillity; and though I may differ from the Catholic in regard to the object of his supplication, yet it seems to me a beautiful and appropriate solemnity, that, at the close of each daily epoch of life,—which, if it have not been fruitful in incidents to ourselves, has, nevertheless, been so to many of the great human family,—the voice of a whole people, and of the whole world, should go up to heaven in praise, and supplication, and thankfulness.

“THE Moorish king rides up and down
 Through Granada’s royal town;
 From Elvira’s gates to those
 Of Bivarambla on he goes.
 Woe is me, Alhama!”

Thus commences one of the fine old Spanish ballads, commemorating the downfall of the city of Alhama, where

we have stopped to rest our horses on their fatiguing march from Velez-Málaga to Granada. Alhama was one of the last strongholds of the Moslem power in Spain. Its fall opened the way for the Christian army across the Sierra Nevada, and spread consternation and despair through the city of Granada. The description in the old ballad is highly graphic and beautiful; and its beauty is well preserved in the spirited English translation by Lord Byron.

As we crossed the Sierra Nevada, the snowy mountains that look down upon the luxuriant Vega of Granada, we overtook a solitary rider, who was singing a wild national song, to cheer the loneliness of his journey. He was an athletic man, and rode a spirited horse of the Arab breed. A black bearskin jacket covered his broad shoulders, and around his waist was wound the crimson *faja*, so universally worn by the Spanish peasantry. His velvet breeches reached below his knee, just meeting a pair of leather gaiters of elegant workmanship. A gay silken handkerchief was tied round his head, and over this he wore the little round Andalusian hat, decked out with a profusion of tassels of silk and bugles of silver. The steed he mounted was dressed no less gaily than his rider. There was a silver star upon his forehead, and a bright coloured woollen tassel between his ears; a blanket, striped with blue and red, covered the saddle, and even the Moorish stirrups were ornamented with brass studs.

This personage was a *contrabandista*,—a smuggler between Granada and the seaport of Velez-Málaga. The song he sung was one of the popular ballads of the country

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried;

Onward! caballito mio,
 With the white star in thy forehead!
 Onward! for here comes the Ronda,
 And I hear their rifles crack!
 Ay, jaleo! Ay, ay, jaleo!
 Ay, jaleo! they cross our track!*

The air to which these words are sung is wild and high; and the prolonged and mournful cadence gives it the sound of a funeral wail, or a cry for help. To have its full effect upon the mind, it should be heard by night, in some wild mountain-pass, and from a distance. Then the harsh tones come softened to the ear, and, in unison with the hour and the scene, produce a pleasing melancholy.

* I here transcribe the original of which this is a single stanza. Its only merit is simplicity, and a certain grace which belongs to its provincial phraseology, and which would be lost in a translation.

“Yo que soy contrabandista,
 Y campo por mi respeto,
 Á todos los desafío,
 Porque á naide tengo mieo.
 ¡Ay, jaleo! ¡Muchachas, jaleo!
 ¿Quien me compra jilo negro?”

“Mi caballo está cansao,
 Y yo me marchó corriendo.
 ¡Anda, caballito mio,
 Caballo mio careto!
 ¡Anda, que viene la ronda,
 Y se mueve el tiroteo!
 ¡Ay, jaleo! ¡Ay, ay, jaleo!
 ¡Ay, jaleo, que nos cortan!
 Sácame de aqueste aprieto.

“Mi caballo ya no corre,
 Ya mi caballo paró.
 Todo para en este mundo,
 Tambien hé de parar yo.
 ¡Ay, jaleo! ¡Muchachas, jaleo!
 ¿Quien me compra jilo negro?”

The contrabandista accompanied us to Granada. The sun had already set when we entered the Vega,—those luxuriant meadows which stretch away to the south and west of the city, league after league of rich, unbroken verdure. It was Saturday night; and, as the gathering twilight fell around us, and one by one the lamps of the city twinkled in the distance, suddenly kindling here and there, as the stars start to their places in the evening sky, a loud peal of bells rang forth its glad welcome to the day of rest, over the meadows to the distant hills, “swinging slow, with solemn roar.”

Is this reality and not a dream? Am I indeed in Granada? Am I indeed within the walls of that earthly paradise of the Moorish kings? How my spirit is stirred within me! How my heart is lifted up! How my thoughts are rapt away in the visions of other days!

Ave, Maria purissima! It is midnight. The bell has tolled the hour from the watchtower of the Alhambra; and the silent street echoes only to the watchman's cry,—*Ave, Maria purissima!* I am alone in my chamber,—sleepless,—spell-bound by the genius of the place,—entranced by the beauty of the star-lit night. As I gaze from my window, a sudden radiance brightens in the east. It is the moon, rising behind the Alhambra. I can faintly discern the dusky and indistinct outline of a massive tower, standing amid the uncertain twilight, like a gigantic shadow. It changes with the rising moon, as a palace in the clouds, and other towers and battlements arise,—every moment more distinct, more palpable, till now they stand between me and the sky, with a sharp outline,

distant, and yet so near that I seem to sit within their shadow.

Majestic spirit of the night, I recognise thee! Thou hast conjured up this glorious vision for thy votary. Thou hast baptized me with thy baptism. Thou hast nourished my soul with fervent thoughts and holy aspirations, and ardent longings after the beautiful and the true. Majestic spirit of the past, I recognise thee! Thou hast bid the shadow go back for me upon the dial-plate of time. Thou hast taught me to read in thee the present and the future,—a revelation of man's destiny on earth. Thou hast taught me to see in thee the principle that unfolds itself from century to century in the progress of our race,—the germ in whose bosom lie unfolded the bud, the leaf, the tree. Generations perish, like the leaves of the forest, passing away when their mission is completed; but at each succeeding spring, broader and higher spreads the human mind unto its perfect stature, unto the fulfilment of its destiny, unto the perfection of its nature. And in these high revelations thou hast taught me more,—thou hast taught me to feel that I, too, weak, humble, and unknown, feeble of purpose and irresolute of good, have something to accomplish upon earth,—like the falling leaf, like the passing wind, like the drop of rain. O glorious thought! that lifts me above the power of time and chance, and tells me that I cannot pass away, and leave no mark of my existence. I may not know the purpose of my being,—the end for which an all-wise Providence created me as I am, and placed me where I am; but I do know—for in such things faith is knowledge—that my being has a purpose in the omniscience of my Creator, and that all my actions tend to the completion, to the full accomplishment of that purpose. Is this fatality? No. I feel that

I am free, though an infinite and invisible power overrules me. "Man proposes, and God disposes." This is one of the many mysteries in our being which human reason cannot find out by searching.

Yonder towers, that stand so huge and massive in the midnight air, the work of human hands that have long since forgotten their cunning in the grave, and once the home of human beings immortal as ourselves, and filled like us with hopes and fears, and powers of good and ill,—are lasting memorials of their builders; inanimate material forms, yet living with the impress of a creative mind. These are landmarks of other times. Thus from the distant past the history of the human race is telegraphed from generation to generation, through the present to all succeeding ages. These are manifestations of the human mind at a remote period of its history, and among a people who came from another clime,—the children of the desert. Their mission is accomplished, and they are gone; yet leaving behind them a thousand records of themselves and of their ministry, not as yet fully manifest, but "seen through a glass darkly," dimly shadowed forth in the language, and character, and manners, and history of the nation, that was by turns the conquered and the conquering. The Goth sat at the Arab's feet; and athwart the cloud and storm of war, streamed the light of Oriental learning upon the Western world,—

"As when the autumnal sun,
Through travelling rain and mist,
Shines on the evening hills."

THIS morning I visited the Alhambra—an enchanted palace, whose exquisite beauty baffles the power of language

to describe. Its outlines may be drawn,—its halls and galleries, its court-yards and its fountains, numbered; but what skilful limner shall portray in words its curious architecture, the grotesque ornaments, the quaint devices, the rich tracery of the walls, the ceilings inlaid with pearl and tortoise-shell? what language paint the magic hues of light and shade, the shimmer of the sunbeam as it falls upon the marble pavement, and the brilliant panels inlaid with many coloured stones? Vague recollections fill my mind,—images dazzling, but undefined, like the memory of a gorgeous dream. They crowd my brain confusedly, but they will not stay; they change and mingle, like the tremulous sunshine on the wave, till imagination itself is dazzled,—bewildered,—overpowered!

What most arrests the stranger's foot within the walls of the Alhambra is the refinement of luxury which he sees at every step. He lingers in the deserted bath,—he pauses to gaze upon the now vacant saloon, where, stretched upon his gilded couch, the effeminate monarch of the East was wooed to sleep by softly breathing music. What more delightful than this secluded garden, green with the leaf of the myrtle and the orange, and freshened with the gush of fountains, beside whose basin the nightingale still woos the blushing rose? What more fanciful, more exquisite, more like a creation of Oriental magic, than the lofty tower of the Tocador,—its airy sculpture resembling the fretwork of wintry frost, and its windows overlooking the romantic valley of the Darro; and the city, with its gardens, domes, and spires, far, far below? Cool through this lattice comes the summer wind from the icy summits of the Sierra Nevada. Softly in yonder fountain falls the crystal water, dripping from its marble vase with never-ceasing sound. On every side comes up the fragrance of

a thousand flowers, the murmur of innumerable leaves; and overhead is a sky where not a vapour floats,—as soft, and blue, and radiant as the eye of childhood!

Such is the Alhambra of Granada; a fortress,—a palace,—an earthly paradise,—a ruin, wonderful in its fallen greatness!

ITALY.

THE JOURNEY INTO ITALY.

What I catch is at present only sketch-ways, as it were; but I prepare myself betimes for the Italian journey.—GOETHE'S *Faust*.

ON the afternoon of the fifteenth of December, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, I left Marseilles for Genoa, taking the sea-shore road through Toulon, Draguignan, and Nice. This journey is written in my memory with a sunbeam. We were a company whom chance had thrown together,—different in ages, humours, and pursuits;—and yet so merrily the days went by, in sunshine, wind, or rain, that methinks some lucky star must have ruled the hour that brought us five so auspiciously together. But where is now that merry company? One sleeps in his youthful grave; two sit in their fatherland, and “coin their brain for their daily bread;” and the others,—where are they? If still among the living, I beg them to remember in their prayers the humble historian of their journey from Marseilles to Genoa.

At Toulon we took a private carriage, in order to pursue our journey more leisurely and more at ease. I well remember the strange, outlandish vehicle, and our vetturino Joseph, with his *blouse*, his short-stemmed pipe, his limping gait, his comical phiz, and the lowland dialect his mother taught him at Avignon. Every scene, every incident of the journey is now before me as if written in a book. The sunny landscapes of the Var,—the peasant girls, with

their broad-brimmed hats of straw,—the inn at Draguignan, with its painting of a lady on horseback, underwritten in French and English, “*Une jeune dame à la promenade,—* A young lady taking a walk,”—the mouldering arches of the Roman aqueducts at Fréjus, standing in the dim twilight of morning like shadowy apparitions of the past,—the wooded bridge across the Var,—the glorious amphitheatre of hills that half encircle Nice,—the midnight scene at the village inn of Monaco,—the mountain-road overhanging the sea at a dizzy height, and its long, dark passages cut through the solid rock,—the tumbling mountain-torrent,—and a fortress perched on a jutting spur of the Alps; these, and a thousand varied scenes and landscapes of this journey, rise before me, as if still visible to the eye of sense, and not to that of memory only. And yet I will not venture upon a minute description of them. I have not colours bright enough for such landscapes; and besides, even the most determined lovers of the picturesque grow weary of long descriptions; though, as the French guide-book says of these scenes, “*Tout cela fait sans doute un spectacle admirable!*”

On the tenth day of our journey we reached Genoa, the city of palaces,—the superb city. The writer of an old book, called “Time’s Storehouse,” thus poetically describes its situation:—“This citty is most proudly built upon the seacoast and the downfall of the Appenines, at the foot of a mountaine; even as if she were descended downe the mount, and come to repose herselfe uppon a plaine.”

It was Christmas eve,—a glorious night! I stood at midnight on the wide terrace of our hotel, which overlooks the sea, and, gazing on the tiny and crisping waves that

broke in pearly light beneath the moon, sent back my wandering thoughts far over the sea to a distant home. The jangling music of church-bells aroused me from my dream. It was the sound of jubilee at the approaching festival of the Nativity, and summoned alike the pious devotee, the curious stranger and the gallant lover to the church of the Annunziata.

I descended from the terrace, and, groping my way through one of the dark and narrow lanes which intersect the city in all directions, soon found myself in the Strada Nuova. The long line of palaces lay half in shadow, half in light, stretching before me in magical perspective, like the long, vapoury opening of a cloud in the summer sky. Following the various groups that were passing onward towards the public square, I entered the church, where midnight mass was to be chanted. A dazzling blaze of light from the high altar shone upon the red marble columns which support the roof, and fell with a solemn effect upon the kneeling crowd that filled the body of the church. All beyond was in darkness; and from that darkness at intervals burst forth the deep voice of the organ and the chanting of the choir, filling the soul with solemnity and awe. And yet, among that prostrate crowd, how many have been drawn thither by unworthy motives,— motives even more unworthy than mere idle curiosity! How many sinful purposes arose in souls unpurified, and mocked at the bended knee! How many a heart beat wild with earthly passion, while the unconscious lip repeated the accustomed prayer! Immortal spirit! canst thou so heedlessly resist the imploring voice that calls thee from thine errors and pollutions? Is not the long day long enough, is not the wide world wide enough, has not society frivolity enough for thee, that thou shouldst seek out this

midnight hour, this holy place, this solemn sacrifice, to add irreverence to thy folly?

In the shadow of a column stood a young man wrapped in a cloak, earnestly conversing in a low whisper with a female figure, so veiled as to hide her face from the eyes of all but her companion. At length they separated. The young man continued leaning against the column, and the girl, gliding silently along the dimly lighted aisle, mingled with the crowd, and threw herself upon her knees. Beware, poor girl, thought I, lest thy gentle nature prove thy undoing! Perhaps, alas! thou art already undone! And I almost heard the evil spirit whisper, as in the Faust, "How different was it with thee, Margaret, when, still full of innocence, thou camest to the altar here—out of the well-worn little book lispedst prayers, half child-sport, half God in the heart! Margaret, where is thy head? What crime in thy heart!"

The city of Genoa is magnificent in parts, but not as a whole. The houses are high, and the streets in general so narrow that in many of them you may almost step across from side to side. They are built to receive the cool sea-breeze, and shut out the burning sun. Only three of them—if my memory serves me—are wide enough to admit the passage of carriages; and these three form but one continuous street,—the street of palaces. They are the Strada Nuova, the Strada Novissima, and the Strada Balbi, which connect the Piazza Amorosa with the Piazza dell' Annunziata. These palaces, the Doria, the Durazzo, the Ducal Palace, and others of less magnificence,—with their vast halls, their marble staircases, vestibules, and terraces, and the aspect of splendour and munificence they wear,—have given this commercial city the title of Genoa the Superb. And, as if to humble her pride, some envious rival among

the Italian cities has launched at her a biting sarcasm in the well-known proverb, "*Mare senza pesce, uomini senza fede, e donne senza vergogna*,"—A sea without fish, men without faith, and women without shame!

THE road from Genoa to Lucca strongly resembles that from Nice to Genoa. It runs along the seaboard, now dipping to the water's edge, and now climbing the zigzag mountain-pass, with toppling crags, and yawning chasms, and verdant terraces of vines and olive-trees. Many a sublime and many a picturesque landscape catches the traveller's eye, now almost weary with gazing; and still brightly painted upon my mind lies a calm evening scene on the borders of the Gulf of Spezia, with its broad sheet of crystal water,—the blue-tinted hills that form its oval basin,—the crimson sky above, and its bright reflection,—

"Where it lay
 Deep bosomed in the still and quiet bay,
 The sea reflecting all that glowed above,
 Till a new sky, softer but not so gay,
 Arched in its bosom, trembled like a dove."

PISA, the melancholy city, with its Leaning Tower, its Campo Santo, its bronze-gated Cathedral, and its gloomy palaces,—Florence the Fair, with its magnificent Duomo, its gallery of ancient art, its gardens, its gay society, and its delightful environs,—Fiesole, Camaldoli, Vallombrosa, and the luxuriant Val d' Arno;—these have been so often and so beautifully described by others, that I need not repeat the twice-told tale.

At Florence I took lodgings in a house which looks upon the Piazza Novella. In front of my windows was the venerable church of Santa Maria Novella, in whose gloomy aisles Boccaccio has placed the opening scene of his Decamerone. There, when the plague was raging in the city, one Tuesday morning, after mass, the "seven ladies, young and fair," held counsel together, and resolved to leave the infected city, and flee to their rural villas in the environs where they might "hear the birds sing, and see the green hills, and the plains, and the fields covered with grain and undulating like the sea, and trees of species manifold."

In the Florentine museum is a representation in wax of some of the appalling scenes of the plague which desolated this city about the middle of the fourteenth century, and which Boccaccio has described with such simplicity and power in the introduction of his Decamerone. It is the work of a Sicilian artist by the name of Zumbo. He must have been a man of the most gloomy and saturnine imagination, and more akin to the worm than most of us, thus to have revelled night and day in the hideous mysteries of death, corruption, and the charnel-house. It is strange how this representation haunts one. It is like a dream of the sepulchre, with its loathsome corpses, with "the blackening, the swelling, the bursting of the trunk,—the worm, the rat, and the tarantula at work." You breathe more freely as you step out into the open air again; and when the bright sunshine and the crowded, busy streets next meet your eye, you are ready to ask, Is this indeed a representation of reality? Can this pure air have been laden with pestilence? Can this gay city have ever been a city of the plague?

The work of the Sicilian artist is admirable as a piece of art; the description of the Florentine prose-poet equally

admirable as a piece of eloquence. "How many vast palaces," he exclaims, "how many beautiful houses, how many noble dwellings, aforesaid filled with lords, and ladies, and trains of servants, were now untenanted even by the lowest menial! How many memorable families, how many ample heritages, how many renowned possessions, were left without an heir! How many valiant men, how many beautiful women, how many gentle youths breakfasted in the morning with their relatives, companions, and friends, and, when the evening came, supped with their ancestors in the other world!"

I MET with an odd character at Florence—a complete humorist. He was an Englishman of some forty years of age, with a round, good-humoured countenance, and a nose that wore the livery of good company. He was making the grand tour through France and Italy, and home again by the way of the Tyrol and the Rhine. He travelled post, with a double-barrelled gun, two pair of pistols, and a violin without a bow. He had been in Rome without seeing St. Peter's—he did not care about it; he had seen St. Paul's in London. He had been in Naples without visiting Pompeii, because "they told him it was hardly worth seeing,—nothing but a parcel of dark streets and old walls." The principal object he seemed to have in view was to complete the grand tour.

I afterward met with his counterpart in a countryman of my own, who made it a point to see everything which was mentioned in the guide-books; and boasted how much he could accomplish in a day. He would despatch a city in an incredible short space of time. A Roman aqueduct, a Gothic cathedral, two or three modern churches, and an

ancient ruin or so, were only a breakfast for him. Nothing came amiss; not a stone was left unturned. A city was like a Chinese picture to him,—it had no perspective. Every object seemed of equal magnitude and importance. He saw them all; they were all wonderful.

Life is short, and art is long; yet spare me from thus travelling with the speed of thought, and trotting, from daylight until dark, at the heels of a cicerone, with an umbrella in one hand, and a guide-book and plan of the city in the other.

I COPIED the following singular inscription from a tombstone in the Protestant cemetery at Leghorn. It is the epitaph of a lady, written by herself, and engraven upon her tomb at her own request:—

“Under this stone lies the victim of sorrow.
Fly, wandering stranger, from her mouldering dust,
Lest the rude wind, conveying a particle thereof unto thee,
Should communicate that venom melancholy
That has destroyed the strongest frame and liveliest spirit.
With joy of heart has she resigned her breath,
A living martyr to sensibility!”

How inferior in true pathos is this inscription to one in the cemetery of Bologna:—

“Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna pace.”

Lucretia Picini implores eternal peace!

From Florence to Rome I travelled with a vetturino, by the way of Siena. We were six days upon the road, and, like Peter Rugg in the story-book, were followed constantly by clouds and rain. At times, the sun, not all-forgetful of the world, peeped from beneath his cowl of mist, and

kissed the swarthy face of his beloved land; and then, like an anchorite, withdrew again from earth, and gave himself to heaven. Day after day the mist and the rain were my fellow-travellers; and as I sat wrapped in the thick folds of my Spanish cloak, and looked out upon the misty landscape and the leaden sky, I was continually saying to myself, "Can this be Italy?" and smiling at the untravelled credulity of those who, amid the storms of a northern winter, give way to the illusions of fancy, and dream of Italy as a sunny land, where no wintry tempest beats, and where, even in January, the pale invalid may go about without his umbrella, or his India-rubber walk-in-the-waters.

Notwithstanding all this, with the help of a good constitution and a thick pair of boots, I contrived to see all that was to be seen upon the road. I walked down the long hillside at San Lorenzo, and along the border of the Lake of Bolsena, which, veiled in the driving mist, stretched like an inland sea beyond my ken; and through the sacred forest of oak, held in superstitious reverence by the peasant, and inviolate from his axe. I passed a night at Montefiascone, renowned for a delicate Muscat wine which bears the name of Est, and made a midnight pilgrimage to the tomb of the Bishop John Defoucris, who died a martyr to his love of this wine of Montefiascone.

"Propter nimium Est, Est, Est,
Dominus meus mortuus est."

A marble slab in the pavement, worn by the footsteps of pilgrims like myself, covers the dominie's ashes. There is a rude figure carved upon it, at whose feet I traced out the cabalistic words "Est, Est, Est." The remainder of the inscription was illegible by the flickering light of the sexton's lantern.

At Baccano I first caught sight of the dome of St. Peter's. We had entered the desolate Campagna; we passed the Tomb of Nero,—we approached the Eternal City; but no sound of active life, no thronging crowds, no hum of busy men, announced that we were near the gates of Rome. All was silence, solitude, and desolation.

ROME IN MIDSUMMER.

She who tamed the world seemed to tame herself at last, and falling under her own weight, grew to be a prey to Time, who with his iron teeth consumes all bodies at last, making all things, both animate and inanimate, which have their being under that changeling, the moon, to be subject unto corruption and desolation.

HOWELL'S *Signoria of Venice*.

THE masks and mummeries of Carnival are over; the imposing ceremonies of Holy Week have become a tale of the times of old; the illumination of St. Peter's and the Girandola are no longer the theme of gentle and simple; and finally the barbarians of the North have retreated from the gates of Rome, and left the Eternal City silent and deserted. The cicerone stands at the corner of the street with his hands in his pockets; the artist has shut himself up in his studio to muse upon antiquity; and the idle facchino lounges in the market-place, and plays at *mora* by the fountain. Midsummer has come; and you may now hire a palace for what, a few weeks ago, would hardly have paid your night's lodging in its garret.

I am still lingering in Rome,—a student, not an artist,—and have taken lodgings in the Piazza Navona, the very heart of the city, and one of the largest and most magnificent squares of modern Rome. It occupies the site of the ancient amphitheatre of Alexander Severus; and the

churches, palaces, and shops that now surround it are built upon the old foundations of the amphitheatre. At each extremity of the square stands a fountain; the one with a simple jet of crystal water, the other with a triton holding a dolphin by the tail. In the centre rises a nobler work of art—a fountain with a marble basin more than two hundred feet in circumference. From the midst uprises a huge rock, pierced with grottoes, wherein sit a rampant sea-horse and a lion couchant. On the sides of the rock are four colossal statues, representing the four principal rivers of the world; and from its summit, forty feet from the basin below, shoots up an obelisk of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics, and fifty feet in height,—a relic of the amphitheatre of Caracalla.

In this quarter of the city I have domiciliated myself, in a family of whose many kindnesses I shall always retain the most lively and grateful remembrance. My mornings are spent in visiting the wonders of Rome, in studying the miracles of ancient and modern art, or in reading at the public libraries. We breakfast at noon, and dine at eight in the evening. After dinner comes the conversazione, enlivened with music, and the meeting of travellers, artists, and literary men from every quarter of the globe. At midnight, when the crowd is gone, I retire to my chamber, and, poring over the gloomy pages of Dante, or “Bandello’s laughing tale,” protract my nightly vigil till the morning star is in the sky.

Our windows look out upon the square, which circumstance is a source of infinite enjoyment to me. Directly in front, with its fantastic belfries and swelling dome, rises the church of St. Agnes; and sitting by the open window, I note the busy scene below, enjoy the cool air of morning and evening, and even feel the freshness of

the fountain, as its waters leap in mimic cascades down the sides of the rock.

THE Piazza Navona is the chief market-place of Rome, and on market-days is filled with a noisy crowd of the Roman populace, and the peasantry from the neighbouring villages of Albano and Frascati. At such times the square presents an animated and curious scene. The gaily decked stalls,—the piles of fruits and vegetables,—the pyramids of flowers,—the various costumes of the peasantry,—the constant movements of the vast, fluctuating crowd, and the deafening clamour of their discordant voices, that rise louder than the roar of the loud ocean,—all this is better than a play to me, and gives me amusement when naught else has power to amuse.

Every Saturday afternoon in the sultry month of August, this spacious square is converted into a lake, by stopping the conduit-pipes which carry off the water of the fountains. Vehicles of every description, axle-deep, drive to and fro across the mimic lake; a dense crowd gathers around its margin, and a thousand tricks excite the loud laughter of the idle populace. Here is a fellow groping with a stick after his seafaring hat; there another splashing in the water in pursuit of a mischievous spaniel, who is swimming away with his shoe; while from a neighbouring balcony a noisy burst of military music fills the air, and gives fresh animation to the scene of mirth. This is one of the popular festivals of midsummer in Rome, and the merriest of them all. It is a kind of carnival unmasked; and many a popular bard, many a *poeta di dozzina*, invokes this day the plebeian Muse of the market-place to sing in high-sounding rhyme, "*Il Lago di Piazza Navona.*"

I have before me one of these sublime effusions. It describes the square,—the crowd,—the rattling carriages,—the lake,—the fountain, raised by “the superhuman genius of Bernini,”—the lion,—the sea-horse, and the triton grasping the dolphin’s tail. “Half the grand square,” thus sings the poet, “where Rome with food is satiate, was changed into a lake, around whose margin stood the Roman people, pleased with soft idleness and merry holiday, like birds upon the margin of a limpid brook. Up and down drove car and chariot; and the women trembled for fear of the deep water; though merry were the young, and well, I ween, had they been borne away to unknown shores by the bull that bore away Europa, they would neither have wept nor screamed!’

On the eastern slope of the Janiculum, now called, from its yellow sands, Montorio, or the Golden Mountain, stands the fountain of Acqua Paola, the largest and most abundant of the Roman fountains. It is a small Ionic temple, with six columns of reddish granite in front, a spacious hall and chambers within, and a garden with a terrace in the rear. Beneath the pavement, a torrent of water from the ancient aqueducts of Trajan, and from the lakes of Bracciano and Martignano, leaps forth in three beautiful cascades, and from the overflowing basin rushes down the hill-side to turn the busy wheels of a dozen mills.

The key of this little fairy palace is in our hands, and as often as once a-week we pass the day there, amid the odour of its flowers, the rushing sound of its waters, and the enchantments of poetry and music. How pleasantly the sultry hours steal by! Cool comes the summer wind from the Tiber’s mouth at Ostia. Above us is a sky

without a cloud; beneath us, the magnificent panorama of Rome and the Campagna, bounded by the Abruzzi and the sea. Glorious scene! one glance at thee would move the dullest soul,—one glance can melt the painter and the poet into tears!

In the immediate neighbourhood of the fountain are many objects worthy of the stranger's notice. A bowshot down the hill-side towards the city stands the convent of San Pietro in Montorio; and in the cloister of this convent is a small, round, Doric temple, built upon the spot which an ancient tradition points out as the scene of St. Peter's martyrdom. In the opposite direction the road leads you over the shoulder of the hill, and out through the city-gate to gardens and villas beyond. Passing beneath a lofty arch of Trajan's aqueduct, an ornamented gate-way on the left admits you to the Villa Pamfili-Doria, built on the western declivity of the hill. This is the largest and most magnificent of the numerous villas that crowd the immediate environs of Rome. Its spacious terraces, its marble statues, its woodlands and green alleys, its lake, and waterfalls, and fountains, give it an air of courtly splendour and of rural beauty, which realizes the beau ideal of a suburban villa.

This is our favourite resort when we have passed the day at the fountain, and the afternoon shadows begin to fall. There we sit on the broad marble steps of the terrace, gaze upon the varied landscape stretching to the misty sea, or ramble beneath the leafy dome of the wood land and along the margin of the lake,—

“And drop a pebble to see it sink
Down in those depths so calm and cool.”

O, did we but know when we were happy! Could the

restless, feverish, ambitious heart be still, but for a moment still, and yield itself, without one farther-aspiring throb, to its enjoyment,—then were I happy,—yes, thrice happy! But no; this fluttering, struggling, and imprisoned spirit beats the bars of its golden cage,—disdains the silken fetter; it will not close its eye and fold its wings: as if time were not swift enough, its swifter thoughts outstrip his rapid flight, and onward, onward do they wing their way to the distant mountains, to the fleeting clouds of the future; and yet I know, that ere long, weary, and wayworn, and disappointed, they shall return to nestle in the bosom of the past!

This day, also, I have passed at Acqua Paola. From the garden terrace I watched the setting sun, as, wrapt in golden vapour, he passed to other climes. A friend from my native land was with me; and as we spake of home, a liquid star stood trembling like a tear upon the closing eyelid of the day. Which of us sketched these lines with a pencil upon the cover of Julia's *Corinna*?

Bright star! whose soft, familiar ray,
 In colder climes and gloomier skies,
 I've watched so oft when closing day
 Had tinged the west with crimson dies;
 Perhaps to-night some friend I love,
 Beyond the deep, the distant sea,
 Will gaze upon thy path above,
 And give one lingering thought to me.

TORQUATI TASSO OSSA HIC JACENT,—Here lie the bones of Torquato Tasso,—is the simple inscription upon the poet's tomb in the church of St. Onofrio. Many a pilgrimage is made to this grave. Many a bard from distant lands comes to visit this spot,—and, as he paces the

secluded cloisters of the convent where the poet died, and where his ashes rest, muses on the sad vicissitudes of his life, and breathes a prayer for the peace of his soul. He sleeps midway between his cradle at Sorrento and his dungeon at Ferrara.

The monastery of St. Onofrio stands on the Janiculum, overlooking the Tiber and the city of Rome; and in the distance rise the towers of the Roman Capitol, where, after long years of sickness, sorrow, and imprisonment, the laurel crown was prepared for the great epic poet of Italy. The chamber in which Tasso died is still shown to the curious traveller; and the tree in the garden, under whose shade he loved to sit. The feelings of the dying man, as he reposed in this retirement, are not the vague conjectures of poetic revery. He has himself recorded them in a letter which he wrote to his friend Antonio Constantini, a few days only before his dissolution. These are his melancholy words:—

“What will my friend Antonio say, when he hears of the death of Tasso? Ere long, I think, the news will reach him; for I feel that the end of my life is near; being able to find no remedy for this wearisome indisposition which is superadded to my customary infirmities, and by which, as by a rapid torrent, I see myself swept away, without a hand to save. It is no longer time to speak of my unyielding destiny, not to say the ingratitude of the world, which has longed even for the victory of driving me a beggar to my grave; while I thought that the glory which, in spite of those who will it not, this age shall receive from my writings was not to leave me thus without reward. I have come to this monastery of St. Onofrio, not only because the air is commended by physicians as more salubrious than in any other part of Rome,

but that I may, as it were, commence, in this high place, and in the conversation of these devout fathers, my conversation in heaven. Pray God for me; and be assured that as I have loved and honoured you in this present life, so in that other and more real life will I do for you all that belongs to charity unfeigned and true. And to the divine mercy I commend both you and myself."

THE modern Romans are a very devout people. The Princess Doria washes the pilgrims' feet in Holy Week; every evening, foul or fair, the whole year round, there is a rosary sung before an image of the Virgin, within a stone's throw of my window; and the young ladies write letters to St. Louis Gonzaga, who in all paintings and sculpture is represented as young and angelically beautiful. I saw a large pile of these letters a few weeks ago in Gonzaga's chapel, at the church of St. Ignatius. They were lying at the foot of the altar, prettily written on smooth paper, and tied with silken ribands of various colours. Leaning over the marble balustrade, I read the following superscription upon one of them:—"All Angelico Giovane S. Luigi Gonzaga, Paradiso,"—To the angelic youth St. Louis Gonzaga, Paradise. A soldier, with a musket, kept guard over this treasure, and I had the audacity to ask him at what hour the mail went out; for which heretical impertinence he cocked his moustache at me with the most savage look imaginable, as much as to say, "Get thee gone:"—

" Andate,
Niente pigliate,
E mai ritornate."

The modern Romans are likewise strongly given to

amusements of every description. *Panem et circenses*, says the Latin satirist, when chiding the degraded propensities of his countrymen; *Panem et circenses*,—they are content with bread and the sports of the circus. The same may be said at the present day. Even in this hot weather, when the shops are shut at noon, and the fat priests waddle about the streets with fans in their hands, the people crowd to the Mausoleum of Augustus, to be choked with the smoke of fireworks, and see deformed and humpback dwarfs tumbled into the dirt by the masked horns of young bullocks. What a refined amusement for the inhabitants of “pompous and holy Rome!”

THE Sirocco prevails to-day,—a hot wind from the burning sands of Africa, that bathes its wings in the sea, and comes laden with fogs and vapours to the shores of Italy. It is oppressive and dispiriting, and quite unmanly one, like the dog-days of the North. There is a scrap of an old English song running in my mind, in which the poet calls it a cool wind; though ten to one I misquote,

“When the cool Sirocco blows,
And daws, and pies, and rooks, and crows,
Sit and curse the wintry snows,
Then give me ale!”

I should think that stark English beer might have a potent charm against the powers of the foul fiend that rides this steaming, reeking wind. A flask of Montefiascone, or a bottle of *Lacrima Christi*, does very well.

BEGGARS all,—beggars all! The papal city is full of them; and they hold you by the button through the whole calendar of saints. You cannot choose but hear. I met

an old woman yesterday, who pierced my ear with this alluring petition:—

“ Ah signore! Qualche piccola cosa, per carità! Vi dirò la buona ventura! C'è una bella signorina, che vi ama molto! Per il Sacro Sacramento! Per la Madonna!”

Which being interpreted, is, “Ah, Sir, a trifle, for charity's sake! I will tell your fortune for you! There is a beautiful young lady who loves you well! For the Holy Sacrament,—for the Madonna's sake!”

Who could resist such an appeal?

I made a laughable mistake this morning in giving alms. A man stood on the shady side of the street with his hat in his hand, and as I passed he gave me a piteous look, though he said nothing. He had such a wo-begone face, and such a threadbare coat, that I at once took him for one of those mendicants who bear the title of *poveri vergognosi*,—bashful beggars; persons whom pinching want compels to receive the stranger's charity, though pride restrains them from asking it. Moved with compassion, I threw into the hat the little I had to give; when, instead of thanking me with a blessing, my man of the threadbare coat showered upon me the most sonorous maledictions of his native tongue, and, emptying his greasy hat upon the pavement, drew it down over his ears with both hands, and stalked away with all the dignity of a Roman senator in the best days of the republic,—to the infinite amusement of a greengrocer, who stood at his shop-door bursting with laughter. No time was given me for an apology; but I resolved to be for the future more discriminating in my charities, and not to take for a beggar every poor gentleman who chose to stand in the shade with his hat in his hand on a hot summer's day.

THERE is an old fellow who hawks pious legends and the lives of saints through the streets of Rome, with a sharp, cracked voice, that knows no pause nor division in the sentences it utters. I just heard him cry at a breath :—

“ *La Vita di San Giuseppe quel fidel servitor di Dio santo e meraviglioso mezzo bajocco,*”—The Life of St. Joseph that faithful servant of God holy and wonderful ha’penny!

This is the way with some people; everything helter-skelter—heads and tails—prices current and the lives of saints!

It has been a rainy day—a day of gloom. The church-bells never rang in my ears with so melancholy a sound; and this afternoon I saw a mournful scene, which still haunts my imagination. It was the funeral of a monk. I was drawn to the window by the solemn chant, as the procession came from a neighbouring street and crossed the square. First came a long train of priests, clad in black, and bearing in their hands large waxen tapers, which flared in every gust of wind, and were now and then extinguished by the rain. The bier followed, borne on the shoulders of four bare-footed Carmelites; and upon it, ghastly and grim, lay the body of the dead monk, clad in his long grey kirtle, with the twisted cord about his waist. Not even a shroud was thrown over him. His head and feet were bare, and his hands were placed upon his bosom, palm to palm, in the attitude of prayer. His face was emaciated, and of a livid hue; his eyes unclosed; and at every movement of the bier, his head nodded to and fro, with an unearthly and hideous aspect. Behind walked the monastic brotherhood, a long and melancholy procession, with their cowls thrown back, and their eyes cast upon the ground; and

last of all came a man with a rough, unpainted coffin upon his shoulders, closing the funeral train.

MANY of the priests, monks, monsignori, and cardinals of Rome have a bad reputation, even after deducting a tithe or so from the tales of gossip. To some of them may be applied the rhyming Latin distich, written for the monks of old:—

“O Monachi,
Vestri stomachi
Sunt amphora Bacchi;
Vos estis,
Dens est testis,
Turpissima pestis.”

The graphic description which Thomson gives in his “Castle of Indolence” would readily find an impersonation among the Roman priesthood:—

“Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,—
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy;—
A little, round, fat, oily man of God
Was one I chiefly marked among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
Which shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
When a tight damsel chanced to trippen by,
But when observed, would shrink into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.”

YONDER across the square goes a *Minente* of Trastevere; a fellow who boasts the blood of the old Romans in his veins. He is a plebeian exquisite of the western bank of the Tiber, with a swarthy face and the step of an emperor. He wears a slouched hat, and blue velvet jacket and breeches, and has enormous silver buckles in his shoes.

As he marches along he sings a ditty in his own vulgar dialect :—

“ Uno, due, e tre,
E lo Papa non è Re.”

Now he stops to talk with a woman with a pan of coals in her hand. What violent gestures! what expressive attitudes! Head, hands, and feet are all in motion;—not a muscle is still! It must be some interesting subject that excites him so much, and gives such energy to his gestures and his language. No; he only wants to light his pipe!

It is now past midnight. The moon is full and bright, and the shadows lie so dark and massive in the street that they seem a part of the walls that cast them. I have just returned from the Coliseum, whose ruins are so marvelously beautiful by moonlight. No stranger at Rome omits this midnight visit; for though there is something unpleasant in having one's admiration forestalled, and being as it were romantic aforethought, yet the charm is so powerful, the scene so surpassingly beautiful and sublime,—the hour, the silence, and the colossal ruin have such a mastery over the soul,—that you are disarmed when most upon your guard, and betrayed into an enthusiasm which perhaps you had silently resolved you would not feel.

On my way to the Coliseum, I crossed the Capitoline hill, and descended into the Roman Forum by the broad staircase that leads to the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. Close upon my right-hand stood the three remaining columns of the temple of the Thunderer, and the beautiful Ionic portico of the temple of Concord,—their base in shadow, and the bright moonbeam striking aslant upon the broken entablature above. Before me rose the

Phocian Column,—an isolated shaft, like a thin vapour hanging in the air scarce visible; and far to the left, the ruins of the temple of Antonio and Faustina, and the three colossal arches of the temple of Peace,—dim, shadowy, indistinct,—seemed to melt away and mingle with the sky. I crossed the Forum to the foot of the Palatine, and, ascending the Via Sacra, passed beneath the Arch of Titus. From this point, I saw below me the gigantic outline of the Coliseum, like a cloud resting upon the earth. As I descended the hill-side, it grew more broad and high,—more definite in its form, and yet more grand in its dimensions,—till, from the vale in which it stands encompassed by three of the Seven Hills of Rome,—the Palatine, the Cœlian, and the Esquiline,—the majestic ruin in all its solitary grandeur “swelled vast to heaven.”

A single sentinel was pacing to and fro beneath the arched gateway which leads to the interior, and his measured footsteps were the only sound that broke the breathless silence of the night. What a contrast with the scene which that same midnight hour presented, when, in Domitian's time, the eager populace began to gather at the gates, impatient for the morning sports! Nor was the contrast within less striking. Silence, and the quiet moonbeams, and the broad, deep shadows of the ruined wall! Where were the senators of Rome, her matrons, and her virgins? where the ferocious populace that rent the air with shouts, when, in the hundred holydays that marked the dedication of this imperial slaughter-house, five thousand wild beasts from the Libyan deserts and the forests of Anatolia made the arena sick with blood? Where were the Christian martyrs, that died with prayers upon their lips, amid the jeers and imprecations of their fellow-men? where the barbarian gladiators, brought forth to the festival of blood,

and "butchered to make a Roman holyday?" The awful silence answered, "They are mine!" The dust beneath me answered, "They are mine!"

I crossed to the opposite extremity of the amphitheatre. A lamp was burning in the little chapel, which has been formed from what was once a den for the wild beasts of the Roman festivals. Upon the steps sat the old beadsman, the only tenant of the Coliseum, who guides the stranger by night through the long galleries of this vast pile of ruins. I followed him up a narrow wooden staircase, and entered one of the lone and majestic corridors, which in ancient times ran entirely round the amphitheatre. Huge columns of solid mason-work, that seem the labour of Titans, support the flattened arches above; and though the iron clamps are gone, which once fastened the hewn stones together, yet the columns stand majestic and unbroken, amid the ruin around them, and seem to defy "the iron tooth of time." Through the arches at the right I could faintly discern the ruins of the baths of Titus on the Esquiline; and from the left, through every chink and cranny of the wall, poured in the brilliant light of the full moon, casting gigantic shadows around me, and diffusing a soft, silvery twilight through the long arcades. At length I came to an open space, where the arches above had crumbled away, leaving the pavement an unroofed terrace high in air. From this point I could see the whole interior of the amphitheatre spread out beneath me, half in shadow, half in light, with such a soft and indefinite outline that it seemed less an earthly reality than a reflection in the bosom of a lake. The figures of several persons below were just perceptible, mingling grotesquely with their fore-shortened shadows. The sound of their voices reached me in a whisper; and the cross that stands in the

centre of the arena looked like a dagger thrust into the sand. I did not conjure up the past, for the past had already become identified with the present. It was before me in one of its visible and most majestic forms. The arbitrary distinctions of time, years, ages, centuries, were annihilated. I was a citizen of Rome! This was the amphitheatre of Flavius Vespasian!

Mighty is the spirit of the past, amid the ruins of the Eternal City!

THE VILLAGE OF LA RICCIA.

Egressum magnâ me excepit Aricia Roma,
Hospitio medico.

HORACE.

I PASSED the month of September at the village of La Riccia, which stands upon the western declivity of the Albanian hills, looking towards Rome. Its situation is one of the most beautiful which Italy can boast. Like a mural crown, it encircles the brow of a romantic hill; woodlands of the most luxuriant foliage whisper around it; above rise the rugged summits of the Abruzzi, and beneath lies the level floor of the Campagna, blotted with ruined tombs, and marked with broken but magnificent aqueducts that point the way to Rome. The whole region is classic ground. The Appian Way leads you from the gate of Rome to the gate of La Riccia. On one hand you have the Alban Lake, on the other the Lake of Nemi; and the sylvan retreats around were once the dwellings of Hippolytus and the nymph Egeria.

The town itself, however, is mean and dirty. The only inhabitable part is near the northern gate, where the two streets of the village meet. There, face to face, upon a

square terrace, paved with large, flat stones, stand the Chigi palace and the village church with a dome and portico. There, too, stands the village inn, with its beds of cool, elastic maize-husks, its little dormitories, six feet square, and its spacious saloon, upon whose walls the melancholy story of Hippolytus is told in gorgeous frescoes. And there, too, at the union of the streets, just peeping through the gateway, rises the wedge-shaped Casa Antonini, within whose dusty chambers I passed the month of my *villeggiatura*, in company with two much-esteemed friends from the Old Dominion,—a fair daughter of that generous clime, and her husband, an artist, an enthusiast, and a man of “infinite jest.”

My daily occupations in this delightful spot were such as an idle man usually whiles away his time withal in such a rural residence. I read Italian poetry,—strolled in the Chigi park,—rambled about the wooded environs of the village,—took an airing on a jackass,—threw stones into the Alban Lake,—and, being seized at intervals with the artist-mania, that came upon me like an intermittent fever, sketched—or thought I did—the trunk of a hollow tree, or the spire of a distant church, or a fountain in the shade.

At such seasons the mind is “tickled with a straw,” and magnifies each trivial circumstance into an event of some importance. I recollect one morning, as I sat at breakfast in the village coffee-house, a large and beautiful spaniel came into the room, and placing his head upon my knee looked up into my face with a most piteous look, poor dog! as much as to say that he had not breakfasted. I gave him a morsel of bread, which he swallowed without so much as moving his long silken ears; and keeping his soft, beautiful eyes still fixed upon mine he thumped upon

the floor with his bushy tail, as if knocking for the waiter. He was a very beautiful animal, and so gentle and affectionate in his manner, that I asked the waiter who his owner was.

“He has none now,” said the boy.

“What!” said I, “so fine a dog without a master?”

“Ah, Sir, he used to belong to Gasparoni, the famous robber of the Abruzzi mountains, who murdered so many people, and was caught at last and sent to the galleys for life. There’s his portrait on the wall.”

It hung directly in front of me; a coarse print, representing the dark, stern countenance of that sinful man, a face that wore an expression of savage ferocity and coarse sensuality. I had heard his story told in the village; the accustomed tale of outrage, violence, and murder. And is it possible, thought I, that this man of blood could have chosen so kind and gentle a companion? What a rebuke must he have met in those large, meek eyes, when he patted his favourite on the head, and dappled his long ears with blood! Heaven seems in mercy to have ordained that none—no, not even the most depraved—should be left entirely to his evil nature, without one patient monitor,—a wife,—a daughter,—a fawning, meek-eyed dog, whose silent, supplicating look may rebuke the man of sin! If this mute, playful creature, that licks the stranger’s hand, were gifted with the power of articulate speech, how many a tale of midnight storm, and mountain-pass, and lonely glen, would—but these reflections are commonplace!

On another occasion, I saw an overladen ass fall on the steep and slippery pavement of the street. He made violent but useless efforts to get upon his feet again; and his brutal driver,—more brutal than the suffering beast of bur-

den—beat him unmercifully with his heavy whip. Barbarian! is it not enough that you have laid upon your uncomplaining servant a burden greater than he can bear? Must you scourge this unresisting slave, because his strength has failed him in your hard service? Does not that imploring look disarm you? Does not—and here was another theme for common-place reflection!

Again. A little band of pilgrims, clad in white, with staves, and scallop-shells, and sandal shoon, have just passed through the village gate, wending their toilsome way to the holy shrine of Loretto. They wind along the brow of the hill with slow and solemn pace,—just as they ought to do, to agree with my notion of a pilgrimage, drawn from novels. And now they disappear behind the hill; and hark! they are singing a mournful hymn, like Christian and Hopeful on their way to the Delectable Mountains. How strange it seems to me, that I should ever behold a scene like this! a pilgrimage to Loretto! Here was another outline for the imagination to fill up.

But my chief delight was in sauntering along the many woodland walks, which diverge in every direction from the gates of La Riccia. One of these plunges down the steep declivity of the hill, and, threading its way through a most romantic valley, leads to the shapeless tomb of the Horatii and the pleasant-village of Albano. Another conducts you over swelling uplands and through wooded hollows to Genzano and the sequestered Lake of Nemi, which lies in its deep crater, like the waters of a well, "all coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake." A third, and the most beautiful of all, runs in an undulating line along the crest of the last and lowest ridge of the Albanian Hills, and leads to the borders of the Alban Lake. In parts it hides

itself in thick-leaved hollows, in parts climbs the open hillside and overlooks the Campagna. Then it winds along the brim of the deep, oval basin of the lake, to the village of Castel Gandolfo, and thence onward to Marino, Grotta-Ferrata, and Frascati.

That part of the road which looks down upon the lake passes through a magnificent gallery of thick embowering trees, whose dense and luxuriant foliage completely shuts out the noonday sun, forming

“A greensward waggon-way, that, like
Cathedral aisle, completely roofed with branches,
Runs through the gloomy wood from top to bottom,
And has at either end a Gothic door
Wide open.”

This long sylvan arcade is called the *Galleria-di-sopra*, to distinguish it from the *Galleria-di-sotto*, a similar, though less beautiful avenue, leading from Castel Gandolfo to Albano, under the brow of the hill. In this upper gallery, and almost hidden amid its old and leafy trees, stands a Capuchin convent, with a little esplanade in front, from which the eye enjoys a beautiful view of the lake, and the swelling hills beyond. It is a lovely spot,—so lonely, cool, and still; and was my favourite and most frequented haunt.

Another pathway conducts you round the southern shore of the Alban Lake, and, after passing the site of the ancient Alba Longa, and the convent of Palazzuolo, turns off to the right, through a luxuriant forest, and climbs the rugged precipice of Rocca di Papa. Behind this village swells the rounded peak of Monte Cavo, the highest pinnacle of the Albanian Hills, rising three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Upon its summit once stood a temple of Jupiter, and the Triumphal Way, by which the Roman con-

querors ascended once a year in solemn procession to offer sacrifices, still leads you up the side of the hill. But a convent has been built upon the ruins of the ancient temple, and the disciples of Loyola are now the only conquerors that tread the pavement of the Triumphal Way.

The view from the windows of the convent is vast and magnificent. Directly beneath you, the sight plunges headlong into a gulf of dark-green foliage,—the Alban Lake seems so near, that you can almost drop a pebble into it,—and Nemi, embosomed in a green and cup-like valley, lies like a dew-drop in the hollow of a leaf. All around you, upon every swell of the landscape, the white walls of rural towns and villages peep from their leafy coverts,—Genzano, La Riccia, Castel Gandolfo, and Albano; and beyond spreads the flat and desolate Campagna, with Rome in its centre, and seamed by the silver thread of the Tiber, that at Ostia, “with a pleasant stream, whirling in rapid eddies, and yellow with much sand, rushes forward into the sea.” The scene of half the *Æneid* is spread beneath you like a map; and it would need volumes to describe each point that arrests the eye in this magnificent panorama.

As I stood leaning over the balcony of the convent, giving myself up to those reflections which the scene inspired, one of the brotherhood came from a neighbouring cell, and entered into conversation with me. He was an old man, with a hoary head and a trembling hand; yet his voice was musical and soft, and his eye still beamed with the enthusiasm of youth.

“How wonderful,” said he, “is the scene before us! I have been an inmate of these walls for thirty years, and yet this prospect is as beautiful to my eye as when I gazed

upon it for the first time. Not a day passes that I do not come to this window to behold and to admire. My heart is still alive to the beauties of the scene, and to all the classic associations it inspires."

"You have never, then, been whipped by an angel for reading Cicero and Plautus, as St. Jerome was?"

"No," said the monk, with a smile. "From my youth up I have been a disciple of Chrysostom, who often slept with the comedies of Aristophanes beneath his pillow; and yet I confess that the classic associations of Roman history and fable are not the most thrilling which this scene awakens in my mind. Yonder is the bridge from which Constantine beheld the miraculous cross of fire in the sky; and I can never forget that this convent is built upon the ruins of a pagan temple. The town of Ostia, which lies before us on the seashore, is renowned as the spot where the Trojan fugitive first landed on the coast of Italy. But other associations than this have made the spot holy in my sight. Marcus Minutius Felix, a Roman lawyer, who flourished in the third century, a convert to our blessed faith, and one of the purest writers of the Latin church, here places the scene of his "Octavius." This work has probably never fallen into your hands; for you are too young to have pushed your studies into the dusty tomes of the early Christian fathers."

I replied that I had never so much as heard the book mentioned before; and the monk continued:—

"It is a dialogue upon the vanity of pagan idolatry and the truth of the Christian religion, between Cæcilius, a heathen, and Octavius, a Christian. The style is rich, flowing, and poetical; and if the author handles his weapons with less power than a Tertullian, yet he exhibits equal adroitness and more grace. He has rather the studied

elegance of the Roman lawyer, than the bold spirit of a Christian martyr. But the volume is a treasure to me in my solitary hours, and I love to sit here upon the balcony, and con its poetic language and sweet imagery. You shall see the volume; I carry it in my bosom."

With these words, the monk drew from the folds of his gown a small volume, bound in parchment, and clasped with silver; and, turning over its well-worn leaves, continued:—

"In the introduction the author describes himself as walking upon the seashore at Ostia, in company with his friends Octavius and Cæcilius. Observe in what beautiful language he describes the scene."

Here he read to me the following passage, which I transcribe, not from memory, but from the book itself:—

"It was vacation-time, and that gave me a loose from my business at the bar; for it was the season after the summer's heat, when autumn promised fair, and put on the face of temperate. We set out, therefore, in the morning early, and as we were walking upon the seashore, and a kindly breeze fanned and refreshed our limbs, and the yielding sand softly submitted to our feet and made it delicious travelling, Cæcilius on a sudden espied the statue of Serapis, and, according to the vulgar mode of superstition, raised his hand to his mouth, and paid his adoration in kisses. Upon which, Octavius, addressing himself to me, said,—'It is not well done, my brother Marcus, thus to leave your inseparable companion in the depth of vulgar darkness, and to suffer him, in so clear a day, to stumble upon stones; stones, indeed, of figure, and anointed with oil, and crowned; but stones; however, still they are;—for you cannot but be sensible that your permitting so foul an error in your friend redounds no less to your disgrace

than his.' This discourse of his held us through half the city; and now we began to find ourselves upon the free and open shore. There the gently washing waves had spread the extremest sands into the order of an artificial walk; and as the sea always expresses some roughness in his looks, even when the winds are still, although he did not roll in foam and angry surges to the shore, yet were we much delighted, as we walked upon the edges of the water, to see the crisping, frizzly waves glide in snaky folds, one while playing against our feet, and then again retiring and lost in the devouring ocean. Softly then, and calmly as the sea about us, we travelled on, and kept upon the brim of the gently declining shore, beguiling the way with our stories."

Here the sound of the convent-bell interrupted the reading of the monk, and, closing the volume, he replaced it in his bosom, and bade me farewell, with a parting injunction to read the "Octavius" of Minutius Felix as soon as I should return to Rome.

During the summer months, La Riccia is a favourite resort of foreign artists who are pursuing their studies in the churches and galleries of Rome. Tired of copying the works of art, they go forth to copy the works of nature; and you will find them perched on their camp-stools at every picturesque point of view, with white umbrellas to shield them from the sun, and paint-boxes upon their knees, sketching with busy hands the smiling features of the landscape. The peasantry, too, are fine models for their study. The women of Genzano are noted for their beauty, and almost every village in the neighbourhood has something peculiar in its costume.

The sultry day was closing, and I had reached, in my accustomed evening's walk, the woodland gallery that looks

down upon the Alban Lake. The setting sun seemed to melt away in the sky, dissolving into a golden rain, that bathed the whole Campagna with unearthly splendour: while Rome in the distance, half-hidden, half-revealed, lay floating like a mote in the broad and misty sunbeam. The woodland walk before me seemed roofed with gold and emerald; and at intervals across its leafy arches shot the level rays of the sun, kindling, as they passed, like the burning shaft of Aestes. Beneath me the lake slept quietly. A blue, smoky vapour floated around its overhanging cliffs; the tapering cone of Monte Cavo hung reflected in the water; a little boat skimmed along its glassy surface, and I could even hear the sound of the labouring oar, so motionless and silent was the air around me.

I soon reached the convent of Castel Gandolfo. Upon one of the stone benches of the esplanade sat a monk with a book in his hand. He saluted me as I approached, and some trivial remarks upon the scene before us led us into conversation. I observed by his accent that he was not a native of Italy, though he spoke Italian with great fluency. In this opinion I was confirmed by his saying that he should soon bid farewell to Italy and return to his native lakes and mountains in the North of Ireland. I then said to him in English,—

“How strange that an Irishman and an Anglo-American should be conversing together in Italian upon the shores of Lake Albano!”

“It is strange,” said he with a smile, “though stranger things have happened. But I owe the pleasure of this meeting to a circumstance which changes that pleasure into pain. I have been detained here many weeks beyond the time I had fixed for my departure by the sickness of

a friend, who lies at the point of death within the walls of this convent.'

"Is he, too, a Capuchin friar like yourself?"

"He is. . We came together from our native land some six years ago, to study at the Jesuit College in Rome. This summer we were to have returned home again; but I shall now make the journey alone."

"Is there, then, no hope of his recovery?"

"None whatever," answered the monk, shaking his head. "He has been brought to this convent from Rome, for the benefit of a purer air; but it is only to die, and be buried near the borders of this beautiful lake. He is a victim of consumption. But come with me to his cell. He will feel it a kindness to have you visit him. Such a mark of sympathy in a stranger will be grateful to him in this foreign land, where friends are so few."

We entered the chapel together, and, ascending a flight of steps beside the altar, passed into the cloisters of the convent. Another flight of steps led us to the dormitories above, in one of which the sick man lay. Here my guide left me for a moment, and softly entered a neighbouring cell. He soon returned and beckoned me to come in. The room was dark and hot; for the window-shutter had been closed to keep out the rays of the sun, that in the after-part of the day fell unobstructed upon the western wall of the convent. In one corner of the little room, upon a pallet of straw, lay the sick man, with his face towards the wall. As I entered he raised himself upon his elbow, and, stretching out his hand to me, said in a faint voice,—

"I am glad to see you. It is kind in you to make me this visit."

Then speaking to his friend, he begged him to open

the window-shutter and let in the light and air; and as the bright sunbeam through the wreathing vapours of evening played upon the wall and ceiling, he said, with a sigh,—

“How beautiful is an Italian sunset! Its splendour is all around us, as if we stood in the horizon itself and could touch the sky. And yet, to a sick man’s feeble and distempered sight, it has a wan and sickly hue. He turns away with an aching heart from the splendour he cannot enjoy. The cool air seems the only friendly thing that is left for him.”

As he spake, a deeper shade of sadness stole over his pale countenance, sallow and attenuated by long sickness. But it soon passed off; and as the conversation changed to other topics, he grew cheerful again. He spoke of his return to his native land with childish delight. This hope had not deserted him. It seemed never to have entered his mind that even this consolation would be denied him,—that death would thwart even these fond anticipations.

“I shall soon be well enough,” said he, “to undertake the journey; and, O, with what delight shall I turn my back upon the Apennines! We shall cross the Alps into Switzerland, then go down the Rhine to England, and soon, soon we shall see the shores of the Emerald Isle, and once more embrace father, mother, sisters! By my profession, I have renounced the world, but not those holy emotions of love which are one of the highest attributes of the soul, and which, though sown in corruption here, shall hereafter be raised in incorruption. No; even He that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of his mother; as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last

worldly thought, the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven."

He ceased to speak. His eyes were fastened upon the sky with a fixed and steady gaze, though all unconsciously, for his thoughts were far away amid the scenes of his distant home. As I left his cell, he seemed sinking to sleep, and hardly noticed my departure. The gloom of twilight had already filled the cloisters; the monks were chanting their evening hymn in the chapel; and one unbroken shadow spread through the long cathedral aisle of forest-trees which led me homeward. There, in the silence of the hour, and amid the almost sepulchral gloom of the woodland scene, I tried to impress upon my careless heart the serious and affecting lesson I had learned.

I saw the sick monk no more; but a day or two afterward I heard in the village that he had departed,—not for an earthly, but for a heavenly home.

NOTE-BOOK.

Once more among the old, gigantic hills,
 With vapours clouded o'er,
 The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind,
 And rocks ascend before.
 They beckon me,—the giants,—from afar,
 They wing my footsteps on ;
 Their helmets of ice, their plumage of the pine,
 Their cuirasses of stone.

OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

THE glorious autumn closed. From the Abruzzi Mountains came the Zampognari, playing their rustic bagpipes beneath the images of the Virgin in the streets of Rome, and hailing with rude minstrelsy the approach of merry Christmas. The shops were full of dolls and playthings for the Bifana, who enacts in Italy the same merry interlude for children that Santiclaus does in the North; and travellers from colder climes began to fly southward, like sun-seeking swallows.

I left Rome for Venice, crossing the Apennines by the wild gorge of the Stretta, in a drenching rain. At Fano we struck into the sands of the Adriatic, and followed the seashore northward to Rimini, where, in the market-place, stands a pedestal of stone, from which, as an officious cicerone informed me, "Julius Cæsar preached to his army before crossing the Rubicon." Other principal points in my journey were Bologna, with its Campo Santo, its gloomy arcades, and its sausages; Ferrara, with its ducal palace and the dungeon of Tasso; Padua the Learned, with its sombre and scholastic air, and its inhabitants "apt for pike or pen."

I FIRST saw Venice by moonlight as we skimmed by the island of St. George in a felucca, and entered the Grand Canal. A thousand lamps glittered from the square of St. Mark, and along the water's edge. Above rose the cloudy shapes of spires, domes, and palaces, emerging from the sea; and occasionally the twinkling lamp of a gondola darted across the water like a shooting star, and suddenly disappeared, as if quenched in the wave. There was something so unearthly in the scene—so visionary and fairy-like—that I almost expected to see the city float away like a cloud, and dissolve into thin air.

Howell, in his "Signorie of Venice," says, "It is the water, wherein she lies like a swan's nest that doth both fence and feed her." Again: "She swims in wealth and wantonness, as well as she doth in the waters; she melts in softness and sensuality, as much as any other whatsoever." And still farther: "Her streets are so neat and evenly paved, that in the dead of winter one may walk up and down in a pair of satin pantables and crimson silk stockings, and not be dirtied." And the old Italian proverb says—

" Venegia, Venegia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pregia;
Mà chi t' ha troppo veduto
Ti dispregia! "

Venice, Venice, he that doth not see thee doth not prize thee; but he that hath too much seen thee doth despise thee!

Should you ever want a gondolier at Venice to sing you a passage from Tasso by moonlight, inquire for Toni Toscan. He has a voice like a raven. I sketched his portrait in my note-book; and he wrote beneath it this inscription:—

" Poeta Natural che Venizian,
Ch' el so nome xe un tal Toni Toscan."

THE road from Venice to Trieste traverses a vast tract of level land, with the Friulian Mountains on the left, and the Adriatic on the right. You pass through long avenues of trees, and the road stretches in unbroken perspective before and behind. Trieste is a busy, commercial city, with wide streets intersecting each other at right angles. It is a mart for all nations. Greeks, Turks, Italians, Germans, French, and English meet you at every corner and in every coffee-house; and the ever-changing variety of national countenance and costume affords an amusing and instructive study for a traveller.

TRIESTE to Vienna. Daybreak among the Carnic Alps. Above and around me huge snow-covered pinnacles, shapeless masses in the pale starlight—till touched by the morning sunbeam as by Ithuriel's spear, they assumed their natural forms and dimensions. A long, winding valley beneath, sheeted with spotless snow. At my side a yawning and rent chasm;—a mountain brook,—seen now and then through the chinks of its icy bridge,—black and treacherous,—and tinkling along its frozen channel with a sound like a distant clanking of chains.

Magnificent highland scenery between Grätz and Vienna in the Steiermark. The wild mountain-pass from Meersschlag to Schottwien. A castle built, like an eagle's nest, upon the top of a perpendicular crag. A little hamlet at the base of the mountain. A covered wagon, drawn by twenty-one horses, slowly toiling up the slippery, zigzag road. A snow-storm. Reached Vienna at midnight.

ON the southern bank of the Danube, about sixteen miles

above Vienna, stands the ancient castle of Greifenstein, where—if the tale be true, though many doubt and some deny it—Richard the Lion-heart, of England, was imprisoned, when returning from the third Crusade. It is built upon the summit of a steep and rocky hill, that rises just far enough from the river's brink to leave a foothold for the highway. At the base of the hill stands the village of Greifenstein, from which a winding pathway leads you to the old castle. You pass through an arched gate into a narrow court-yard, and thence onward to a large, square tower. Near the doorway, and deeply cut into the solid rock, upon which the castle stands, is the form of a human hand, so perfect that your own lies in it as in a mould. And hence the name of Greifenstein. In the square tower is Richard's prison, completely isolated from the rest of the castle. A wooden staircase leads you up on the outside to a light balcony, running entirely round the tower, not far below its turrets. From this balcony you enter the prison,—a small, square chamber, lighted by two Gothic windows. The walls of the tower are some five feet thick; and in the pavement is a trapdoor, opening into a dismal vault,—a vast dungeon, which occupies all the lower part of the tower, quite down to its rocky foundations, and which formerly had no entrance but the trapdoor above. In one corner of the chamber stands a large cage of oaken timber, in which the royal prisoner is said to have been shut up;—the grossest lie that ever cheated the gaping curiosity of a traveller.

The balcony commands some fine and picturesque views. Beneath you winds the lordly Danube, spreading its dark waters over a wide tract of meadow-land, and forming numerous little islands; and all around, the landscape is bounded by forest-covered hills, topped by the mouldering

turrets of a feudal castle or the tapering spire of a village church. The spot is well worth visiting, though German antiquaries say that Richard was not imprisoned there; this story being at best a bold conjecture of what is possible, though not probable.

FROM Vienna I passed northward, visiting Prague, Dresden, and Leipsic, and then folding my wings for a season in the scholastic shades of Göttingen. Thence I passed through Cassel to Frankfort on the Maine; and thence to Mayence, where I took the steamboat down the Rhine. These several journeys I shall not describe, for as many several reasons. First,—but no matter,—I prefer thus to stride across the earth like the Saturnian in *Micro-megas*, making but one step from the Adriatic to the German Ocean. I leave untold the wonders of the wondrous Rhine, a fascinating theme. Not even the beauties of the Vautsburg and the Bingenloch shall detain me. I hasten, like the blue waters of that romantic river, to lose myself in the sands of Holland.

THE PILGRIM'S SALUTATION.

Ye who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
 Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
 A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
 A single recollection, not in vain
 He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell.

Childe Harold.

THESE, fair dames and courteous gentlemen, are some of the scenes and musings of my pilgrimage, when I journeyed away from my kith and kin into the land of Outre-Mer.

And yet amid these scenes and musings,—amid all the novelties of the Old World, and the quick succession of images that were continually calling my thoughts away, there were always fond regrets and longings after the land of my birth lurking in the secret corners of my heart. When I stood by the seashore, and listened to the melancholy and familiar roar of its waves, it seemed but a step from the threshold of a foreign land to the fireside of home; and when I watched the out-bound sail, fading over the water's edge, and losing itself in the blue mists of the sea, my heart went with it, and I turned away fancy-sick with the blessings of home and the endearments of domestic love.

“ I know not how,—but in yon land of roses
My heart was heavy still;
I startled at the warbling nightingale,
The zephyr on the hill.
They said the stars shone with a softer gleam:
It seemed not so to me!
In vain a scene of beauty beamed around,—
My thoughts were o'er the sea.”

At times I would sit at midnight in the solitude of my chamber, and give way to the recollection of distant friends. How delightful it is thus to strengthen within us the golden threads that unite our sympathies with the past,—to fill up, as it were, the blanks of existence with the images of those we love! How sweet are these dreams of home in a foreign land! How calmly across life's stormy sea blooms that little world of affection, like those Hesperian isles where eternal summer reigns, and the olive blossoms all the year round, and honey distils from the hollow oak! Truly, the love of home is interwoven with all that is pure, and deep, and lasting in earthly affection. Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret longing

to the paternal roof. There the scattered rays of affection concentrate. Time may enfeeble them, distance overshadow them, and the storms of life obstruct them for a season; but they will at length break through the cloud and storm, and glow, and burn, and brighten around the peaceful threshold of home!

And now, farewell! The storm is over, and through the parting clouds the radiant sunshine breaks upon my path. God's blessing upon you for your hospitality. I fear I have but poorly repaid it by these tales of my pilgrimage; and I bear your kindness meekly, for I come not like Theudas of old, "boasting myself to be somebody."

Farewell! My prayer is, that I be not among you as the stranger at the court of Busiris; that your God-speed be not a thrust that kills.

The Pilgrim's benison upon this honourable company.
Pax vobiscum!

COLOPHON.

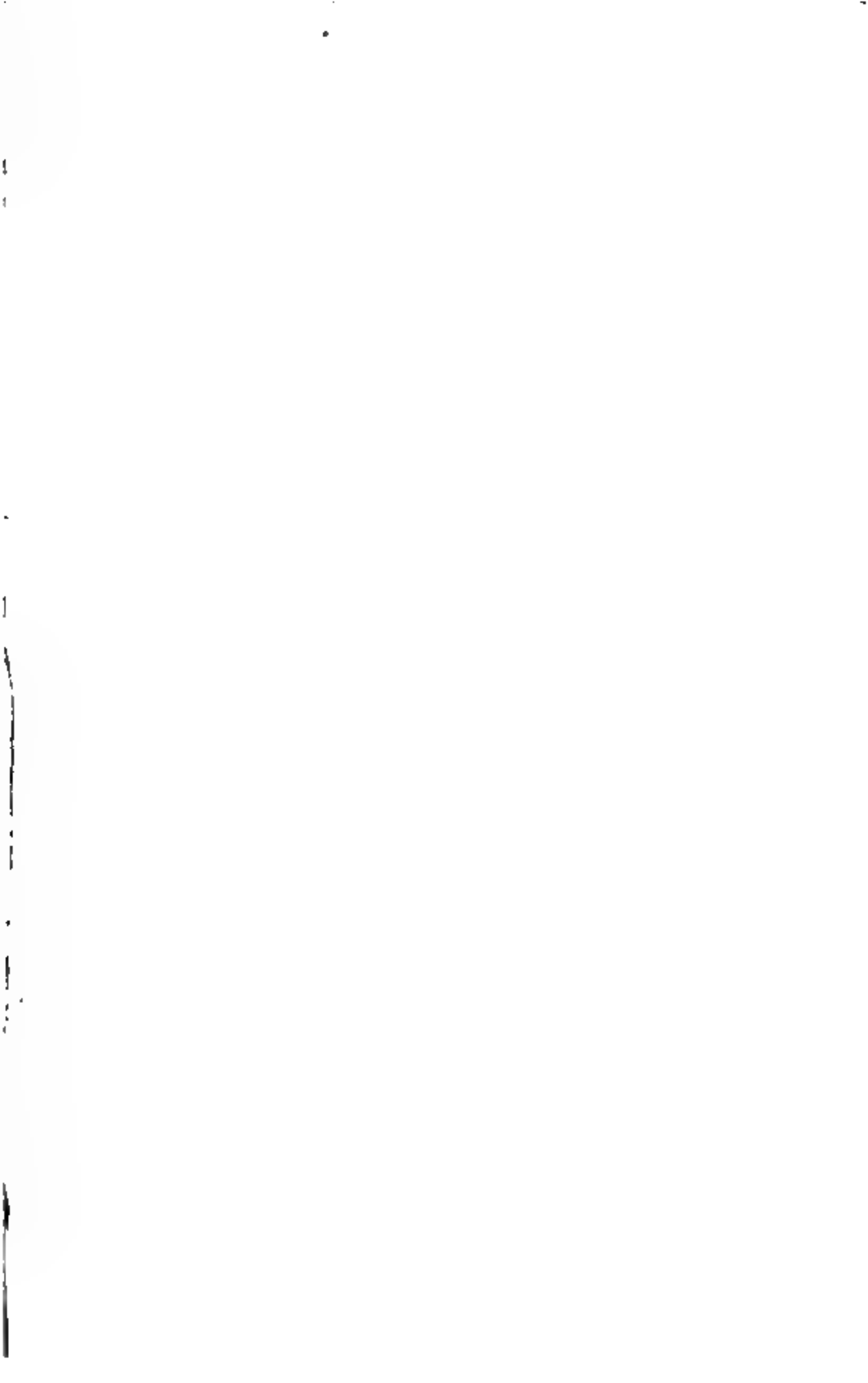
Heart, take thine ease,—
Men hard to please
Thou haply mightst offend;
Though some speak ill
Of thee, some will
Say better;—there's an end.

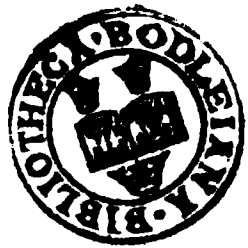
HEYLIN.

My pilgrimage is ended. I have come home to rest; and, recording the time past, I have fulfilled these things, and written them in this book, as it would come into my mind, for the most part, when the duties of the day were over, and the world around me was hushed in sleep. The pen wherewith I write most easily is a feather stolen from the

sable wing of night. Even now, as I record these parting words, it is long past midnight. The morning watches have begun. And as I write, the melancholy thought intrudes upon me,—To what end is all this toil? Of what avail these midnight vigils? Dost thou covet fame? Vain dreamer! A few brief days,—and what will the busy world know of thee? Alas! this little book is but a bubble on the stream; and although it may catch the sunshine for a moment, yet it will soon float down the swift-rushing current, and be seen no more!

END OF OUTRE-MER.





KAVANAGH:

A Tale.

The flighty purpose never is overtook,
Unless the deed go with it.

SHAKSPEARE.



KAVANAGH.

I

GREAT men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the labourers on the surface do not even dream!

Some such thought as this was floating vaguely through the brain of Mr. Churchill, as he closed his school-house door behind him; and if in any degree he applied it to himself, it may perhaps be pardoned in a dreamy, poetic man like him; for we judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done. And moreover his wife considered him equal to great things. To the people in the village, he was the schoolmaster, and nothing more. They beheld in his form and countenance no outward sign of the divinity within. They saw him daily moiling and delving in the common path, like a beetle, and little thought that underneath that hard and cold exterior, lay folded delicate golden wings, wherewith, when the heat of day was over, he soared and revelled in the pleasant evening air.

To-day he was soaring and revelling before the sun had set; for it was Saturday. With a feeling of infinite relief he left behind him the empty school-house, into which the hot sun of a September afternoon was pouring. All the bright young faces were gone; all the impatient little

hearts were gone; all the fresh voices, shrill, but musical with the melody of childhood, were gone; and the lately busy realm was given up to silence, and the dusty sunshine, and the old gray flies, that buzzed and bumped their heads against the window-panes. The sound of the outer door, creaking on its hebdomadal hinges, was like a sentinel's challenge, to which the key growled responsive in the lock, and the master, casting a furtive glance at the last caricature of himself in red chalk on the wooden fence close by, entered with a light step the solemn avenue of pines that led to the margin of the river.

At first his step was quick and nervous; and he swung his cane as if aiming blows at some invisible and retreating enemy. Though a meek man, there were moments when he remembered with bitterness the unjust reproaches of fathers and their insulting words; and then he fought imaginary battles with people out of sight, and struck them to the ground, and trampled upon them; for Mr. Churchill was not exempt from the weakness of human nature, nor the customary vexations of a schoolmaster's life. Unruly sons and unreasonable fathers did sometimes embitter his else sweet days and nights. But as he walked, his step grew slower, and his heart calmer. The coolness and shadows of the great trees comforted and satisfied him, and he heard the voice of the wind as it were the voice of spirits calling around him in the air. So that when he emerged from the black woodlands into the meadows by the river's side, all his cares were forgotten.

He lay down for a moment under a sycamore, and thought of the Roman Consul Licinius, passing a night with eighteen of his followers in the hollow trunk of the great Lycian plane-tree. From the branches overhead the falling seeds were wafted away through the soft air on

plumy tufts of down. The continuous murmur of the leaves and of the swift-running stream seemed rather to deepen than disturb the pleasing solitude and silence of the place; and for a moment he imagined himself far away in the broad prairies of the West, and lying beneath the luxuriant trees that overhang the banks of the Wabash and the Kaskaskia. He saw the sturgeon leap from the river, and flash for a moment in the sunshine. Then a flock of wild-fowl flew across the sky towards the sea mist that was rising slowly in the east; and his soul seemed to float away on the river's current, till he had glided far out into the measureless sea, and the sound of the wind among the leaves was no longer the sound of the wind, but of the sea.

Nature had made Mr. Churchill a poet, but destiny made him a schoolmaster. This produced a discord between his outward and his inward existence. Life presented itself to him like the Sphinx, with its perpetual riddle of the real and the ideal. To the solution of this dark problem he devoted his days and his nights. He was forced to teach grammar when he would fain have written poems; and from day to day, and from year to year, the trivial things of life postponed the great designs which he felt capable of accomplishing, but never had the resolute courage to begin. Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and wasted his strength on trifles; like the lazy sea that plays with the pebbles on its beach, but under the inspiration of the wind might lift great navies on its outstretched palms, and toss them into the air as playthings.

The evening came. The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrew in Egypt, smote the rivers, and the brooks, and the ponds, and they became as blood.

Mr. Churchill turned his steps homeward. He climbed

the hill with the old windmill on its summit, and below him saw the lights of the village; and around him the great landscape sinking deeper and deeper into the sea of darkness. He passed an orchard. The air was filled with the odour of the fallen fruit, which seemed to him as sweet as the fragrance of the blossoms in June. A few steps farther brought him to an old and neglected churchyard; and he paused a moment to look at the white gleaming stone, under which slumbered the old clergyman, who came into the village in the time of the Indian wars, and on which was recorded that for half a century he had been "a painful preacher of the word." He entered the village street, and interchanged a few words with Mr. Pendexter, the venerable divine, whom he found standing at his gate. He met, also, an ill-looking man, carrying so many old boots that he seemed literally buried in them; and at intervals encountered a stream of strong tobacco smoke, exhaled from the pipe of an Irish labourer, and pervading the damp evening air. At length he reached his own door.

II.

WHEN Mr. Churchill entered his study, he found the lamp lighted, and his wife waiting for him. The wood fire was singing on the hearth like a grasshopper in the heat and silence of a Summer noon; and to his heart the chill autumnal evening became a Summer noon. His wife turned towards him with looks of love in her joyous blue eyes; and in the serene expression of her face he read the Divine beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

No sooner had he seated himself by the fireside than the door was swung wide open, and on the threshold stood,

with his legs apart, like a miniature colossus, a lovely, golden boy, about three years old; with long, light locks and very red cheeks. After a moment's pause, he dashed forward into the room with a shout, and established himself in a large arm-chair, which he converted into a carrier's waggon, and over the back of which he urged forward his imaginary horses. He was followed by Lucy, the maid of all work, bearing in her arms the baby, with large, round eyes, and no hair. In his mouth he held an India rubber ring, and looked very much like a street-door knocker. He came down to say good night, but after he got down, could not say it; not being able to say anything but a kind of explosive "Papa!" He was then a good deal kissed and tormented in various ways, and finally set off to bed blowing little bubbles with his mouth,—Lucy blessing his little heart, and asseverating that nobody could feed him in the night without loving him; and that if the flies bit him any more she would pull out every tooth in their heads!

Then came Master Alfred's hour of triumph and sovereign sway. The fire-light gleamed on his hard, red cheeks, and glanced from his liquid eyes, and small, white teeth. He piled his waggon full of books and papers, and dashed off to town at the top of his speed; he delivered and received parcels and letters, and played the postboy's horn with his lips. Then he climbed the back of the great chair, sang "Sweep ho!" as from the top of a very high chimney, and, sliding down upon the cushion, pretended to fall asleep in a little white bed, with white curtains; from which imaginary slumber his father awoke him by crying in his ear, in mysterious tones,—

"What little boy is this!"

Finally he sat down in his chair at his mother's knee,

and listened very attentively, and for the hundredth time, to the story of the dog Jumper, which was no sooner ended, than vociferously called for again and again. On the fifth repetition, it was cut as short as the dog's tail by Lucy, who, having put the baby to bed, now came for Master Alfred. He seemed to hope he had been forgotten, but was nevertheless marched off to bed, without any particular regard to his feelings, and disappeared in a kind of abstracted mood, repeating softly to himself his father's words,—

“ Good night, Alfred ! ”

His father looked fondly after him as he went up-stairs, holding Lucy by one hand, and with the other rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

“ Ah ! these children, these children ! ” said Mr. Churchill, as he sat down at the tea-table ; “ we ought to love them very much now, for we shall not have them long with us ! ”

“ Good heavens ! ” exclaimed his wife, “ what do you mean ? Does anything ail them ? Are they going to die ? ”

“ I hope not. But they are going to grow up, and be no longer children. ”

“ O, you foolish man ! You gave me such a fright ! ”

“ And yet it seems impossible that they should ever grow to be men, and drag the heavy artillery along the dusty roads of life. ”

“ And I hope they never will. That is the last thing I want either of them to do. ”

“ O, I do not mean literally, only figuratively. By the way, speaking of growing up and growing old, I saw Mr. Pendexter this evening, as I came home. ”

“ And what had he to say ? ”

“ He told me he should preach his farewell sermon to-morrow. ”

“Poor old man! I really pity him.”

“So do I. But it must be confessed he is a dull preacher; and I dare say it is as dull work for him as for his hearers.”

“Why are they going to send him away?”

“O, there are a great many reasons. He does not give time and attention enough to his sermons and to his parish. He is always at work on his farm; always wants his salary raised; and insists upon his right to pasture his horse in the parish fields.”

“Hark!” cried his wife, lifting up her face in a listening attitude.

“What is the matter?”

“I thought I heard the baby!”

There was a short silence. Then Mr. Churchill said,—

“It was only the cat in the cellar.”

At this moment Lucy came in. She hesitated a little, and then, in a submissive voice, asked leave to go down to the village to buy some ribbon for her bonnet. Lucy was a girl of fifteen, who had been taken a few years before from an Orphan Asylum. Her dark eyes had a gipsy look, and she wore her brown hair twisted round her head after the manner of some of Murillo's girls. She had Milesian blood in her veins, and was impetuous and impatient of contradiction.

When she had left the room, the schoolmaster resumed the conversation by saying,—

“I do not like Lucy's going out so much in the evening. I am afraid she will get into trouble. She is really very pretty.”

Then there was another pause, after which he added,—

“My dear wife, one thing puzzles me exceedingly.”

“And what is that?”

"It is to know what that man does with all the old boots he picks up about the village. I met him again this evening. He seemed to have as many feet as Briareus had hands. He is a kind of centipede."

"But what has that to do with Lucy?"

"Nothing. It only occurred to me at the moment; and I never can imagine what he does with so many old boots."

III.

WHEN tea was over, Mr. Churchill walked to and fro in his study, as his custom was. And as he walked, he gazed with secret rapture at the books which lined the walls, and thought how many bleeding hearts and aching heads had found consolation for themselves, and imparted it to others, by writing those pages. The books seemed to him almost as living beings, so instinct were they with human thoughts and sympathies. It was as if the authors themselves were gazing at him from the walls, with countenances neither sorrowful nor glad, but full of calm indifference to fate, like those of the poets who appeared to Dante in his vision; walking together on the dolorous shore. And then he dreamed of fame, and thought that perhaps hereafter he might be in some degree, and to some one, what these men were to him; and in the enthusiasm of the moment he exclaimed aloud,—

"Would you have me be like these, dear Mary?"

"Like these what?" asked his wife, not comprehending him.

"Like these great and good men,—like these scholars and poets,—the authors of all these books!"

She pressed his hand and said, in a soft, but excited tone,—

"O, yes! Like them, only, perhaps, better!"

“Then I will write a Romance!”

“Write it!” said his wife, like the angel. For she believed that then he would become famous for ever; and that all the vexed and busy world would stand still to hear him blow his little trumpet, whose sound was to rend the adamantine walls of time, and reach the ears of a far-off and startled posterity.

IV.

“I was thinking to-day,” said Mr. Churchill, a few minutes afterwards, as he took some papers from a drawer scented with a quince, and arranged them on the study table, while his wife as usual seated herself opposite to him with her work in her hand, “I was thinking to-day how dull and prosaic the study of mathematics is made in our school-books; as if the grand science of numbers had been discovered and perfected merely to further the purposes of trade.”

“For my part,” answered his wife, “I do not see how you can make mathematics poetical. There is no poetry in them.”

“Ah, that is a very great mistake! There is something divine in the science of numbers. Like God, it holds the sea in the hollow of its hand. It measures the earth; it weighs the stars; it illumines the universe; it is law, it is order, it is beauty. And yet we imagine—that is, most of us—that its highest end and culminating point is book-keeping by double entry. It is our way of teaching it that makes it so prosaic.”

So saying, he arose, and went to one of his book-cases, from the shelf of which he took down a little old quarto volume, and laid it upon the table.

“ Now here,” he continued, “ is a book of mathematics of quite a different stamp from ours.”

“ It looks very old. What is it ? ”

“ It is the *Lilawati* of *Bhascara Acharya*, translated from the Sanscrit.”

“ It is a pretty name. Pray what does it mean ? ”

“ *Lilawati* was the name of *Bhascara's* daughter, and the book was written to perpetuate it. Here is an account of the whole matter.”

He then opened the volume, and read as follows :—

“ It is said that the composing of *Lilawati* was occasioned by the following circumstance. *Lilawati* was the name of the author's daughter, concerning whom it appeared, from the qualities of the Ascendant at her birth, that she was destined to pass her life unmarried, and to remain without children. The father ascertained a lucky hour for contracting her in marriage, that she might be firmly connected and have children. It is said that, when that hour approached, he brought his daughter and his intended son near him. He left the hour-cup on the vessel of water, and kept in attendance a time-knowing astrologer, in order that, when the cup should subside in the water, those two precious jewels should be united. But as the intended arrangement was not according to destiny, it happened that the girl, from a curiosity natural to children, looked into the cup to observe the water coming in at the hole ; when by chance a pearl separated from her bridal dress, fell into the cup, and rolling down to the hole, stopped the influx of the water. So the astrologer waited in expectation of the promised hour. When the operation of the cup had thus been delayed beyond all moderate time, the father was in consternation, and examining, he found that a small pearl had stopped the course of the water, and the long-expected hour

was passed. In short, the father, thus disappointed, said to his unfortunate daughter, "I will write a book of your name, which shall remain to the latest times,—for a good name is a second life, and the groundwork of eternal existence."

As the schoolmaster read, the eyes of his wife dilated and grew tender, and she said,—

"What a beautiful story! When did it happen?"

"Seven hundred years ago, among the Hindoos."

"Why not write a poem about it?"

"Because it is already a poem of itself,—one of those things of which the simplest statement is the best, and which lose by embellishment. The old Hindoo legend, brown with age, would not please me so well if decked in gay colours, and hung round with the tinkling bells of rhyme. Now hear how the book begins."

Again he read:—

"Salutation to the elephant-headed Being who infuses joy into the minds of his worshippers, who delivers from every difficulty those that call upon him, and whose feet are revered by the gods!—Reverence to Ganesa, who is beautiful as the pure purple lotos, and around whose neck the black curling snake winds itself in playful folds!"

"That sounds rather mystical," said his wife.

"Yes; the book begins with a salutation to the Hindoo deities, as the old Spanish Chronicles begin in the name of God and the holy Virgin. And now see how poetical some of the examples are."

He then turned over the leaves slowly and read,—

"One-third of a collection of beautiful water-lilies is offered to Mahadev, one-fifth to Huri, one-sixth to the sun, one-fourth to Devi, and six which remain are presented to the spiritual teacher. Required the whole number of water-lilies."

“That is very pretty,” said the wife, “and would put it into the boys’ heads to bring you pond-lilies.”

“Here is a prettier one still. One-fifth of a hive of bees flew to the Kadamba flower; one-third flew to the Silandhara; three times the difference of these two numbers flew to an arbour; and one bee continued flying about, attracted on each side by the fragrant Ketaki and the Malati. What was the number of the bees?”

“I am sure I should never be able to tell.”

“Ten times the square root of a flock of geese——”

Here Mrs. Churchill laughed aloud, but he continued very gravely,—

“Ten times the square root of a flock of geese, seeing the clouds collect, flew to the Manus lake; one-eighth of the whole flew from the edge of the water amongst a multitude of water-lilies; and three couple were observed playing in the water. Tell me, my young girl with beautiful locks, what was the whole number of geese?”

“Well, what was it?”

“What should you think?”

“About twenty.”

“No; one hundred and forty-four. Now try another. The square root of half a number of bees, and also eight-ninths of the whole, alighted on the jasmynes, and a female bee buzzed responsive to the hum of the male enclosed at night in a water-lily. O, beautiful damsel, tell me the number of bees.”

“That is not there. You made it.”

“No, indeed, I did not. I wish I had made it. Look and see.”

He showed her the book, and she read it herself. He then proposed some of the geometrical questions.

“In a lake the bud of a water-lily was observed one span

above the water, and when moved by the gentle breeze, it sunk in the water at two cubits' distance. Required the depth of the water."

"That is charming, but must be very difficult. I could not answer it."

"A tree one hundred cubits high is distant from a well two hundred cubits; from this tree one monkey descends and goes to the well; another monkey takes a leap upwards, and then descends by the hypotenuse; and both pass over an equal space. Required the height of the leap."

"I do not believe you can answer that question yourself, without looking into the book," said the laughing wife, laying her hand over the solution. "Try it."

"With great pleasure, my dear child," cried the confident schoolmaster, taking a pencil and paper. After making a few figures and calculations, he answered—

"There, my young girl with beautiful locks, there is the answer—forty cubits."

His wife removed her hand from the book, and then, clapping both in triumph, she exclaimed—

"No, you are wrong, you are wrong, my beautiful youth with a bee in your bonnet. It is fifty cubits!"

"Then I must have made some mistake."

"Of course you did. Your monkey did not jump high enough."

She signalized his mortifying defeat as if it had been a victory, by showering kisses, like roses, upon his forehead and cheeks, as he passed beneath the triumphal archway of her arms, trying in vain to articulate—

"My dearest Lilawati, what is the whole number of the geese?"

V.

AFTER extricating himself from this pleasing dilemma, he said,—

“But I am now going to write. I must really begin in sober earnest, or I shall never get anything finished. And you know I have so many things to do, so many books to write, that really I do not know where to begin. I think I will take up the Romance first.”

“It will not make much difference, if you only begin.”

“That is true. I will not lose a moment.”

“Did you answer Mr. Cartwright’s letter about the cottage bedstead?”

“Dear me, no! I forgot it entirely. That must be done first, or he will make it all wrong.”

“And the young lady who sent you the poetry to look over and criticise?”

“No; I have not had a single moment’s leisure. And there is Mr. Hanson, who wants to know about the cooking-range. Confound it! there is always something interfering with my Romance. However, I will despatch those matters very speedily.”

And he began to write with great haste. For a while nothing was heard but the scratching of his pen. Then he said, probably in connexion with the cooking-range,—

“One of the most convenient things in housekeeping is a ham. It is always ready and always welcome. You can eat it with anything and without anything. It reminds me always of the great wild boar Scrimner, in the Northern Mythology, who is killed every day for the gods to feast on in Valhalla, and comes to life again every night.”

“In that case, I should think the gods would have the nightmare,” said his wife.

“Perhaps they do.”

And then another long silence, broken only by the skating of the swift pen over the sheet. Presently Mrs. Churchill said,—as if following out her own train of thought, while she ceased plying her needle to bite off the thread, which ladies will sometimes do in spite of all that is said against it,—

“A man came here to-day, calling himself the agent of an extensive house in the needle trade. He left this sample, and said the drill of the eye was superior to any other, and they are warranted not to cut the thread. He puts them at the wholesale price; and if I do not like the sizes, he offers to exchange them for others, either sharps or between.”

To this remark the abstracted schoolmaster vouchsafed no reply. He found his half-dozen letters not so easily answered, particularly that to the poetical young lady, and worked away busily at them. Finally, they were finished and sealed; and he looked up to his wife. She turned her eyes dreamily upon him. Slumber was hanging in their blue orbs, like snow in the heavens ready to fall. It was quite late, and he said to her,—

“I am too tired, my charming Lilawati, and you too sleepy, to sit here any longer to-night. And, as I do not wish to begin my Romance without having you at my side, so that I can read detached passages to you as I write, I will put it off till to-morrow or the next day.”

He watched his wife as she went up-stairs with the light. It was a picture always new and always beautiful, and like a painting of Gherardo della Notte. As he followed her, he paused to look at the stars. The beauty of the heavens made his soul overflow.

“How absolute,” he exclaimed, “how absolute and omni-

potent is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things, in the great miracle of nature—decay and reproduction—ever beginning, never ending—the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time!”

In the night, Mr. Churchill had a singular dream. He thought himself in school, where he was reading Latin to his pupils. Suddenly, all the genitive cases of the first declension began to make faces at him, and to laugh immoderately; and when he tried to lay hold of them, they jumped down into the ablative, and the circumflex accent assumed the form of a great moustache. Then the little village school-house was transformed into a vast and endless school-house of the world, stretching forward, form after form, through all the generations of coming time; and on all the forms sat young men and old, reading and transcribing his Romance, which now in his dream was completed, and smiling and passing it onward from one to another, till at last the clock in the corner struck twelve, and the weights ran down with a strange, angry whirr, and the schoolmaster awoke to find this vision of fame only a dream, out of which his alarm-clock had aroused him at an untimely hour.

VI.

MEANWHILE, a different scene was taking place at the parsonage. Mr. Pendexter had retired to his study to finish his farewell sermon. Silence reigned through the

house. Sunday had already commenced there. The week ended with the setting of the sun, "and the evening and the morning were the first day."

The clergyman was interrupted in his labours by the old sexton, who called as usual for the key of the church. He was gently rebuked for coming so late, and excused himself by saying that his wife was worse.

"Poor woman!" said Mr. Pendexter; "has she her mind?"

"Yes," answered the sexton, "as much as ever."

"She has been ill a long time," continued the clergyman. "We have had prayers for her a great many Sundays."

"It is very true, sir," replied the sexton, mournfully; "I have given you a great deal of trouble. But you need not pray for her any more. It is of no use."

Mr. Pendexter's mind was in too fervid a state to notice the extreme and hopeless humility of his old parishioner, and the unintentional allusion to the inefficacy of his prayers. He pressed the old man's hand warmly, and said, with much emotion,—

"To-morrow is the last time that I shall preach in this parish, where I have preached for twenty-five years. But it is not the last time I shall pray for you and your family."

The sexton retired also much moved, and the clergyman again resumed his task. His heart glowed and burned within him. Often his face flushed and his eyes filled with tears, so that he could not go on. Often he rose and paced the chamber to and fro, and wiped away the large drops that stood on his red and feverish forehead.

At length the sermon was finished. He rose and looked out of the window. Slowly the clock struck twelve. He had not heard it before since six. The moonlight silvered the

distant hills, and lay, white almost as snow, on the frosty roofs of the village. Not a light could be seen at any window.

“Ungrateful people! Could you not watch with me one hour?” exclaimed he, in that excited and bitter moment; as if he had thought that on that solemn night the whole parish would have watched while he was writing his farewell discourse. He pressed his hot brow against the window-pane to allay its fever; and across the tremulous wavelets of the river the tranquil moon sent towards him a silvery shaft of light, like an angelic salutation. And the consoling thought came to him, that not only this river, but all rivers and lakes, and the great sea itself, were flashing with this heavenly light, though he beheld it as a single ray only; and that what to him were the dark waves, were the dark providences of God, luminous to others, and even to himself should he change his position.

VII.

THE morning came; the dear, delicious, silent Sunday; to the weary workman, both of brain and hand, the beloved day of rest. When the first bell rang, like a brazen mortar, it seemed from its gloomy fortress to bombard the village with bursting shells of sound that exploded over the houses, shattering the ears of all the parishioners, and shaking the consciences of many.

Mr. Pendexter was to preach his farewell sermon. The church was crowded, and only one person came late. It was a modest, meek girl, who stole silently up one of the side aisles,—not so silently, however, but that the pew-door creaked a little as she opened it; and straightway a

hundred heads were turned in that direction, although it was in the midst of the prayer. Old Mrs. Fairfield did not turn round, but she and her daughter looked at each other, and their bonnets made a parenthesis in the prayer, within which one asked what that was, and the other replied—

“It is only Alice Archer. She always comes late.”

Finally, the long prayer was ended, and the congregation sat down, and the weary children—who are always restless during prayers, and had been for nearly half an hour twisting and turning, and standing first on one foot and then on the other, and hanging their heads over the backs of the pews, like tired colts looking into neighbouring pastures—settled suddenly down, and subsided into something like rest.

The sermon began,—such a sermon as had never been preached, or even heard of before. It brought many tears into the eyes of the pastor's friends, and made the stoutest hearts among his foes quake with something like remorse. As he announced the text, “Yea, I think it meet as long as I am in this tabernacle to stir you up, by putting you in remembrance,” it seemed as if the apostle Peter himself, from whose pen the words first proceeded, were calling them to judgment.

He began by giving a minute sketch of his ministry and the state of the parish, with all its troubles and dissensions, social, political, and ecclesiastical. He concluded by thanking those ladies who had presented him with a black silk gown, and had been kind to his wife during her long illness;—by apologizing for having neglected his own business, which was to study and preach, in order to attend to that of the parish, which was to support its minister,—stating that his own short-comings had been owing to theirs, which had driven him into the woods in winter and

into the fields in summer ;—and finally, by telling the congregation in general that they were so confirmed in their bad habits, that no reformation was to be expected in them under his ministry, and that to produce one would require a greater exercise of Divine power than it did to create the world; for in creating the world there had been no opposition, whereas, in their reformation, their own obstinacy and evil propensities, and self-seeking, and worldly-mindedness, were all to be overcome !

VIII.

WHEN Mr. Pendexter had finished his discourse, and pronounced his last benediction upon a congregation to whose spiritual wants he had ministered for so many years, his people, now his no more, returned home in very various states of mind. Some were exasperated, others mortified, and others filled with pity.

Among the last was Alice Archer, a fair, delicate girl, whose whole life had been saddened by a too sensitive organisation, and by somewhat untoward circumstances. She had a pale, transparent complexion, and large gray eyes that seemed to see visions. Her figure was slight, almost fragile; her hands white, slender, diaphanous. With these external traits her character was in unison. She was thoughtful, silent, susceptible; often sad, often in tears, often lost in reveries. She led a lonely life with her mother, who was old, querulous, and nearly blind. She had herself inherited a predisposition to blindness; and in her disease there was this peculiarity, that she could see in Summer, but in Winter the power of vision failed her.

The old house they lived in, with its four sickly Lombardy

poplars in front, suggested gloomy and mournful thoughts. It was one of those houses that depress you as you enter, as if many persons had died in it—sombre, desolate, silent. The very clock in the hall had a dismal sound, gasping and catching its breath at times, and striking the hour with a violent, determined blow, reminding one of Jael driving the nail into the head of Sisera.

One other inmate the house had, and only one. This was Sally Manchester, or Miss Sally Manchester, as she preferred to be called; an excellent chambermaid and a very bad cook, for she served in both capacities. She was, indeed, an extraordinary woman, of large frame and masculine features;—one of those who are born to work, and accept their inheritance of toil as if it were play, and who, consequently, in the language of domestic recommendations, are usually styled “a treasure, if you can get her.” A treasure she was to this family; for she did all the house work, and in addition took care of the cow and the poultry, —occasionally venturing into the field of veterinary practice, and administering lamp-o’l to the cock when she thought he crowed hoarsely. She had on her forehead what is sometimes denominated a “widow’s peak,”—that is to say, her hair grew down to a point in the middle; and on Sundays she appeared at church in a blue poplin gown, with a large pink bow on what she called “the congregation side of her bonnet.” Her mind was strong, like her person; her disposition not sweet, but, as is sometimes said of apples by way of recommendation, a pleasant sour.

Such were the inmates of the gloomy house,—from which the last-mentioned frequently expressed her intention of retiring, being engaged to a travelling dentist, who, in filling her teeth with amalgam, had seized the opportunity to fill a soft place in her heart with something still more danger-

ous and mercurial. The wedding-day had been from time to time postponed, and at length the family hoped and believed it never would come,—a wish prophetic of its own fulfilment.

Almost the only sunshine that from without shone into the dark mansion came from the face of Cecilia Vaughan, the schoolmate and bosom-friend of Alice Archer. They were nearly of the same age, and had been drawn together by that mysterious power which discovers and selects friends for us in our childhood. They sat together in school; they walked together after school; they told each other their manifold secrets; they wrote long and impassioned letters to each other in the evening; in a word, they were in love with each other. It was, so to speak, a rehearsal in girlhood of the great drama of woman's life.

IX.

THE golden tints of Autumn now brightened the shrubbery around this melancholy house, and took away something of its gloom. The four poplar trees seemed all a-blaze, and flickered in the wind like huge torches. The little border of box filled the air with fragrance, and seemed to welcome the return of Alice, as she ascended the steps, and entered the house with a lighter heart than usual. The brisk autumnal air had quickened her pulse and given a glow to her cheek.

She found her mother alone in the parlour, seated in her large arm-chair. The warm sun streamed in at the uncurtained windows, and lights and shadows from the leaves lay upon her face. She turned her head as Alice entered, and said—

“Who is it? Is it you, Alice?”

“Yes; it is I, mother.”

“Where have you been so long?”

“I have been nowhere, dear mother. I have come directly home from church.”

“How long it seems to me! It is very late. It is growing quite dark. I was just going to call for the lights.”

“Why, mother!” exclaimed Alice, in a startled tone; “what do you mean? The sun is shining directly into your face!”

“Impossible, my dear Alice. It is quite dark. I cannot see you. Where are you?”

She leaned over her mother and kissed her. Both were silent,—both wept. They knew that the hour, so long looked forward to with dismay, had suddenly come. Mrs. Archer was blind!

This scene of sorrow was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Sally Manchester. She, too, was in tears; but she was weeping for her own affliction. In her hand she held an open letter, which she gave to Alice, exclaiming, amid sobs—

“Read this, Miss Archer, and see how false man can be! Never trust any man! They are all alike; they are all false—false—false!”

Alice took the letter and read as follows:—

“It is with pleasure, Miss Manchester, I sit down to write you a few lines. I esteem you as highly as ever, but Providence has seemed to order and direct my thoughts and affections to another,—one in my own neighbourhood. It was rather unexpected to me. Miss Manchester, I suppose you are well aware that we, as professed Chris'tians, ought to be resigned to our lot in this world. May God assist

you, so that we may be prepared to join the great company in heaven. Your answer would be very desirable. I respect your virtue, and regard you as a friend.

“MARTIN CHERRYFIELD.

“P.S. The society is generally pretty good here, but the state of religion is quite low.”

“That is a cruel letter, Sally,” said Alice, as she handed it back to her. “But we all have our troubles. That man is unworthy of you. Think no more about him.”

“What is the matter?” inquired Mrs. Archer, hearing the counsel given and the sobs with which it was received.

“Sally, what is the matter?”

Sally made no answer, but Alice said—

“Mr. Cherryfield has fallen in love with somebody else.”

“Is that all?” said Mrs. Archer, evidently relieved. “She ought to be very glad of it. Why does she want to be married? She had much better stay with us; particularly now that I am blind.”

When Sally heard this last word, she looked up in consternation. In a moment she forgot her own grief to sympathise with Alice and her mother. She wanted to do a thousand things at once—to go here—to send there—to get this and that—and particularly to call all the doctors in the neighbourhood. Alice assured her it would be of no avail, though she finally consented that one should be sent for.

Sally went in search of him. On her way, her thoughts reverted to herself; and, to use her own phrase, “she curbed in like a stage-horse,” as she walked. This state of haughty and offended pride continued for some hours after her return home. Later in the day she assumed a decent composure, and requested that the man—she scorned to name

might never again be mentioned in her hearing. Thus was her whole dream of felicity swept away by the tide of fate, as the nest of a ground-swallow by an inundation. It had been built too low to be secure.

Some women, after a burst of passionate tears, are soft, gentle, affectionate; a warm and genial air succeeds the rain. Others clear up cold, and are breezy, bleak, and dismal. Of the latter class was Sally Manchester. She became embittered against all men on account of one; and was often heard to say that she thought women were fools to be married, and that, for one, she would not marry any man, let him be who he might,—not she!

The village doctor came. He was a large man, of the cheerful kind; vigorous, florid, encouraging; and pervaded by an indiscriminate odour of drugs. Loud voice, large cane, thick boots—everything about him synonymous with noise. His presence in the sick-room was like martial music,—inspiring, but loud. He seldom left it without saying to the patient, “I hope you will feel more comfortable to-morrow,” or, “When your fever leaves you, you will be better.” But, in this instance, he could not go so far. Even his hopefulness was not sufficient for the emergency. Mrs. Archer was blind,—beyond remedy, beyond hope,—irrevocably blind!

X.

On the following morning, very early, as the schoolmaster stood at his door inhaling the bright, wholesome air, and beholding the shadows of the rising sun and the flashing dew-drops on the red vine-leaves, he heard the sound of wheels, and saw Mr. Pondexter and his wife drive down the

village street in their old-fashioned chaise, known by all the boys in town as "the ark." The old white horse that for so many years had stamped at funerals, and gnawed the tops of so many posts, and imagined he killed so many flies because he wagged the stump of a tail, and, finally, had been the cause of so much discord in the parish, seemed now to make common cause with his master, and stepped as if endeavouring to shake the dust from his feet as he passed out of the ungrateful village. Under the axletree hung suspended a leather trunk; and in the chaise, between the two occupants, was a large bandbox, which forced Mr. Pendexter to let his legs hang out of the vehicle, and gave him the air of imitating the scriptural behaviour of his horse. Gravely and from a distance he saluted the schoolmaster, who saluted him in return, with a tear in his eye that no man saw, but which, nevertheless, was not unseen.

"Farewell, poor old man!" said the schoolmaster within himself, as he shut out the cold autumnal air, and entered his comfortable study. "We are not worthy of thee, or we should have had thee with us for ever. Go back again to the place of thy childhood, the scene of thine early labours and thine early love; let thy days end where they began, and like the emblem of eternity, let the serpent of life coil itself round and take its tail into its mouth, and be still from all its hissings for evermore! I would not call thee back; for it is better thou shouldst be where thou art, than amid the angry contentions of this little town."

Not all took leave of the old clergyman in so kindly a spirit. Indeed, there was a pretty general feeling of relief in the village, as when one gets rid of an ill-fitting garment, or old-fashioned hat, which one neither wishes to wear, nor is quite willing to throw away.

Thus Mr. Pendexter departed from the village. A few

days afterwards he was seen at a fall training, or general muster of the militia, making a prayer on horseback, with his eyes wide open ; a performance in which he took evident delight, as it gave him an opportunity of going quite at large into some of the bloodiest campaigns of the ancient Hebrews.

XI.

For awhile the schoolmaster walked to and fro, looking at the gleam of the sunshine on the carpet, and revelling in his day-dreams of unwritten books and literary fame. With these day-dreams mingled confusedly the pattering of little feet, and the murmuring and cooing of his children overhead. His plans that morning, could he have executed them, would have filled a shelf in his library with poems and romances of his own creation. But suddenly the vision vanished, and another from the actual world took its place. It was the canvass-covered cart of the butcher, that, like the flying wigwam of the Indian tale, flitted before his eyes. It drove up the yard and stopped at the back door ; and the poet felt that the sacred rest of Sunday, the God's-truce with worldly cares, was once more at an end. A dark hand passed between him and the land of light. Suddenly closed the ivory gate of dreams, and the horn gate of every-day life opened, and he went forth to deal with the man of flesh and blood.

“ Alas ! ” said he, with a sigh ; “ and must my life, then, always be like the Sabbatical river of the Jews, flowing in full stream only on the seventh day, and sandy and arid all the rest ? ”

Then he thought of his beautiful wife and children, and added, half aloud—

“No; not so! Rather let me look upon the seven days of the week as the seven magic rings of Jarchas, each inscribed with the name of a separate planet, and each possessing a peculiar power;—or as the seven sacred and mysterious stones which the pilgrims of Mecca were forced to throw over their shoulders in the valleys of Menah and Akbah, cursing the devil, and saying at each throw, ‘God is great!’”

He found Mr. Wilmerdings, the butcher, standing beside his cart, and surrounded by five cats, that had risen simultaneously on their hind legs, to receive their quotidian morning’s meal. Mr. Wilmerdings not only supplied the village with fresh provisions daily, but he likewise weighed all the babies. There was hardly a child in town that had not hung beneath his steelyards, tied in a silk handkerchief, the moveable weight above sliding along the notched beam from eight pounds to twelve. He was a young man with a very fresh and rosy complexion, and every Monday morning he appeared dressed in an exceedingly white frock. He had lately married a milliner, who sold “Dunstable and eleven-braid, open-work and coloured straws,” and their bridal tour had been to a neighbouring town to see a man hanged for murdering his wife. A pair of huge ox-horns branched from the gable of his slaughter-house; and near it stood the great pits of the tannery, which all the school-boys thought were filled with blood!

Perhaps no two men could be more unlike than Mr. Churchill and Mr. Wilmerdings. Upon such a grating, iron hinge opened the door of his daily life;—opened into the school-room, the theatre of those life-long labours, which theoretically are the most noble, and practically the most vexatious in the world. Toward this, as soon as breakfast was over, and he had played awhile with his

children, he directed his steps. On his way, he had many glimpses into the lovely realms of Nature, and one into those of Art, through the medium of a placard pasted against a wall. It was as follows:—

“The subscriber professes to take profiles, plain and shaded, which, viewed at right angles with the serious countenance, are warranted to be infallibly correct.

“No trouble of adorning or dressing the person is required. He takes infants and children at sight, and has frames of all sizes to accommodate.

“A profile is a delineated outline of the exterior form of any person's face and head, the use of which when seen tends to vivify the affections of those whom we esteem or love.

“WILLIAM BANTAM.”

Ere long even this glimpse into the ideal world had vanished; and he felt himself bound to the earth with a hundred invisible threads, by which a hundred urchins were tugging and tormenting him; and it was only with considerable effort, and at intervals, that his mind could soar to the moral dignity of his profession.

Such was the schoolmaster's life; and a dreary, weary life it would have been, had not poetry from within gushed through every crack and crevice in it. This transformed it, and made it resemble a well, into which stones and rubbish have been thrown; but underneath is a spring of fresh, pure water, which nothing external can ever check or defile.

XII.

MR. PENDEXTER had departed. Only a few old and middle-aged people regretted him. To these few, some-

thing was wanting in the service ever afterwards. They missed the accounts of the Hebrew massacres, and the wonderful tales of the Zumzummims; they missed the venerable gray hair, and the voice that had spoken to them in childhood, and for ever preserved the memory of it in their hearts, as in the Russian church the old hymns of the earliest centuries are still piously retained.

The winter came, with all its affluence of snows, and its many candidates for the vacant pulpit. But the parish was difficult to please, as all parishes are; and talked of dividing itself, and building a new church, and other extravagances, as all parishes do. Finally, it concluded to remain as it was, and the choice of a pastor was made.

The events of the winter were few in number, and can be easily described. The following extract from a school-girl's letter to an absent friend contains the most important:—

“At school, things have gone on pretty much as usual. Jane Brown has grown very pale. They say she is in a consumption; but I think it is because she eats so many slate-pencils. One of her shoulders has grown a good deal higher than the other. Billy Wilmerdings has been turned out of school for playing truant. He promised his mother, if she would not whip him, he would experience religion. I am sure I wish he would; for then he would stop looking at me through the hole in the top of his desk. Mr. Churchill is a very curious man. To-day he gave us this question in arithmetic: ‘One-fifth of a hive of bees flew to the Kadamba flower; one-third flew to the Silandhara; three times the difference of these two numbers flew to an arbour; and one bee continued flying about, attracted on each side by the fragrant Ketaki and the Malati. What was the number of bees?’ Nobody could do the sum.

“The church has been repaired, and we have a new

mahogany pulpit. Mr. Churchill bought the old one, and had it put up in his study. What a strange man he is! A good many candidates have preached for us. The only one we like is Mr. Kavanagh. Arthur Kavanagh! is not that a romantic name? He is tall, very pale, with beautiful black eyes and hair! Sally—Alice Archer's Sally—says 'he is not a man; he is a Thaddeus of Warsaw!' I think he is very handsome. And such sermons! So beautifully written, so different from old Mr. Pendexter's! He has been invited to settle here; but he cannot come till Spring. Last Sunday he preached about the ruling passion. He said that once a German nobleman, when he was dying, had his hunting-horn blown in his bed-room, and his hounds let in, springing and howling about him; and that so it was with the ruling passions of men; even around the death-bed, at the well-known signal, they howled and leaped about those that had fostered them! Beautiful, is it not? and so original! He said in another sermon, that disappointments feed and nourish us in the desert places of life, as the ravens did the Prophet in the wilderness; and that as, in Catholic countries, the lamps lighted before the images of saints, in narrow and dangerous streets, not only served as offerings of devotion, but likewise as lights to those who passed, so, in the dark and dismal streets of the city of Unbelief, every good thought, word, and deed of a man, not only was an offering to heaven, but likewise served to light him and others on their way homeward! I have taken a good many notes of Mr. Kavanagh's sermons, which you shall see when you come back.

"Last week we had a sleigh-ride, with six white horses. We went like the wind over the hollows in the snow;—the driver called them 'thank-you-ma'ams,' because they make everybody bow. And such a frantic ball as we had at

Beverstock! I wish you had been there! We did not get home till two o'clock in the morning; and the next day Hester Green's minister asked her if she did not feel the fire of a certain place growing hot under her feet while she was dancing!

"The new fashionable boarding-school begins next week. The prospectus has been sent to our house. One of the regulations is, 'Young ladies are not allowed to cross their bendens in school!' Papa says he never heard them called so before. Old Mrs. Plainfield is gone, at last. Just before she died, her Irish chamber-maid asked her if she wanted to be buried with her false teeth in! There has not been a single new engagement since you went away. But somebody asked me the other day if you were engaged to Mr. Pillsbury. I was very angry. Pillsbury, indeed! He is old enough to be your father!

"What a long, rambling letter I am writing you!—and only because you will be so naughty as to stay away and leave me all alone. If you could have seen the moon last night! But what a goose I am!—as if you did not see it! Was it not glorious? You cannot imagine, dearest, how every hour in the day I wish you were here with me. I know you would sympathise with all my feelings, which Hester does not at all; for, if I admire the moon, she says I am romantic, and, for her part, if there is anything she despises, it is the moon! and that she prefers a snug, warm bed (O, horrible!) to all the moons in the universe!"

XIII.

THE events mentioned in this letter were the principal ones that occurred during the winter. The case of Billy

Wilmerdings grew quite desperate. In vain did his father threaten and the schoolmaster expostulate; he was only the more sullen and stubborn. In vain did his mother represent to his weary mind, that, if he did not study, the boys who knew the dead languages would throw stones at him in the street; he only answered that he should like to see them try it. Till, finally, having lost many of his illusions, and having even discovered that his father was not the greatest man in the world, on the breaking up of the ice in the river, to his own infinite relief and that of the whole village, he departed on a coasting trip in a fore-and-aft schooner, which constituted the entire navigation of Fairmeadow.

Mr. Churchill had really put up in his study the old white, wine-glass-shaped pulpit. It served as a play-house for his children, who, whether in it or out of it, daily preached to his heart, and were a living illustration of the way to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Moreover, he himself made use of it externally as a note-book, recording his many meditations with a pencil on the white panels. The following will serve as a specimen of this pulpit eloquence:—

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead-reckoning,—an endeavour to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings,—as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as

the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic idols may be worshipped for a while; but at length they are overturned by the continual and silent progress of Truth, as the grim statues of Copan have been pushed from their pedestals by the growth of forest-trees, whose seeds were sown by the wind in the ruined walls.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

The same object, seen from the three different points of view,—the Past, the Present, and the Future,—often exhibits three different faces to us; like those sign-boards over shop doors which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity. †

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground.

The motives and purposes of authors are not always so pure and high as, in the enthusiasm of youth, we some-

times imagine. To many the trumpet of fame is nothing but a tin horn to call them home, like labourers from the field, at dinner-time; and they think themselves lucky to get the dinner.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colourless when unbroken.

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author.

The country is lyric,—the town dramatic. When mingled they make the most perfect musical drama.

Our passions never wholly die; but in the last cantos of life's romantic epos, they rise up again and do battle, like some of Ariosto's heroes, who have already been quietly interred, and ought to be turned to dust.

This country is not priest-ridden, but press-ridden.

Some critics have the habit of rowing up the Heliconian rivers with their backs turned, so as to see the landscape precisely as the poet did not see it. Others see faults in a book much larger than the book itself; as Sancho Panza, with his eyes blinded, beheld from his wooden horse the earth no larger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men and women on it as large as hazel-nuts.

Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of time. We look for the homes of our childhood, they are gone; for the friends of our childhood, they are gone. The loves and

animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.

As no saint can be canonized until the Devil's Advocate has exposed all his evil deeds, and showed why he should not be made a saint, so no poet can take his station among the gods until the critics have said all that can be said against him.

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought! Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

XIV.

At length the Spring came, and brought the birds, and the flowers, and Mr. Kavanagh, the new clergyman, who was ordained with all the pomp and ceremony usual on such occasions. The opening of the season furnished also the theme of his first discourse, which some of the congregation thought very beautiful, and others very incomprehensible.

Ah, how wonderful is the advent of the Spring!—the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches!—the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees,—gentle, and yet irrepressible,—which no force can stay, no violence restrain, like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power. If Spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake,

and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change!

But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be. We are like children who are astonished and delighted only by the second-hand of the clock, not by the hour-hand.

Such was the train of thought with which Kavanagh commenced his sermon. And then, with deep solemnity and emotion, he proceeded to speak of the Spring of the soul, as from its cheerless wintry distance it turns nearer and nearer to the great Sun, and clothes its dry and withered branches anew with leaves and blossoms, unfolded from within itself, beneath the penetrating and irresistible influence.

While delivering the discourse, Kavanagh had not succeeded so entirely in abstracting himself from all outward things as not to note in some degree its effect upon his hearers. As in modern times no applause is permitted in our churches, however moved the audience may be, and, consequently, no one dares wave his hat and shout,—“Orthodox Chrysostom! Thirteenth Apostle! Worthy the Priesthood!”—as was done in the days of the Christian Fathers; and, moreover, as no one after church spoke to him of his sermon, or of anything else,—he went home with rather a heavy heart, and a feeling of discouragement. One thing had cheered and consoled him. It was the pale countenance of a young girl, whose dark eyes had been fixed upon him during the whole discourse with unflagging interest and attention. She sat alone in a pew near the pulpit. It was Alice Archer. Ah! could he have known how deeply sank his words into that simple heart, he might

have shuddered with another kind of fear than that of not moving his audience sufficiently!

XV.

On the following morning Kavanagh sat musing upon his worldly affairs, and upon various little household arrangements which it would be necessary for him to make. To aid him in these, he had taken up the village paper, and was running over the columns of advertisements,—those narrow and crowded thoroughfares, in which the wants and wishes of humanity display themselves like mendicants without disguise. His eye ran hastily over the advantageous offers of the cheap tailors and the dealers in patent medicines. He wished neither to be clothed nor cured. In one place he saw that a young lady, perfectly competent, desired to form a class of young mothers and nurses, and to instruct them in the art of talking to infants so as to interest and amuse them; and in another, that the firemen of Fairmeadow wished well to those hostile editors who had called them gamblers, drunkards, and rioters, and hoped that they might be spared from that great fire which they were told could never be extinguished. Finally his eye rested on the advertisement of a carpet warehouse, in which the one-price system was strictly adhered to. It was farther stated that a discount would be made “to clergymen on small salaries, feeble churches, and charitable institutions.” Thinking that this was doubtless the place for one who united in himself two of these qualifications for a discount, with a smile on his lips, he took his hat and sallied forth into the street.

A few days previous, Kavanagh had discovered in the tower of the church a vacant room, which he had imme-

diately determined to take possession of, and to convert into a study. From this retreat, through the four oval windows, fronting the four corners of the heavens, he could look down upon the streets, the roofs and gardens of the village,—on the winding river, the meadows, the farms, the distant blue mountains. Here he could sit and meditate, in that peculiar sense of seclusion and spiritual elevation, that entire separation from the world below, which a chamber in a tower always gives. Here, uninterrupted and aloof from all intrusion, he could pour his heart into those discourses, with which he hoped to reach and move the hearts of his parishioners.

It was to furnish this retreat that he went forth on the Monday morning after his first sermon. He was not long in procuring the few things needed,—the carpet, the table, the chairs, the shelves for books; and was returning thoughtfully homeward, when his eye was caught by a sign-board on the corner of the street, inscribed “Moses Merryweather, Dealer in Singing Birds, foreign and domestic.” He saw also a whole chamber-window transformed into a cage, in which sundry canary-birds, and others of gayer plumage, were jargoning together, like people in the market-places of foreign towns. At the sight of these old favourites, a long-slumbering passion awoke within him; and he straightway ascended the dark wooden staircase, with the intent of enlivening his solitary room with the vivacity and songs of these captive ballad-singers.

In a moment he found himself in a little room hung round with cages, roof and walls; full of sunshine; full of twitterings, cooings, and flutterings; full of downy odours, suggesting nests, and dovecots, and distant islands inhabited only by birds. The taxidermist—the Selkirk of the sunny island—was not there; but a young lady of noble mien,

who was looking at an English goldfinch in a square cage with a portico, turned upon him, as he entered, a fair and beautiful face, shaded by long, light locks, in which the sunshine seemed entangled, as among the boughs of trees. That face he had never seen before, and yet it seemed familiar to him; and the added light in her large, celestial eyes, and the almost imperceptible expression that passed over her face, showed that she knew who he was.

At the same moment the taxidermist presented himself, coming from an inner room;—a little man in gray, with spectacles upon his nose, holding in his hands, with wings and legs drawn close and smoothly together, like the green husks of the maize ear, a beautiful carrier-pigeon, who turned up first one bright eye and then the other, as if asking, “What are you going to do with me now?” This silent inquiry was soon answered by Mr. Merryweather, who said to the young lady—

“Here, Miss Vaughan, is the best carrier-pigeon in my whole collection—the real *Columba Tabullaria*. He is about three years old, as you can see by his wattle.”

“A very pretty bird,” said the lady; “and how shall I train it?”

“Oh, that is very easy. You have only to keep it shut up for a few days, well fed and well treated. Then take it in an open cage to the place you mean it to fly to, and do the same thing there. Afterwards it will give you no trouble; it will always fly between those two places.”

“That, certainly, is not very difficult. At all events, I will make the trial. You may send the bird home to me. On what shall I feed it?”

“On any kind of grain,—barley and buck-wheat are best; and remember to let it have a plenty of gravel in the bottom of its cage.”

"I will not forget. Send me the bird to-day, if possible."

With these words she departed, much too soon for Kavanagh, who was charmed with her form, her face, her voice; and who, when left alone with the little taxidermist, felt that the momentary fascination of the place was gone. He heard no longer the singing of the birds; he saw no longer their gay plumage; and having speedily made the purchase of a canary and a cage, he likewise departed, thinking of the carrier-pigeons of Bagdad, and the columbaries of Egypt, stationed at fixed intervals as relays and resting-places for the flying post. With an indefinable feeling of sadness, too, came wafted like a perfume through his memory those tender, melancholy lines of *Maria del Occidente* :—

"And as the dove, to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,—
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught."

Meanwhile, Mr. Merryweather, left to himself, walked about his aviary, musing, and talking to his birds. Finally, he paused before the tin cage of a gray African parrot, between which and himself there was a strong family likeness, and, giving it his finger to peck and perch upon, conversed with it in that peculiar dialect with which it had often made vocal the distant groves of Zanguebar. He then withdrew to the inner room, where he resumed his labour of stuffing a cardinal grossbeak, saying to himself between whiles—

“ I wonder what Miss Cecilia Vaughan means to do with a carrier-pigeon ! ”

Some mysterious connexion he had evidently established already between this pigeon and Mr. Kavanagh ; for, continuing his revery, he said, half aloud—

“ Of course she would never think of marrying a poor clergyman ! ”

XVI.

THE old family mansion of the Vaughans stood a little out of town, in the midst of a pleasant farm. The county road was not near enough to annoy ; and the rattling wheels and little clouds of dust seemed like friendly salutations from travellers as they passed. They spoke of safety and companionship, and took away all loneliness from the solitude.

On three sides the farm was inclosed by willow and alder hedges, and the flowing wall of a river ; nearer the house were groves clear of all underwood, with rocky knolls, and breezy bowers of beech ; and afar off the blue hills broke the horizon, creating secret longings for what lay beyond them, and filling the mind with pleasant thoughts of Prince Rasselas and the Happy Valley.

The house was one of the few old houses still standing in New England ;—a large, square building, with a portico in front, whose door in summer-time stood open from morning until night. A pleasing stillness reigned about it ; and soft gusts of pine-embalmed air, and distant cawings from the crow-haunted mountains, filled its airy and ample halls.

In this old-fashioned house had Cecilia Vaughan grown up to maidenhood. The travelling shadows of the clouds on the hill-sides—the sudden summer wind, that lifted the

languid leaves, and rushed from field to field, from grove to grove, the forerunner of the rain,—and, most of all, the mysterious mountain, whose coolness was a perpetual invitation to her, and whose silence a perpetual fear,—fostered her dreamy and poetic temperament. Not less so did the reading of poetry and romance in the long, silent, solitary winter evenings. Her mother had been dead for many years, and the memory of that mother had become almost a religion to her. She recalled it incessantly; and the reverential love which it inspired completely filled her soul with melancholy delight. Her father was a kindly old man; a judge in one of the courts; dignified, affable, somewhat bent by his legal erudition, as a shelf is by the weight of the books upon it. His papers encumbered the study table;—his law books, the study floor. They seemed to shut out from his mind the lovely daughter who had grown up to womanhood by his side, but almost without his recognition. Always affectionate, always indulgent, he left her to walk alone, without his stronger thought and firmer purpose to lean upon; and though her education had been, on this account, somewhat desultory, and her imagination indulged in many dreams and vagaries, yet, on the whole, the result had been more favourable than in many cases where the process of instruction has been too diligently carried on, and where, as sometimes on the roofs of farmhouses and barns, the scaffolding has been left to deform the building.

Cecilia's bosom-friend at school was Alice Archer; and, after they left school, the love between them, and consequently the letters, rather increased than diminished. These two young hearts found not only a delight, but a necessity, in pouring forth their thoughts and feelings to each other; and it was to facilitate this inter-communication, for whose

exigencies the ordinary methods were now found inadequate, that the carrier-pigeon had been purchased. He was to be the flying post; their bed-rooms the dovecots, the pure and friendly columbaria.

Endowed with youth, beauty, talent, fortune, and moreover, with that indefinable fascination which has no name, Cecilia Vaughan was not without lovers, avowed and unavowed;—young men, who made an ostentatious display of their affection;—boys, who treasured it in their bosoms, as something indescribably sweet and precious, perfuming all the chambers of the heart with its celestial fragrance. Whenever she returned from a visit to the city, some unknown youth of elegant manners and varnished leather boots was sure to hover round the village inn for a few days,—was known to visit the Vaughans assiduously, and then silently to disappear, and be seen no more. Of course, nothing could be known of the secret history of such individuals; but shrewd surmises were formed as to their designs and their destinies; till finally, any well-dressed stranger, lingering in the village without ostensible business, was set down as “one of Miss Vaughan’s lovers.”

In all this, what a contrast was there between the two young friends! The wealth of one and the poverty of the other were not so strikingly at variance as this affluence and reflux of love. To the one, so much was given that she became regardless of the gift; from the other, so much withheld, that, if possible, she exaggerated its importance.

XVII.

In addition to these transient lovers, who were but birds of passage, winging their way, in an incredibly short space

of time, from the torrid to the frigid zone, there was in the village a domestic and resident adorer, whose love for himself, for Miss Vaughan, and for the beautiful, had transformed his name from Hiram A. Hawkins to H. Adolphus Hawkins. He was a dealer in English linens and carpets—a profession which of itself fills the mind with ideas of domestic comfort. His waistcoats were made like Lord Melbourne's in the illustrated English papers, and his shiny hair went off to the left in a superb sweep, like the hand-rail of a banister. He wore many rings on his fingers, and several breast-pins and gold chains disposed about his person. On all his bland physiognomy was stamped, as on some of his linens, "Soft finish for family use." Everything about him spoke the lady's man. He was, in fact, a perfect ringdove; and, like the rest of his species, always walked up to the female, and, bowing his head, swelled out his white crop, and uttered a very plaintive murmur.

Moreover Mr. Hiram Adolphus Hawkins was a poet,—so much a poet, that, as his sister frequently remarked, he "spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family." The general tone of his productions was sad, desponding, perhaps slightly morbid. How could it be otherwise with the writings of one who had never been the world's friend, nor the world his? who looked upon himself as "a pyramid of mind on the dark desert of despair?" and who, at the age of twenty-five, had drunk the bitter draught of life to the dregs, and dashed the goblet down? His productions were published in the Poet's Corner of the Fairmeadow Advertiser; and it was a relief to know, that, in private life, as his sister remarked, he was "by no means the censorious and moody person some of his writings might imply."

Such was the personage who assumed to himself the perilous position of Miss Vaughan's permanent admirer.

He imagined that it was impossible for any woman to look upon him and not love him. Accordingly, he paraded himself at his shop-door as she passed; he paraded himself at the corners of the streets; he paraded himself at the church-steps on Sunday. He spied her from the window; he sallied from the door; he followed her with his eyes; he followed her with his whole august person; he passed her and repassed her, and turned back to gaze; he lay in wait with dejected countenance and desponding air; he persecuted her with his looks; he pretended that their souls could comprehend each other without words; and whenever her lovers were alluded to in his presence, he gravely declared, as one who had reason to know, that, if Miss Vaughan ever married, it would be some one of gigantic intellect!

Of these persecutions Cecilia was for a long time the unconscious victim. She saw this individual, with rings and strange waistcoats, performing his gyrations before her, but did not suspect that she was the centre of attraction,—not imagining that any man would begin his wooing with such outrages. Gradually the truth dawned upon her, and became the source of indescribable annoyance, which was augmented by a series of anonymous letters, written in a female hand, and setting forth the excellences of a certain mysterious relative,—his modesty, his reserve, his extreme delicacy, his talent for poetry,—rendered authentic by extracts from his papers, made, of course, without the slightest knowledge or suspicion on his part. Whence came these sibylline leaves? At first Cecilia could not divine; but, ere long, her woman's instinct traced them to the thin and nervous hand of the poet's sister. This surmise was confirmed by her maid, who asked the boy that brought them.

It was with one of these missives in her hand that Cecilia

entered Mrs. Archer's house, after purchasing the carrier-pigeon. Unannounced she entered, and walked up the narrow and imperfectly-lighted stairs to Alice's bed-room,—that little sanctuary draped with white,—that columbarium lined with warmth, and softness, and silence. Alice was not there; but the chair by the window, the open volume of poems on the table, the note to Cecilia by its side, and the ink not yet dry in the pen, were like the vibration of a bough, when the bird has just left it,—like the rising of the grass, when the foot has just pressed it. In a moment she returned. She had been down to her mother, who sat talking, talking, talking, with an old friend in the parlour below, even as these young friends were talking together in the bed-room above. Ah, how different were their themes! Death and Love,—apples of Sodom, that crumble to ashes at a touch,—golden fruits of the Hesperides,—golden fruits of Paradise, fragrant, ambrosial, perennial!

“I have just been writing to you,” said Alice; “I wanted so much to see you this morning!”

“Why this morning in particular? Has anything happened?”

“Nothing, only I had such a longing to see you!”

And, seating herself in a low chair by Cecilia's side, she laid her head upon the shoulder of her friend, who, taking one of her pale, thin hands in both her own, silently kissed her forehead again and again.

Alice was not aware that, in the words she uttered, there was the slightest shadow of untruth. And yet had nothing happened? Was it nothing, that among her thoughts a new thought had risen, like a star, whose pale effulgence, mingled with the common daylight, was not yet distinctly visible even to herself, but would grow brighter as the sun grew lower, and the rosy twilight darker? Was

it nothing, that a new fountain of affection had suddenly sprung up within her, which she mistook for the freshening and overflowing of the old fountain of friendship, that hitherto had kept the lowland landscape of her life so green, but now, being flooded by more affection, was not to cease, but only to disappear in the greater tide, and flow unseen beneath it? Yet so it was; and this stronger yearning—this unappeasable desire for her friend—was only the tumultuous swelling of a heart that as yet knows not its own secret.

“I am so glad to see you, Cecilia!” she continued. “You are so beautiful! I love so much to sit and look at you! Ah, how I wish Heaven had made me as tall, and strong, and beautiful as you are!”

“You little flatterer! What an affectionate, lover-like friend you are! What have you been doing all the morning?”

“Looking out of the window, thinking of you, and writing you this letter, to beg you to come and see me.”

“And I have been buying a carrier-pigeon, to fly between us, and carry all our letters.”

“That will be delightful.”

“He is to be sent home to-day; and after he gets accustomed to my room, I shall send him here, to get acquainted with yours;—an Iachimo in my Imogen’s bed-chamber, to spy out its secrets.”

“If he sees Cleopatra in these white curtains, and silver Cupids in these andirons, he will have your imagination.”

“He will see the book with the leaf turned down, and you asleep, and tell me all about you.”

“A carrier-pigeon! What a charming idea! and how like you to think of it!”

“But to-day I have been obliged to bring my own letters. I have some more sibylline leaves from my anonymous cor-

respondent, in laud and exaltation of her modest relative, who speaks blank verse in the bosom of his family. I have brought them to read you some extracts, and to take your advice; for, really and seriously, this must be stopped. It has grown too annoying."

"How much love you have offered you!" said Alice, sighing.

"Yes, quite too much of this kind. On my way here I saw the modest relative, standing at the corner of the street, hanging his head in this way."

And she imitated the melancholy Hiram Adolphus, and the young friends laughed.

"I hope you did not notice him?" resumed Alice.

"Certainly not. But what do you suppose he did? As soon as he saw me, he began to walk backward down the street only a short distance in front of me, staring at me most impertinently. Of course, I took no notice of this strange conduct. I felt myself blushing to the eyes with indignation, and yet could hardly suppress my desire to laugh."

"If you had laughed he would have taken it for an encouragement; and I have no doubt it would have brought on the catastrophe."

"And that would have ended the matter. I half wish I had laughed."

"But think of the immortal glory of marrying a poet!"

"And of inscribing on my cards, Mrs. Hiram Adolphus Hawkins!"

"A few days ago I went to buy something at his shop; and, leaning over the counter, he asked me if I had seen the sun set the evening before,—adding, that it was gorgeous, and that the grass and trees were of a beautiful Paris green!"

And again the young friends gave way to their mirth.

"One thing, dear Alice, you must consent to do for me.

You must write to Miss Martha Amelia, the author of all these epistles, and tell her very plainly how indelicate her conduct is, and how utterly useless all such proceedings will prove in effecting her purpose."

"I will write this very day. You shall be no longer persecuted."

"And now let me give you a few extracts from these wonderful epistles."

So saying, Cecilia drew forth a small package of three-cornered billets, tied with a bit of pink ribbon. Taking one of them at random, she was on the point of beginning, but paused, as if her attention had been attracted by something out of doors. The sound of passing footsteps was heard on the gravel walk.

"There goes Mr. Kavanagh," said she, in a half whisper

Alice rose suddenly from her low chair at Cecilia's side, and the young friends looked from the window to see the clergyman pass.

"How handsome he is!" said Alice, involuntarily.

"He is, indeed."

At that moment Alice started back from the window. Kavanagh had looked up in passing, as if his eye had been drawn by some secret magnetism. A bright colour flushed the cheek of Alice; her eyes fell; but Cecilia continued to look steadily into the street. Kavanagh passed on, and in a few moments was out of sight.

The two friends stood silent, side by side.

XVIII.

ARTHUR KAVANAGH was descended from an ancient Catholic family. His ancestors had purchased from the

Baron Victor of St. Castine a portion of his vast estates, lying upon that wild and wonderful sea-coast of Maine, which, even upon the map, attracts the eye by its singular and picturesque indentations, and fills the heart of the beholder with something of that delight which throbbed in the veins of Pierre du Gast, when, with a royal charter of the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he sailed down the coast in all the pride of one who is to be prince of such a vast domain. Here, in the bosom of the solemn forests, they continued the practice of that faith which had first been planted there by Rasle and St. Castine; and the little church where they worshipped is still standing, though now as closed and silent as the graves which surround it, and in which the dust of the Kavanaghs lies buried.

In these solitudes, in this faith, was Kavanagh born, and grew to childhood, a feeble, delicate boy, watched over by a grave and taciturn father, and a mother who looked upon him with infinite tenderness, as upon a treasure she should not long retain. She walked with him by the sea-side, and spake to him of God, and the mysterious majesty of the ocean, with its tides and tempests. She sat with him on the carpet of golden threads beneath the aromatic pines, and, as the perpetual melancholy sound ran along the rattling boughs, his soul seemed to rise and fall, with a motion and a whisper like those in the branches over him. She taught him his letters from the Lives of the Saints,—a volume full of wondrous legends, and illustrated with engravings from pictures by the old masters, which opened to him at once the world of spirits and the world of art; and both were beautiful. She explained to him the pictures; she read to him the legends,—the lives of holy men and women, full of faith and good works,—things which ever afterward remained associated together in his mind. Thus

holiness of life, and self-renunciation, and devotion to duty, were early impressed upon his soul. To his quick imagination the spiritual world became real; the holy company of the saints stood round about the solitary boy; his guardian angels led him by the hand by day, and sat by his pillow at night. At times, even, he wished to die, that he might see them and talk with them, and return no more to his weak and weary body.

Of all the legends of the mysterious book, that which most delighted and most deeply impressed him was the legend of St. Christopher. The picture was from a painting of Paolo Farinato, representing a figure of gigantic strength and stature leaning upon a staff, and bearing the infant Christ on his bending shoulders across the rushing river. The legend related that St. Christopher, being of huge proportions and immense strength, wandered long about the world before his conversion, seeking for the greatest king, and willing to obey no other. After serving various masters, whom he in turn deserted, because each recognised by some word or sign another greater than himself, he heard by chance of Christ, the king of heaven and earth, and asked of a holy hermit where he might be found, and how he might serve him. The hermit told him he must fast and pray; but the giant replied that if he fasted he should lose his strength, and that he did not know how to pray. Then the hermit told him to take up his abode on the banks of a dangerous mountain torrent, where travellers were often drowned in crossing, and to rescue any that might be in peril. The giant obeyed; and tearing up a palm-tree by the roots for a staff, he took his station by the river's side, and saved many lives. And the Lord looked down from heaven and said, "Behold this strong man, who knows not yet the way to worship, but has found the way

to serve me!" And one night he heard the voice of a child, crying in the darkness, and saying, "Christopher! come and bear me over the river!" And he went out, and found the child sitting alone on the margin of the stream; and taking him upon his shoulders, he waded into the water. Then the wind began to roar, and the waves to rise higher and higher about him, and his little burden, which at first had seemed so light, grew heavier and heavier as he advanced, and bent his huge shoulders down, and put his life in peril; so that, when he reached the shore, he said, "Who art thou, O child, that hast weighed upon me with a weight, as if I had borne the whole world upon my shoulders?" And the little child answered, "Thou hast borne the whole world upon thy shoulders; and Him who created it: I am Christ, whom thou by thy deeds of charity wouldst serve. Thou and thy service are accepted! Plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall blossom and bear fruit!" With these words the child vanished away.

There was something in this beautiful legend that entirely captivated the heart of the boy, and a vague sense of its hidden meaning seemed at times to seize him and control him. Later in life it became more and more evident to him, and remained for ever in his mind as a lovely allegory of active charity and a willingness to serve. Like the giant's staff, it blossomed and bore fruit.

But the time at length came when his father decreed that he must be sent away to school. It was not meet that his son should be educated as a girl. He must go to the Jesuit college in Canada. Accordingly, one bright Summer morning, he departed with his father, on horseback, through those majestic forests that stretch with almost unbroken shadows from the sea to the St. Lawrence, leaving behind him all the endearments of home, and a

wound in his mother's heart that never ceased to ache,— a longing, unsatisfied and insatiable, for her absent Arthur, who had gone from her, perhaps for ever.

At college he distinguished himself by his zeal for study, by the docility, gentleness, and generosity of his nature. There he was thoroughly trained in the classics, and in the dogmas of that august faith, whose turrets gleam with such crystalline light, and whose dungeons are so deep, and dark, and terrible. The study of philosophy and theology was congenial to his mind. Indeed, he often laid aside Homer for Parmenides, and turned from the odes of Pindar and Horace to the mystic hymns of Cleanthes and Synesius.

The uniformity of college life was broken only by the annual visit home in the Summer vacation; the joyous meeting, the bitter parting; the long journey to and fro through the grand, solitary, mysterious forest. To his mother these visits were even more precious than to himself; for ever more and more they added to her boundless affection the feeling of pride and confidence and satisfaction,—the joy and beauty of a youth unspotted from the world, and glowing with the enthusiasm of virtue.

At length his college days were ended. He returned home full of youth, full of joy and hope; but it was only to receive the dying blessings of his mother, who expired in peace, having seen his face once more. Then the house became empty to him. Solitary was the sea shore, solitary were the woodland walks. But the spiritual world seemed nearer and more real. For affairs he had no aptitude; and he betook himself again to his philosophic and theological studies. He pondered with fond enthusiasm on the rapturous pages of Molinos and Madame Guyon; and in a spirit akin to that which wrote, he read the writings of Santa Theresa, which he found among his

mother's books,—the *Meditations*, the *Road to Perfection*, and the *Moradas*, or *Castle of the Soul*. She, too, had lingered over those pages with delight, and there were many passages marked by her own hand. Among them was this, which he often repeated to himself in his lonely walks:—"Oh, Life, Life! how canst thou sustain thyself, being absent from thy Life? In so great a solitude, in what shalt thou employ thyself? What shalt thou do, since all thy deeds are faulty and imperfect?"

In such meditations passed many weeks and months. But mingled with them continually, and ever with more distinctness, arose in his memory from the days of childhood the old tradition of St. Christopher,—the beautiful allegory of humility and labour. He and his service had been accepted, though he would not fast, and had not learned to pray! It became more and more clear to him that the life of man consists not in seeing visions, and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

Moreover, the study of ecclesiastical history awoke within him many strange and dubious thoughts. The books taught him more than their writers meant to teach. It was impossible to read of Athanasius without reading also of Arian; it was impossible to hear of Calvin without hearing of Servetus. Reason began more energetically to vindicate itself; that Reason which is a light in darkness, not that which is "a thorn in Revelation's side." The search after Truth and Freedom, both intellectual and spiritual, became a passion in his soul; and he pursued it until he had left far behind him many dusky dogmas, many antique superstitions, many time-honoured observances, which the lips of her alone, who first taught them to him in his childhood, had invested with solemnity and sanctity.

By slow degrees, and not by violent spiritual conflicts, he

became a Protestant. He had but passed from one chapel to another in the same vast cathedral. He was still beneath the same ample roof, still heard the same divine service chanted in a different dialect of the same universal language. Out of his old faith he brought with him all he had found in it that was holy and pure and of good report. Not its bigotry, and fanaticism, and intolerance; but its zeal, its self-devotion, its heavenly aspirations, its human sympathies, its endless deeds of charity. Not till after his father's death, however, did he become a clergyman. Then his vocation was manifest to him. He no longer hesitated, but entered upon its many duties and responsibilities, its many trials and discouragements, with the zeal of Peter and the gentleness of John.

XIX.

A WEEK later, and Kavanagh was installed in his little room in the church-tower. A week later, and the carrier-pigeon was on the wing. A week later, and Martha Amelia's anonymous epistolary eulogies of her relative had ceased for ever.

Swiftly and silently the Summer advanced, and the following announcement in the Fairmeadow Advertiser proclaimed the hot weather and its alleviations:—

“I have the pleasure of announcing to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Fairmeadow and its vicinity, that my Bath House is now completed, and ready for the reception of those who are disposed to regale themselves in a luxury peculiar to the once polished Greek and noble Roman.

“To the Ladies I will say, that Tuesday of each week will be appropriated to their exclusive benefit; the white flag

will be the signal; and I assure the Ladies that due respect shall be scrupulously observed, and that they shall be guarded from each vagrant foot and each licentious eye.

“EDWARD DIMPLE.”

Moreover, the village was enlivened by the usual traveling shows,—the wax-work figures representing Eliza Wharton and the Salem Tragedy, to which clergymen and their families were “respectfully invited, free on presenting their cards;” a stuffed shark, that had eaten the exhibitor’s father in Lynn bay; the menagerie, with its loud music and its roars of rage; the circus, with its tan and tinsel,—its faded columbine and melancholy clown; and, finally, the standard drama, in which Elder Evans, like an ancient Spanish Bululú, impersonated all the principal male characters, and was particularly imposing in Iago and the Moor, having half his face lamp-blackened, and turning now the luminous, now the eclipsed side to the audience, as the exigencies of the dialogue demanded.

There was also a great Temperance Jubilee, with a procession, in which was conspicuous a large horse, whose shaven tail was adorned with gay ribbons, and whose rider bore a banner with the device, “Shaved in the Cause!” Moreover, the Grand Junction Railroad was opened through the town, running in one direction to the city, and in the other into unknown northern regions, stringing the white villages like pearls upon its black thread. By this the town lost much of its rural quiet and seclusion. The inhabitants became restless and ambitious. They were in constant excitement and alarm, like children in story-books hidden away somewhere by an ogre, who visits them regularly every day and night, and occasionally devours one of them for a meal.

Nevertheless, most of the inhabitants considered the railroad a great advantage to the village. Several ladies were heard to say that Fairmeadow had grown quite metropolitan; and Mrs. Wilmerdings, who suffered under a chronic suspension of the mental faculties, had a vague notion, probably connected with the profession of her son, that it was soon to become a sea-port.

In the fields and woods, meanwhile, there were other signs and signals of the summer. The darkening foliage; the embrowning grain; the golden dragon-fly haunting the blackberry-bushes; the cawing crows, that looked down from the mountain on the corn-field, and waited day after day for the scarecrow to finish his work and depart; and the smoke of far-off burning woods, that pervaded the air and hung in purple haze about the summits of the mountains,—these were the avant-couriers and attendants of the hot August.

Kavanagh had now completed the first great cycle of parochial visits. He had seen the Vaughans, the Archers, the Churchills, and also the Hawkineses and the Wilmerdingses, and many more. With Mr. Churchill he had become intimate. They had many points of contact and sympathy. They walked together on leisure afternoons; they sat together through long summer evenings; they discoursed with friendly zeal on various topics of literature, religion, and morals.

Moreover, he worked assiduously at his sermons. He preached the doctrines of Christ. He preached holiness, self-denial, love; and his hearers remarked that he almost invariably took his texts from the Evangelists, as much as possible from the words of Christ, and seldom from Paul, or the Old Testament. He did not so much denounce vice as inculcate virtue; he did not deny, but affirm; he did

not lacerate the hearts of his hearers with doubt and disbelief, but consoled, and comforted, and healed them with faith.

The only danger was that he might advance too far, and leave his congregation behind him; as a piping shepherd, who, charmed with his own music, walks over the flowery mead, not perceiving that his tardy flock is lingering far behind, more intent upon cropping the thymy food around them, than upon listening to the celestial harmonies that are gradually dying away in the distance.

His words were always kindly; he brought no railing accusation against any man; he dealt in no exaggerations nor over-statements. But while he was gentle, he was firm. He did not refrain from reprobating intemperance because one of his deacons owned a distillery; nor war, because another had a contract for supplying the army with muskets; nor slavery, because one of the great men of the village slammed his pew-door, and left the church with a grand air, as much as to say, that all that sort of thing would not do, and the clergy had better confine itself to abusing the sins of the Hindoos, and let our domestic institutions alone.

In affairs ecclesiastical he had not suggested many changes. One that he had much at heart was, that the partition wall between parish and church should be quietly taken down, so that all should sit together at the Supper of the Lord. He also desired that the organist should relinquish the old and pernicious habit of preluding with triumphal marches, and running his fingers at random over the keys of his instrument, playing scraps of secular music very slowly, to make them sacred, and substitute instead some of the beautiful symphonies of Pergolesi, Palestrina, and Sebastian Bach.

He held that sacred melodies were becoming to sacred

themes; and did not wish that in his church, as in some of the French Canadian churches, the holy profession of religion should be sung to the air of "When one is dead 'tis for a long time,"—the commandments, aspirations for heaven, and the necessity of thinking of one's salvation, to "The Follies of Spain," "Louisa was sleeping in a grove," or a grand "March of the French Cavalry."

The study in the tower was delightful. There sat the young apostle, and meditated the great design and purpose of his life, the removal of all prejudice, and uncharitableness, and persecution, and the union of all sects into one church universal. Sects themselves he would not destroy, but sectarianism; for sects were to him only as separate converging roads, leading all to the same celestial city of peace. As he sat alone, and thought of these things, he heard the great bell boom above him, and remembered the ages when in all Christendom there was but one Church; when bells were anointed, baptized, and prayed for, that, wheresoever those holy bells should sound, all deceits of Satan, all danger of whirlwinds, thunders, lightnings, and tempests might be driven away—that devotion might increase in every Christian when he heard them, and that the Lord would sanctify them with his Holy Spirit, and infuse into them the heavenly dew of the Holy Ghost. He thought of the great bell Guthlac, which an abbot of Croyland gave to his monastery, and of the six others given by his successor—so musical, that when they all rang together, as Ingulphus affirms, there was no ringing in England equal to it. As he listened, the bell seemed to breathe upon the air such clangorous sentences as—

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congreco clerum,
Defunctos ploro, nimbum fugo, festaque honoro."

Possibly, also, at times, it interrupted his studies and medi-

tations with other words than these. Possibly it sung into his ears, as did the bells of Varennes into the ears of Panurge,—“Marry thee, marry thee, marry, marry; if thou shouldst marry, marry, marry, thou shalt find good therein, therein, therein, so marry, marry.”

From this tower of contemplation he looked down with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow on the toiling world below. The wide prospect seemed to enlarge his sympathies and his charities; and he often thought of the words of Plato: “When we consider human life, we should view as from a high tower all things terrestrial; such as herds, armies, men employed in agriculture, in marriages, divorces, births, deaths; the tumults of courts of justice; desolate lands; various barbarous nations; feasts, wailings, markets; a medley of all things, in a system adorned by contrarieties.”

On the outside of the door Kavanagh had written the vigorous line of Dante—

“Think that To-day shall never dawn again!”

that it might always serve as a salutation and memento to him as he entered. On the inside, the no less striking lines of a more modern bard—

“Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost, lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do or think you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it!
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated:
Begin it, and the work will be completed.”

Once, as he sat in this retreat near noon, enjoying the silence, and the fresh air that visited him through the oval

windows, his attention was arrested by a cloud of dust rolling along the road, out of which soon emerged a white horse, and then a very singular, round-shouldered, old-fashioned chaise, containing an elderly couple, both in black. What particularly struck him was the gait of the horse, who had a very disdainful fling to his hind legs. The slow equipage passed, and would have been for ever forgotten, had not Kavanagh seen it again at sunset, stationary at Mr. Churchill's door, towards which he was directing his steps.

As he entered, he met Mr. Churchill, just taking leave of an elderly lady and gentleman in black, whom he recognised as the travellers in the old chaise. Mr. Churchill looked a little flushed and disturbed, and bade his guests farewell with a constrained air. On seeing Kavanagh, he saluted him, and called him by name; whereupon the lady pursed up her mouth, and, after a quick glance, turned away her face; and the gentleman passed with a lofty look, in which curiosity, reproof, and pious indignation were strangely mingled. They got into the chaise with some such feelings as Noah and his wife may be supposed to have had on entering the ark; the whip descended upon the old horse with unusual vigour, accompanied by a jerk of the reins that caused him to say within himself, "What is the matter now?" He then moved off at his usual pace, and with that peculiar motion of the hind legs which Kavanagh had perceived in the morning.

Kavanagh found his friend not a little disturbed, and evidently by the conversation of the departed guests.

"That old gentleman," said Mr. Churchill, "is your predecessor, Mr. Pendexter. He thinks we are in a bad way since he left us. He considers your liberality as nothing better than rank Arianism and infidelity. The fact is, the

old gentleman is a little soured ; the vinous fermentation in his veins is now over, and the acetous has commenced."

Kavanagh smiled, but made no answer.

"I, of course, defended you stoutly," continued Mr. Churchill ; "but if he goes about the village sowing such seed, there will be tares growing with the wheat."

"I have no fears," said Kavanagh, very quietly.

Mr. Churchill's apprehensions were not, however, groundless ; for in the course of the week it came out that doubts, surmises, and suspicions of Kavanagh's orthodoxy were springing up in many weak but worthy minds. And it was ever after observed, that, whenever that fatal, apocalyptic white horse and antediluvian chaise appeared in town, many parishioners were harassed with doubts and perplexed with theological difficulties and uncertainties.

Nevertheless, the main current of opinion was with him ; and the parish showed their grateful acknowledgment of his zeal and sympathy, by requesting him to sit for his portrait to a great artist from the city, who was passing the summer months in the village for recreation, using his pencil only on rarest occasions, and as a particular favour. To this martyrdom the meek Kavanagh submitted without a murmur. During the progress of this work of art he was seldom left alone ; some one of his parishioners was there to enliven him ; and most frequently it was Miss Martha Amelia Hawkins, who had become very devout of late, being zealous in the Sunday-school, and requesting her relative not to walk between churches any more. She took a very lively interest in the portrait, and favoured with many suggestions the distinguished artist, who found it difficult to obtain an expression which would satisfy the parish, some wishing to have it grave, if not severe, and others with "Mr. Kavanagh's peculiar smile." Kavanagh

himself was quite indifferent about the matter, and met his fate with Christian fortitude, in a white cravat and sacerdotal robes, with one hand hanging down from the back of his chair, and the other holding a large book with the forefinger between its leaves, reminding Mr. Churchill of Milo with his fingers in the oak. The expression of the face was exceedingly bland and resigned; perhaps a little wanting in strength, but on the whole satisfactory to the parish. So was the artist's price; nay, it was even held by some persons to be cheap, considering the quantity of background he had put in

XX.

MEANWHILE, things had gone on very quietly and monotonously in Mr. Churchill's family. Only one event, and that a mysterious one, had disturbed its serenity. It was the sudden disappearance of Lucy, the pretty orphan girl; and as the booted centipede, who had so much excited Mr. Churchill's curiosity, disappeared at the same time, there was little doubt that they had gone away together. But whither gone, and wherefore, remained a mystery.

Mr. Churchill, also, had had his profile, and those of his wife and children, taken, in a very humble style, by Mr. Bantam, whose advertisement he had noticed on his way to school nearly a year before. His own was considered the best as a work of art. The face was cut out entirely; the collar of the coat velvet; the shirt-collar very high and white; and the top of his head ornamented with a crest of hair turning up in front, though his own turned down,—which slight deviation from nature was explained and justified by the painter as a license allowable in art.

One evening, as he was sitting down to begin for at least the hundredth time the great Romance,—subject of so many resolves and so much remorse, so often determined upon, but never begun, a loud knock at the street-door, which stood wide open, announced a visitor. Unluckily, the study-door was likewise open; and consequently, being in full view, he found it impossible to refuse himself; nor, in fact, would he have done so, had all the doors been shut and bolted,—the art of refusing one's self being at that time but imperfectly understood in Fairmeadow. Accordingly, the visitor was shown in.

He announced himself as Mr. Hathaway. Passing through the village, he could not deny himself the pleasure of calling on Mr. Churchill, whom he knew by his writings in the periodicals, though not personally. He wished, moreover, to secure the co-operation of one already so favourably known to the literary world, in a new Magazine he was about to establish, in order to raise the character of American literature, which, in his opinion, the existing reviews and magazines had entirely failed to accomplish. A daily increasing want of something better was felt by the public; and the time had come for the establishment of such a periodical as he proposed. After explaining in rather a florid and exuberant manner his plan and prospects, he entered more at large into the subject of American literature, which it was his design to foster and patronize.

“I think, Mr. Churchill,” said he, “that we want a national literature commensurate with our mountains and rivers,—commensurate with Niagara, and the Alleghanies, and the Great Lakes!”

“Oh!”

“We want a national epic that shall correspond to the

size of the country; that shall be to all other epics what Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi is to all other paintings,—the largest in the world!"

"Ah!"

"We want a national drama in which scope enough shall be given to our gigantic ideas, and to the unparalleled activity and progress of our people!"

"Of course."

"In a word, we want a national literature altogether shaggy and unshorn, that shall shake the earth, like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairies!"

"Precisely," interrupted Mr. Churchill; "but excuse me!—are you not confounding things that have no analogy? Great has a very different meaning when applied to a river, and when applied to a literature. Large and shallow may perhaps be applied to both. Literature is rather an image of the spiritual world than of the physical, is it not?—of the internal, rather than the external. Mountains, lakes, and rivers are, after all, only its scenery and decorations, not its substance and essence. A man will not necessarily be a great poet because he lives near a great mountain. Nor, being a poet, will he necessarily write better poems than another, because he lives nearer Niagara."

"But, Mr. Churchill, you do not certainly mean to deny the influence of scenery on the mind?"

"No, only to deny that it can create genius. At best, it can only develop it. Switzerland has produced no extraordinary poet; nor, as far as I know, have the Andes, or the Himalaya mountains, or the Mountains of the Moon in Africa."

"But, at all events," urged Mr. Hathaway, "let us have our literature national. If it is not national, it is nothing."

"On the contrary, it may be a great deal. Nationality is

a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is, not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air, that speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands. Let us throw all the windows open; let us admit the light and air on all sides; that we may look towards the four corners of the heavens, and not always in the same direction."

"But you admit nationality to be a good thing?"

"Yes, if not carried too far; still, I confess, it rather limits one's views of truth. I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous. Every one smiles when he hears the Icelandic proverb, 'Iceland is the best land the sun shines upon.' Let us be natural, and we shall be national enough. Besides, our literature can be strictly national only so far as our character and modes of thought differ from those of other nations. Now, as we are very like the English,—are, in fact, English under a different sky,—I do not see how our literature can be very different from theirs. Westward from hand to hand we pass the lighted torch, but it was lighted at the old domestic fireside of England."

"Then you think our literature is never to be anything but an imitation of the English?"

"Not at all. It is not an imitation, but, as some one has said, a continuation."

"It seems to me that you take a very narrow view of the subject."

"On the contrary, a very broad one. No literature is complete until the language in which it is written is dead. We may well be proud of our task and of our position.

Let us see if we can build in any way worthy of our forefathers."

"But I insist upon originality."

"Yes; but without spasms and convulsions. Authors must not, like Chinese soldiers, expect to win victories by turning somersets in the air."

"Well, really, the prospect from your point of view is not very brilliant. Pray, what do you think of our national literature?"

"Simply, that a national literature is not the growth of a day. Centuries must contribute their dew and sunshine to it. Our own is growing slowly but surely, striking its roots downward, and its branches upward, as is natural; and I do not wish, for the sake of what some people call originality, to invert it, and try to make it grow with its roots in the air. And as for having it so savage and wild as you want it, I have only to say, that all literature, as well as all art, is the result of culture and intellectual refinement."

"Ah! we do not want art and refinement; we want genius,—untutored, wild, original, free."

"But, if this genius is to find any expression, it must employ art; for art is the external expression of our thoughts. Many have genius, but, wanting art, are for ever dumb. The two must go together to form the great poet, painter, or sculptor."

"In that sense, very well."

"I was about to say also that I thought our literature would finally not be wanting in a kind of universality."

"As the blood of all nations is mingling with our own, so will their thoughts and feelings finally mingle in our literature. We shall draw from the Germans tenderness; from the Spaniards, passion; from the French, vivacity, to

mingle more and more with our English solid sense And this will give us universality, so much to be desired."

"If that is your way of thinking," interrupted the visitor, "you will like the work I am now engaged upon."

"What is it?"

"A great national drama, the scene of which is laid in New Mexico. It is entitled *Don Serafin, or the Marquis of the Seven Churches*. The principal characters are, Don Serafin, an old Spanish hidalgo; his daughter Deseada; and Fra Serapion, the Curate. The play opens with Fra Serapion at breakfast; on the table a game cock, tied by the leg, sharing his master's meal. Then follows a scene at the cock-pit, where the Marquis stakes the remnant of his fortune—his herds and hacienda—on a favourite cock, and loses."

"But what do you know about cock-fighting?" demanded, rather than asked, the astonished and half-laughing school-master.

"I am not very well informed on that subject, and I was going to ask you if you could not recommend some work."

"The only work I am acquainted with," replied Mr. Churchill, "is the Reverend Mr. Pegge's *Essay on Cock-fighting among the Ancients*; and I hardly see how you could apply that to the Mexicans."

"Why, they are a kind of ancients, you know. I certainly will hunt up the essay you mention, and see what I can do with it."

"And all I know about the matter itself," continued Mr. Churchill, "is, that Mark Antony was a patron of the pit, and that his cocks were always beaten by Cæsar's; and that when Themistocles, the Athenian general, was marching against the Persians, he halted his army to see a cock-fight, and made a speech to his soldiery, to the effect, that those animals fought not for the gods of their country, nor

for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for freedom, nor for their children, but only for the sake of victory. On his return to Athens, he established cock-fights in that capital. But how this is to help you in Mexico I do not see, unless you introduce Santa Anna, and compare him to Cæsar and Themistocles."

"That is it; I will do so. It will give historic interest to the play. I thank you for the suggestion."

"The subject is certainly very original; but it does not strike me as particularly national."

"Prospective, you see!" said Mr. Hathaway, with a penetrating look.

"Ah, yes; I perceive you fish with a heavy sinker—down, far down in the future—among posterity, as it were."

"You have seized the idea. Besides, I obviate your objection by introducing an American circus company from the United States, which enables me to bring horses on the stage and produce great scenic effect."

"That is a bold design. The critics will be out upon you without fail."

"Never fear that. I know the critics, root and branch—out and out—have summered them and wintered them—in fact, am one of them myself. Very good fellows are the critics; are they not?"

"O, yes; only they have such a pleasant way of talking down upon authors."

"If they did not talk down upon them they would show no superiority; and, of course, that would never do."

"Nor is it to be wondered at that authors are sometimes a little irritable. I often recal the poet in the Spanish fable, whose manuscripts were devoured by mice, till at length he put some corrosive sublimate into his ink, and was never troubled again."

"Why don't you try it yourself?" said Mr. Hathaway, rather sharply.

"O," answered Mr. Churchill, with a smile of humility, "I and my writings are too insignificant. They may gnaw and welcome. I do not like to have poison about, even for such purposes."

"By the way, Mr. Churchill," said the visitor, adroitly changing the subject, "do you know Honeywell?"

"No, I do not. Who is he?"

"Honeywell the poet, I mean."

"No, I never even heard of him. There are so many poets now-a-days!"

"That is very strange indeed! Why, I consider Honeywell one of the finest writers in the country,—quite in the front rank of American authors. He is a real poet, and no mistake. Nature made him with her shirt-sleeves rolled up."

"What has he published?"

"He has not published anything yet, except in the newspapers. But, this Autumn, he is going to bring out a volume of poems. I could not help having my joke with him about it. I told him he had better print it on cartridge-paper."

"Why so?"

"Why, to make it go off better; don't you understand?"

"O yes, now that you explain it. Very good."

"Honeywell is going to write for the Magazine; he is to furnish a poem for every number; and as he succeeds equally well in the plaintive and didactic style of Wordsworth, and the more vehement and impassioned style of Byron, I think we shall do very well."

"And what do you mean to call the new Magazine?" inquired Mr. Churchill.

“ We think of calling it *The Niagara*.”

“ Why, that is the name of our fire-engine! Why not call it *The Extinguisher*?”

“ That is also a good name; but I prefer the *Niagara*, as more national. And I hope, Mr. Churchill, you will let us count upon you. We should like to have an article from your pen for every number.”

“ Do you mean to pay your contributors?”

“ Not the first year, I am sorry to say. But after that, if the work succeeds, we shall pay handsomely. And, of course, it will succeed, for we mean it shall; and we never say fail. There is no such word in our dictionary. Before the year is out, we mean to print fifty thousand copies; and fifty thousand copies will give us, at least, one hundred and fifty thousand readers; and with such an audience any author might be satisfied.”

He had touched at length the right strings in Mr. Churchill's bosom; and they vibrated to the touch with pleasant harmonies. Literary vanity!—literary ambition! The editor perceived it; and so cunningly did he play upon these chords, that, before he departed, Mr. Churchill had promised to write for him a series of papers on *Obscure Martyrs*,—a kind of tragic history of the unrecorded and life-long sufferings of women, which hitherto had found no historian, save now and then a novelist.

Notwithstanding the certainty of success,—notwithstanding the fifty thousand subscribers and the one hundred and fifty thousand readers,—the Magazine never went into operation. Still the dream was enough to occupy Mr. Churchill's thoughts, and to withdraw them entirely from his *Romance* for many weeks together.

XXI.

EVERY state, and almost every county, of New England has its Roaring Brook,—a mountain streamlet, overhung by woods, impeded by a mill, encumbered by fallen trees, but ever racing, rushing, roaring down through gurgling gullies, and filling the forest with its delicious sound and freshness; the drinking-place of home-returning herds; the mysterious haunt of squirrels and blue-jays; the sylvan retreat of school-girls, who frequent it on Summer holidays, and mingle their restless thoughts, their overflowing fancies, their fair imaginings, with its restless, exuberant, and rejoicing stream.

Fairmeadow had no Roaring Brook. As its name indicates, it was too level a land for that. But the neighbouring town of Westwood, lying more inland, and among the hills, had one of the fairest and fullest of all the brooks that roar. It was the boast of the neighbourhood. Not to have seen it, was to have seen no brook, no waterfall, no mountain ravine. And, consequently, to behold it and admire, was Kavanagh taken by Mr. Churchill as soon as the Summer vacation gave leisure and opportunity. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, and Alfred, in a one-horse chaise; and Cecilia, Alice, and Kavanagh, in a carryall,—the fourth seat in which was occupied by a large basket, containing what the Squire of the Grove, in Don Quixote, called his “fiambreras,”—that magniloquent Castilian word for cold collation. Over warm uplands, smelling of clover and mint; through cool glades, still wet with the rain of yesterday; along the river; across the rattling and tilting planks of wooden bridges; by orchards; by the gates of fields, with the tall mullen growing at the bars; by stone walls overrun with privet and bar-

berries ; in sun and heat, in shadow and coolness,—forward drove the happy party on that pleasant Summer morning.

At length they reached the Roaring Brook. From a gorge in the mountains, through a long, winding gallery of birch, and beech, and pine, leaped the bright, brown waters of the jubilant streamlet ; out of the woods, across the plain, under the rude bridge of logs, into the woods again,—a day between two nights. With it went a song that made the heart sing likewise ; a song of joy, and exultation, and freedom ; a continuous and unbroken song of life, and pleasure, and perpetual youth. Like the old Icelandic Scald, the streamlet seemed to say—

“I am possessed of songs such as neither the spouse of a king, nor any son of man, can repeat : one of them is called the Helper ; it will help thee at thy need, in sickness, grief, and all adversity.”

The little party left their carriages at a farm-house by the bridge, and followed the rough road on foot along the brook ; now close upon it, now shut out by intervening trees. Mr. Churchill, bearing the basket on his arm, walked in front with his wife and Alfred. Kavanagh came behind with Cecilia and Alice. The music of the brook silenced all conversation ; only occasional exclamations of delight were uttered,—the irrepressible applause of fresh and sensitive natures in a scene so lovely. Presently, turning off from the road, which led directly to the mill, and was rough with the tracks of heavy wheels, they went down to the margin of the brook.

“How indescribably beautiful this brown water is !” exclaimed Kavanagh. “It is like wine, or the nectar of the gods of Olympus ; as if the falling Hebe had poured it from the goblet.”

“More like the mead or metheglin of the northern gods,” said Mr. Churchill, “spilled from the drinking-horns of Valhalla.”

But all the ladies thought Kavanagh's comparison the better of the two, and in fact the best that could be made; and Mr. Churchill was obliged to retract and apologize for his allusion to the celestial ale-house of Odin.

Ere long they were forced to cross the brook, stepping from stone to stone, over the little rapids and cascades. All crossed lightly, easily, safely; even “the sumpter mule,” as Mr. Churchill called himself, on account of the pannier. Only Cecilia lingered behind, as if afraid to cross. Cecilia, who had crossed at that same place a hundred times before,—Cecilia, who had the surest foot, and the firmest nerves, of all the village maidens,—she now stood irresolute, seized with a sudden tremor; blushing, and laughing at her own timidity, and yet unable to advance. Kavanagh saw her embarrassment, and hastened back to help her. Her hand trembled in his; she thanked him with a gentle look and word. His whole soul was softened within him. His attitude, his countenance, his voice, were alike submissive and subdued. He was as one penetrated with tenderest emotions.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening air; a thousand ministers and messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude, and look,—the signals upon the countenance,—the electric telegraph of touch;—all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered, which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and makes retreat impossible!

The day passed delightfully with all. They sat upon

the stones and the roots of trees. Cecilia read, from a volume she had brought with her, poems that rhymed with the running water. The others listened and commented. Little Alfred waded in the stream, with his bare white feet, and launched boats over the falls. Noon had been fixed upon for dining; but they anticipated it by at least an hour. The great basket was opened; endless sandwiches were drawn forth, and a cold pasty, as large as that of the Squire of the Grove. During the repast, Mr. Churchill slipped into the brook, while in the act of handing a sandwich to his wife, which caused unbounded mirth; and Kavanagh sat down on a mossy trunk, that gave way beneath him, and crumbled into powder. This, also, was received with great merriment.

After dinner, they ascended the brook still farther,—indeed, quite to the mill, which was not going. It had been stopped in the midst of its work. The saw still held its hungry teeth fixed in the heart of a pine. Mr. Churchill took occasion to make known to the company his long-cherished purpose of writing a poem called “The Song of the Saw-Mill,” and enlarged on the beautiful associations of flood and forest connected with the theme. He delighted himself and his audience with the fine fancies he meant to weave into his poem, and wondered nobody had thought of the subject before. Kavanagh said it had been thought of before, and cited Kerner’s little poem, so charmingly translated by Bryant. Mr. Churchill had not seen it. Kavanagh looked into his pocket-book for it, but it was not to be found; still he was sure that there was such a poem. Mr. Churchill abandoned his design. He had spoken,—and the treasure, just as he touched it with his hand, was gone for ever.

The party returned home as it came, all tired and happy.

excepting little Alfred, who was tired and cross, and sat sleepy and sagging on his father's knee, with his hat cocked rather fiercely over his eyes.

XXII.

THE brown autumn came. Out of doors, it brought to the fields the prodigality of the yellow harvest,—to the forest, revelations of light,—and to the sky, the sharp air, the morning mist, the red clouds at evening. Within doors, the sense of seclusion, the stillness of closed and curtained windows, musings by the fireside, books, friends, conversation, and the long, meditative evenings. To the farmer, it brought surcease of toil,—to the scholar, that sweet delirium of the brain which changes toil to pleasure. It brought the wild duck back to the reedy marshes of the south; it brought the wild song back to the fervid brain of the poet. Without, the village street was paved with gold; the river ran red with the reflection of the leaves. Within, the faces of friends brightened the gloomy walls; the returning footsteps of the long-absent gladdened the threshold; and all the sweet amenities of social life again resumed their interrupted reign.

Kavanagh preached a sermon on the coming of Autumn. He chose his text from Isaiah,—“Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-vat?”

To Mr. Churchill, this beloved season—this Joseph with his coat of many colours, as he was fond of calling it—brought an unexpected guest, the forlorn, forsaken Lucy.

The surmises of the family were too true. She had wandered away with the Briareus of boots. She returned alone, in destitution and despair; and often, in the grief of a broken heart and a bewildered brain, was heard to say,—

“ Oh, how I wish I were a Christian! If I were only a Christian I would not live any longer; I would kill myself! I am too wretched!”

A few days afterwards, a gloomy-looking man rode through the town on horseback, stopping at every corner, and crying into every street, with a loud and solemn voice,—

“ Prepare! prepare! prepare to meet the living God!”

It was one of that fanatical sect, who believed the end of the world was imminent, and had prepared their ascension robes to be lifted up in clouds of glory, while the worn-out, weary world was to burn with fire beneath them, and a new and fairer earth to be prepared for their inheritance. The appearance of this forerunner of the end of the world was followed by numerous camp-meetings, held in the woods near the village, to whose white tents and leafy chapels many went for consolation and found despair.

XXIII.

AGAIN the two crumbly old women sat and talked together in the little parlour of the gloomy house under the poplars, and the two girls sat above, holding each other by the hand, thoughtful, and speaking only at intervals.

Alice was unusually sad and silent. The mists were already gathering over her vision,—those mists that were to deepen and darken as the season advanced, until the external world should be shrouded and finally shut from her view. Already the landscape began to wear a pale and

sickly hue, as if the sun were withdrawing farther and farther, and were soon wholly to disappear, as in a northern winter. But to brighten this northern winter there now arose within her a soft, auroral light. Yes, the auroral light of love, blushing through the whole heaven of her thoughts. She had not breathed that word to herself, nor did she recognise any thrill of passion in the new emotion she experienced. But love it was; and it lifted her soul into a region which she at once felt was native to it,—into a subtler ether, which seemed its natural element.

This feeling, however, was not all exhilaration. It brought with it its own peculiar languor and sadness, its fluctuations and swift vicissitudes of excitement and depression. To this the trivial circumstances of life contributed. Kavanagh had met her in the street, and had passed her without recognition; and, in the bitterness of the moment, she forgot that she wore a thick veil, which entirely concealed her face. At an evening party at Mr. Churchill's, by a kind of fatality, Kavanagh had stood very near her for a long time, but with his back turned, conversing with Miss Hawkins, from whose toils he was, in fact, though vainly, struggling to extricate himself; and in the irritation of supposed neglect, Alice had said to herself—

“ This is the kind of woman which most fascinates men ! ”

But these cruel moments of pain were few and short, while those of delight were many and lasting. In a life so lonely, and with so little to enliven and embellish it as hers, the guest in disguise was welcomed with ardour, and entertained without fear or suspicion. Had he been feared or suspected, he would have been no longer dangerous. He came as friendship, where friendship was most needed; he came as devotion, where her holy ministrations were always welcome.

Somewhat differently had the same passion come to the heart of Cecilia ; for as the heart is, so is love to the heart. It partakes of its strength or weakness, its health or disease. In Cecilia, it but heightened the keen sensation of life. To all eyes, she became more beautiful, more radiant, more lovely, though they knew not why. When she and Kavanagh first met, it was hardly as strangers meet, but rather as friends long separated. When they first spoke to each other, it seemed but as the renewal of some previous interrupted conversation. Their souls flowed together at once, without turbulence or agitation, like waters on the same level. As they found each other without seeking, so their intercourse was without affectation and without embarrassment.

Thus, while Alice, unconsciously to herself, desired the love of Kavanagh, Cecilia, as unconsciously, assumed it as already her own. Alice keenly felt her own unworthiness ; Cecilia made no comparison of merit. When Kavanagh was present, Alice was happy, but embarrassed ; Cecilia, joyous and natural. The former feared she might displease ; the latter divined from the first that she already pleased. In both, this was the intuition of the heart.

So sat the friends together, as they had done so many times before. But now, for the first time, each cherished a secret, which she did not confide to the other. Daily, for many weeks, the feathered courier had come and gone from window to window, but this secret had never been intrusted to his keeping. Almost daily the friends had met and talked together, but this secret had not been told. That could not be confided to another, which had not been confided to themselves ; that could not be fashioned into words, which was not yet fashioned into thoughts, but was still floating, vague and formless, through the mind. Nay, had it been stated in words, each, perhaps, would have denied

it. The distinct apparition of this fair spirit, in a visible form, would have startled them; though, while it haunted all the chambers of their souls as an invisible presence, it gave them only solace and delight.

“How very feverish your hand is, dearest!” said Cecilia.

“What is the matter? Are you unwell?”

“Those are the very words my mother said to me this morning,” replied Alice. “I feel rather languid and tired, that is all. I could not sleep last night; I never can when it rains.”

“Did it rain last night? I did not hear it.”

“Yes; about midnight, quite hard. I listened to it for hours. I love to lie awake, and hear the drops fall on the roof, and on the leaves. It throws me into a delicious, dreamy state, which I like much better than sleep.”

Cecilia looked tenderly at her pale face. Her eyes were very bright, and on each cheek was a crimson signal, the sight of which would have given her mother so much anguish, that, perhaps, it was better for her to be blind than to see.

“When you enter the land of dreams, Alice, you come into my peculiar realm. I am the queen of that country, you know. But, of late, I have thought of resigning my throne. These endless reveries are really a great waste of time and strength.”

“Do you think so?”

“Yes; and Mr. Kavanagh thinks so, too. We talked about it the other evening; and afterwards, upon reflection, I thought he was right.”

And the friends resolved, half in jest and half in earnest, that, from that day forth, the gate of their day-dreams should be closed. And closed it was ere long;—for one, by the Angel of Life; for the other, by the Angel of Death!

XXIV.

THE project of the new Magazine being heard of no more, and Mr. Churchill being consequently deprived of his one hundred and fifty thousand readers, he laid aside the few notes he had made for his papers on the *Obscure Martyrs*, and turned his thoughts again to the great Romance. A whole leisure Saturday afternoon was before him,—pure gold, without alloy. Ere beginning his task, he stepped forth into his garden to inhale the sunny air, and let his thoughts recede a little, in order to leap farther. When he returned, glowing and radiant with poetic fancies, he found, to his unspeakable dismay, an unknown damsel sitting in his arm-chair. She was rather gaily yet elegantly dressed, and wore a veil, which she raised as Mr. Churchill entered, fixing upon him the full, liquid orbs of her large eyes.

“Mr. Churchill, I suppose?” said she, rising, and stepping forward.

“The same,” replied the schoolmaster, with dignified courtesy.

“And will you permit me,” she continued, not without a certain serene self-possession, “to introduce myself, for want of a better person to do it for me? My name is Cartwright,—Clarissa Cartwright.”

This announcement did not produce that powerful and instantaneous effect on Mr. Churchill which the speaker seemed to anticipate, or at least to hope. His eye did not brighten with any quick recognition, nor did he suddenly exclaim,—

“What! Are you Miss Cartwright, the poetess, whose delightful effusions I have seen in all the magazines?”

On the contrary, he looked rather blank and expectant, and only said—

“I am very glad to see you; pray sit down.”

So that the young lady herself was obliged to communicate the literary intelligence above alluded to, which she did very gracefully, and then added—

“I have come to ask a great favour of you, Mr. Churchill, which I hope you will not deny me. By the advice of some friends, I have collected my poems together”—and here she drew forth from a paper a large, thin manuscript, bound in crimson velvet—“and think of publishing them in a volume. Now, would you not do me the favour to look them over, and give me your candid opinion whether they are worth publishing? I should value your advice so highly!”

This simultaneous appeal to his vanity and his gallantry from a fair young girl, standing on the verge of that broad, dangerous ocean, in which so many have perished, and looking wistfully over its flashing waters to the shores of the green Isle of Palms,—such an appeal, from such a person, it was impossible for Mr. Churchill to resist. He made, however, a faint show of resistance—a feeble grasping after some excuse for refusal—and then yielded. He received from Clarissa’s delicate, trembling hand the precious volume, and from her eyes a still more precious look of thanks, and then said—

“What name do you propose to give the volume?”

“Symphonies of the Soul, and other Poems,” said the young lady; “and, if you like them, and it would not be asking too much, I should be delighted to have you write a Preface, to introduce the work to the public. The publisher says it would increase the sale very considerably.”

“Ah, the publisher! yes, but that is not very compli-

mentary to yourself," suggested Mr. Churchill. I can already see your Poems rebelling against the intrusion of my Preface, and rising like so many nuns in a convent to expel the audacious foot that has dared to invade their sacred precincts."

But it was all in vain, this pale effort at pleasantry. Objection was useless; and the soft-hearted schoolmaster a second time yielded gracefully to his fate, and promised the Preface. The young lady took her leave with a profusion of thanks and blushes; and the dainty manuscript, with its delicate chirography and crimson cover, remained in the hands of Mr. Churchill, who gazed at it less as a Paradise of Dainty Devices than as a deed or mortgage of so many precious hours of his own scanty inheritance of time.

Afterwards, when he complained a little of this to his wife—who, during the interview, had peeped in at the door, and, seeing how he was occupied, had immediately withdrawn—she said that nobody was to blame but himself; that he should learn to say "No!" and not do just as every romantic little girl from the Academy wanted him to do; adding, as a final aggravation and climax of reproof, that she really believed he never would, and never meant to, begin his Romance!

XXV.

Not long afterwards, Kavanagh and Mr. Churchill took a stroll together across the fields, and down green lanes, walking all the bright, brief afternoon. From the summit of the hill, beside the old windmill, they saw the sun set; and, opposite, the full moon rise, dewy, large, and red. As

they descended, they felt the heavy dampness of the air, like water, rising to meet them,—bathing with coolness first their feet, then their hands, then their faces, till they were submerged in that sea of dew. As they skirted the woodland on their homeward way, trampling the golden leaves under foot, they heard voices at a distance, singing; and then saw the lights of the camp-meeting gleaming through the trees, and, drawing nearer, distinguished a portion of the hymn :—

“ Don't you hear the Lord a-coming
To the old churchyards,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
Sounding through the air ? ”

These words, at once awful and ludicrous, rose on the still twilight air from a hundred voices, thrilling with emotion, and from as many beating, fluttering, struggling hearts. High above them all was heard one voice, clear and musical as a clarion.

“ I know that voice,” said Mr. Churchill; “ it is Elder Evans's.”

“ Ah ! ” exclaimed Kavanagh—for only the impression of awe was upon him—“ he never acted in a deeper tragedy than this ! How terrible it is ! Let us pass on.”

They hurried away, Kavanagh trembling in every fibre. Silently they walked, the music fading into softest vibrations behind them.

“ How strange is this fanaticism ! ” at length said Mr. Churchill, rather as a relief to his own thoughts than for the purpose of reviving the conversation. “ These people really believe that the end of the world is close at hand.”

“ And to thousands,” answered Kavanagh, “ this is no

fiction—no illusion of an over-heated imagination. To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands, the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here as it were in the crypts of life; at times, from the great cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting of the choir; we see the light stream through the open door, when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave, that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of the life eternal?"

They reached the wooden bridge over the river, which the moonlight converted into a river of light. Their footsteps sounded on the planks; they passed without perceiving a female figure that stood in the shadow below on the brink of the stream, watching wistfully the steady flow of the current. It was Lucy! Her bonnet and shawl were lying at her feet; and when they had passed, she waded far out into the shallow stream, laid herself gently down in its deeper waves, and floated slowly away into the moonlight, among the golden leaves that were faded and fallen like herself—among the water-lilies, whose fragrant white blossoms had been broken off and polluted long ago. Without a struggle, without a sigh, without a sound, she floated downward, downward, and silently sank into the silent river. Far off, faint, and indistinct, was heard the startling hymn, with its wild and peculiar melody—

“O, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,—
O, there will be mourning, at the judgment-seat of Christ!”

Kavanagh's heart was full of sadness. He left Mr. Churchill at his door, and proceeded homeward. On passing his church, he could not resist the temptation to go in. He climbed to his chamber in the tower, lighted by the

moon. He sat for a long time gazing from the window, and watching a distant and feeble candle, whose rays scarcely reached him across the brilliant moon-lighted air. Gentler thoughts stole over him; an invisible presence soothed him; an invisible hand was laid upon his head, and the trouble and unrest of his spirit were changed to peace.

“Answer me, thou mysterious future!” exclaimed he; “tell me,—shall these things be according to my desires?”

And the mysterious future, interpreted by those desires, replied—

“Soon thou shalt know all. It shall be well with thee!”

XXVI.

On the following morning, Kavanagh sat as usual in his study in the tower. No traces were left of the heaviness and sadness of the preceding night. It was a bright, warm morning; and the window, open towards the south, let in the genial sunshine. The odour of decaying leaves scented the air; far off flashed the hazy river.

Kavanagh's heart, however, was not at rest. At times he rose from his books, and paced up and down his little study; then took up his hat as if to go out; then laid it down again, and again resumed his books. At length he arose, and, leaning on the window-sill, gazed for a long time on the scene before him. Some thought was labouring in his bosom, some doubt or fear, which alternated with hope, but thwarted any fixed resolve.

Ah, how pleasantly that fair autumnal landscape smiled upon him! The great golden elms that marked the line of the village street, and under whose shadows no beggars

sat; the air of comfort and plenty, of neatness, thrift, and equality, visible everywhere; and from far-off farms the sound of flails, beating the triumphal march of Ceres through the land;—these were the sights and sounds that greeted him as he looked. Silently the yellow leaves fell upon the graves in the church-yard; and the dew glistened in the grass, which was still long and green.

Presently his attention was arrested by a dove, pursued by a little kingfisher, who constantly endeavoured to soar above it, in order to attack it at greater advantage. The flight of the birds, thus shooting through the air at arrowy speed, was beautiful. When they were opposite the tower, the dove suddenly wheeled, and darted in at the open window, while the pursuer held on his way with a long sweep, and was out of sight in a moment.

At the first glance, Kavanagh recognised the dove, which lay panting on the floor. It was the same he had seen Cecilia buy of the little man in gray. He took it in his hands. Its heart was beating violently. About its neck was a silken band; beneath its wing, a billet, upon which was a single word, "Cecilia." The bird, then, was on its way to Cecilia Vaughan. He hailed the omen as auspicious, and, immediately closing the window, seated himself at his table, and wrote a few hurried words, which, being carefully folded and sealed, he fastened to the band, and then hastily, as if afraid his purpose might be changed by delay, opened the window and set the bird at liberty. It sailed once or twice round the tower, apparently uncertain and bewildered, or still in fear of its pursuer. Then, instead of holding its way over the fields to Cecilia Vaughan, it darted over the roofs of the village, and alighted at the window of Alice Archer.

Having written that morning to Cecilia something

urgent and confidential, she was already waiting the answer; and, not doubting that the bird had brought it, she hastily untied the silken band, and, without looking at the superscription, opened the first note that fell on the table. It was very brief; only a few lines, and not a name mentioned in it; an impulse, an ejaculation of love; every line quivering with electric fire,—every word a pulsation of the writer's heart. It was signed "Arthur Kavanagh."

Overwhelmed by the suddenness and violence of her emotions, Alice sat for a long time motionless, holding the open letter in her hand. Then she read it again, and then relapsed into her dream of joy and wonder. It would be difficult to say which of the two emotions was the greater,—her joy that her prayer for love should be answered, and so answered,—her wonder that Kavanagh should have selected her! In the tumult of her sensations, and hardly conscious of what she was doing, she folded the note and replaced it in its envelope. Then, for the first time, her eye fell on the superscription. It was "Cecilia Vaughan." Alice fainted.

On recovering her senses, her first act was one of heroism. She sealed the note, attached it to the neck of the pigeon, and sent the messenger rejoicing on his journey. Then her feelings had way, and she wept long and bitterly. Then, with a desperate calmness, she reproved her own weakness and selfishness, and felt that she ought to rejoice in the happiness of her friend, and sacrifice her affection, even her life, to her. Her heart exculpated Kavanagh from all blame. He had not deluded her; she had deluded herself. She alone was in fault; and in deep humiliation, with wounded pride and wounded love, and utter self-abasement, she bowed her head and prayed for consolation and fortitude.

One consolation she already had. The secret was her

own. She had not revealed it even to Cecilia. Kavanagh did not suspect it. Public curiosity, public pity, she would not have to undergo.

She was resigned. She made the heroic sacrifice of self, leaving her sorrow to the great physician, Time,—the nurse of care, the healer of all smarts, the soother and consoler of all sorrows. And, thenceforward, she became unto Kavanagh what the moon is to the sun, for ever following, for ever separated, for ever sad.

As a traveller, about to start upon his journey, resolved and yet irresolute, watches the clouds, and notes the struggle between the sunshine and the showers, and says, "It will be fair; I will go,"—and again says, "Ah, no, not yet; the rain is not yet over,"—so at this same hour sat Cecilia Vaughan, resolved and yet irresolute, longing to depart upon the fair journey before her, and yet lingering on the paternal threshold, as if she wished both to stay and to go, seeing the sky was not without its clouds, nor the road without its dangers.

It was a beautiful picture, as she sat there with sweet perplexity in her face, and above it an immortal radiance streaming from her brow. She was like Guercino's Sibyl, with the scroll of fate and the uplifted pen; and the scroll she held contained but three words,—three words that controlled the destiny of a man, and, by their soft impulsion, directed for evermore the current of his thoughts. They were—

"Come to me!"

The magic syllables brought Kavanagh to her side. The full soul is silent. Only the rising and falling tides rush murmuring through their channels. So sat the lovers, hand in hand; but for a long time neither spake,—neither had need of speech!



KAVANAGH.

Page 515.

XXVII.

IN the afternoon Cecilia went to communicate the news to Alice with her own lips, thinking it too important to be intrusted to the wings of the carrier-pigeon. As she entered the door, the cheerful doctor was coming out; but this was no unusual apparition, and excited no alarm. Mrs. Archer, too, according to custom, was sitting in the little parlour with her decrepit old neighbour, who seemed almost to have taken up her abode under that roof, so many hours of every day did she pass there.

With a light, elastic step, Cecilia bounded up to Alice's room. She found her reclining in her large chair, flushed and excited. Sitting down by her side, and taking both her hands, she said, with great emotion in the tones of her voice,—

“Dearest Alice, I have brought you some news that I am sure will make you well. For my sake, you will be no longer ill when you hear it. I am engaged to Mr. Kavanagh!”

Alice feigned no surprise at this announcement. She returned the warm pressure of Cecilia's hand, and, looking affectionately in her face, said very calmly—

“I knew it would be so. I knew that he loved you, and that you would love him.”

“How could I help it?” said Cecilia, her eyes beaming with dewy light; “could any one help loving him?”

“No,” answered Alice, throwing her arms around Cecilia's neck, and laying her head upon her shoulder; “at least, no one whom he loved. But when did this happen? Tell me all about it, dearest!”

Cecilia was surprised, and perhaps a little hurt, at the quiet, almost impassive manner in which her friend received

this great intelligence. She had expected exclamations of wonder and delight, and such a glow of excitement as that with which she was sure she should have hailed the announcement of Alice's engagement. But this momentary annoyance was soon swept away by the tide of her own joyous sensations, as she proceeded to recal to the recollection of her friend the thousand little circumstances that had marked the progress of her love and Kavanagh's; things which she must have noticed, which she could not have forgotten; with questions interspersed at intervals, such as, "Do you recollect when?" and "I am sure you have not forgotten, have you?" and dreamy little pauses of silence and intercalated sighs. She related to her, also, the perilous adventure of the carrier-pigeon; how it had been pursued by the cruel kingfisher; how it had taken refuge in Kavanagh's tower, and had been the bearer of his letter, as well as her own. When she had finished, she felt her bosom wet with the tears of Alice, who was suffering martyrdom on that soft breast, so full of happiness. Tears of bitterness—tears of blood! And Cecilia, in the exultant temper of her soul at the moment, thought them tears of joy, and pressed Alice closer to her heart, and kissed and caressed her.

"Ah, how very happy you are, Cecilia!" at length sighed the poor sufferer, in that slightly querulous tone, to which Cecilia was not unaccustomed; "how very happy you are, and how very wretched am I! You have all the joy of life, I all its loneliness. How little you will think of me now! How little you will need me! I shall be nothing to you—you will forget me."

"Never, dearest!" exclaimed Cecilia, with much warmth and sincerity. "I shall love you only the more. We shall both love you. You will now have two friends instead of one."

“Yes; but both will not be equal to the one I lose. No, Cecilia; let us not make to ourselves any illusions. I do not. You cannot now be with me so much and so often as you have been. Even if you were, your thoughts would be elsewhere. Ah, I have lost my friend, when most I needed her!”

Cecilia protested ardently and earnestly, and dilated with eagerness on her little plan of life, in which their romantic friendship was to gain only new strength and beauty from the more romantic love. She was interrupted by a knock at the street door; on hearing which, she paused a moment, and then said—

“It is Arthur. He was to call for me.”

Ah, what glimpses of home, and fireside, and a whole life of happiness for Cecilia, were revealed by that one word of love and intimacy, “Arthur!” and for Alice, what a sentence of doom! what sorrow without a name! what an endless struggle of love and friendship, of duty and inclination! A little quiver of the eyelids and the hands, a hasty motion to raise her head from Cecilia’s shoulder—these were the only outward signs of emotion. But a terrible pang went to her heart; her blood rushed eddying to her brain; and when Cecilia had taken leave of her with the triumphant look of love beaming upon her brow, and an elevation in her whole attitude and bearing, as if borne up by attendant angels, she sank back into her chair, exhausted, fainting, fearing, longing, hoping to die.

And below sat the two old women, talking of moths, and cheap furniture, and what was the best remedy for rheumatism; and from the door went forth two happy hearts, beating side by side with the pulse of youth and hope and joy, and within them and around them was a new heaven and a new earth!

Only those who have lived in a small town can really know how great an event therein is a new engagement. From tongue to tongue passes the swift countersign; from eye to eye flashes the illumination of joy, or the bale-fire of alarm; the streets and houses ring with it, as with the penetrating, all-pervading sound of the village bell; the whole community feels a thrill of sympathy, and seems to congratulate itself that all the great events are by no means confined to the great towns. As Cecilia and Kavanagh passed arm in arm through the village, many curious eyes watched them from the windows, many hearts grown cold or careless rekindled their household fires of love from the golden altar of God, borne through the streets by those pure and holy hands!

The intelligence of the engagement, however, was received very differently by different persons. Mrs. Wilmerdings wondered, for her part, why anybody wanted to get married at all. The little taxidermist said he knew it would be so from the very first day they had met at his aviary. Miss Hawkins lost suddenly much of her piety and all her patience, and laughed rather hysterically. Mr. Hawkins said it was impossible, but went in secret to consult a friend, an old bachelor, on the best remedy for love; and the old bachelor, as one well versed in such affairs, gravely advised him to think of the lady as a beautiful statue!

Once more the indefatigable school-girl took up her pen, and wrote to her foreign correspondent a letter that might rival the famous epistle of Madame de Sévigné to her daughter, announcing the engagement of Mademoiselle Montpensier. Through the whole of the first page, she told her to guess who the lady was; through the whole of the second, who the gentleman was; the third was devoted to what was said about it in the village; and on the fourth

there were two postscripts, one at the top and the other at the bottom, the first stating that they were to be married in the spring, and to go to Italy immediately afterwards, and the last, that Alice Archer was dangerously ill with a fever.

As for the Churchills, they could find no words powerful enough to express their delight, but gave vent to it in a banquet on Thanksgiving-day, in which the wife had all the trouble and the husband all the pleasure. In order that the entertainment might be worthy of the occasion, Mr. Churchill wrote to the city for the best cookery-book; and the bookseller, executing the order in all its amplitude, sent him the Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches, by Frascatelli, pupil of the celebrated Carême, and Chief Cook to Her Majesty the Queen,—a ponderous volume, illustrated with numerous engravings, and furnished with bills of fare for every month in the year, and any number of persons. This great work was duly studied evening after evening; and Mr. Churchill confessed to his wife, that, although at first startled by the size of the book, he had really enjoyed it very highly, and had been much pleased to be present in imagination at so many grand entertainments, and to sit opposite the Queen without having to change his dress or the general style of his conversation.

The dinner hour, as well as the dinner itself, was duly debated. Mr. Churchill was in favour of the usual hour of one; but his wife thought it should be an hour later. Whereupon he remarked—

“ King Henry the Eighth dined at ten o'clock and supped at four. His queen's maids of honour had a gallon of ale and a chine of beef for their breakfast.”

To which his wife answered—

"I hope we shall have something a little more refined than that."

The day on which the banquet should take place was next discussed, and both agreed that no day could be so appropriate as Thanksgiving-day; for, as Mrs. Churchill very truly remarked, it was really a day of thanksgiving to Kavanagh. She then said—

"How very solemnly he read the Governor's Proclamation yesterday! particularly the words 'God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!' And what a Proclamation it was! When he spread it out on the pulpit, it looked like a table-cloth."

Mr. Churchill then asked,—

"What day of the week is the first of December? Let me see,—

'At Dover dwells George Brown, Esquire,
Good Christopher Finch and Daniel Friar!'

Thursday."

"I could have told you that," said his wife, "by a shorter process than your old rhyme. Thanksgiving-day always comes on Thursday."

These preliminaries being duly settled, the dinner was given.

There being only six guests, and the dinner being modelled upon one for twenty-four persons, Russian style in November, it was very abundant. It began with a Colbert soup, and ended with a Nesselrode pudding; but as no allusion was made in the course of the repast to the French names of the dishes, and the mutton, and turnips, and pancakes were all called by their English patronymics, the dinner appeared less magnificent in reality than in the bill of fare, and the guests did not fully appreciate how superb a banquet they were enjoying. The hilarity of the

occasion was not marred by any untoward accident; though once or twice Mr. Churchill was much annoyed, and the company much amused, by Master Alfred, who was allowed to be present at the festivities, and audibly proclaimed what was coming, long before it made its appearance. When the dinner was over, several of the guests remembered brilliant and appropriate things they might have said, and wondered they were so dull as not to think of them in season; and when they were all gone, Mr. Churchill remarked to his wife that he had enjoyed himself very much, and that he should like to ask his friends to just such a dinner every week!

XXVIII.

THE first snow came. How beautiful it was, falling so silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white save the river, that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape; and the leafless trees, that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches!

What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every sound was muffled, every noise changed to something soft and musical. No more trampling hoofs, no more rattling wheels! Only the chiming sleigh-bells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children.

All day long; all night long, the snow fell on the village and on the church-yard; on the happy home of Cecilia Vaughan, on the lonely grave of Alice Archer! Yes; for before the winter came she had gone to that land where

winter never comes. Her long domestic tragedy was ended. She was dead; and with her had died her secret sorrow and her secret love. Kavanagh never knew what wealth of affection for him faded from the world when she departed; Cecilia never knew what fidelity of friendship, what delicate regard, what gentle magnanimity, what angelic patience had gone with her into the grave; Mr. Churchill never knew, that, while he was exploring the Past for records of obscure and unknown martyrs, in his own village, near his own door, before his own eyes, one of that silent sisterhood had passed away into oblivion, unnoticed and unknown.

How often, ah, how often, between the desire of the heart and its fulfilment, lies only the briefest space of time and distance, and yet the desire remains for ever unfulfilled! It is so near that we can touch it with the hand, and yet so far away that the eye cannot perceive it. What Mr. Churchill most desired was before him. The Romance he was longing to find and record had really occurred in his neighbourhood, among his own friends. It had been set like a picture into the frame-work of his life, inclosed within his own experience. But he could not see it as an object apart from himself; and as he was gazing at what was remote and strange and indistinct, the nearer incidents of aspiration, love, and death, escaped him. They were too near to be clothed by the imagination with the golden vapours of romance; for the familiar seems trivial, and only the distant and unknown completely fill and satisfy the mind.

The winter did not pass without its peculiar delights and recreations. The singing of the great wood fires; the blowing of the wind over the chimney-tops, as if they were organ pipes; the splendour of the spotless snow; the

purple wall built round the horizon at sunset; the sea-suggesting pines, with the moan of the billows in their branches, on which the snows were furled like sails; the northern lights; the stars of steel; the transcendent moonlight, and the lovely shadows of the leafless trees upon the snow;—these things did not pass unnoticed nor unremembered. Every one of them made its record upon the heart of Mr. Churchill.

His twilight walks, his long Saturday afternoon rambles, had again become solitary; for Kavanagh was lost to him for such purposes, and his wife was one of those women who never walk. Sometimes he went down to the banks of the frozen river, and saw the farmers crossing it with their heavy-laden sleds, and the Fairmeadow schooner embedded in the ice; and thought of Lapland sledges, and the song of Kulnasatz, and the dismantled, ice-locked vessels of the explorers in the Arctic Ocean. Sometimes he went to the neighbouring lake, and saw the skaters wheeling round their fire, and speeding away before the wind; and in his imagination arose images of the Norwegian Skate-Runners, bearing the tidings of King Charles's death from Frederickshall to Drontheim, and of the retreating Swedish army, frozen to death in its fireless tents among the mountains. And then he would watch the cutting of the ice with ploughs, and the horses dragging the huge blocks to the storehouses, and contrast them with the Grecian mules, bearing the snows of Mount Parnassus to the markets of Athens, in panniers protected from the sun by boughs of oleander and rhododendron.

The rest of his leisure hours were employed in anything and everything save in writing his Romance. A great deal of time was daily consumed in reading the newspapers, because it was necessary, he said, to keep up with the

times; and a great deal more in writing a Lyceum Lecture, on "What Lady Macbeth might have been, had her energies been properly directed." He also made some little progress in a poetical arithmetic, founded on Bhascara's, but relinquished it, because the school committee thought it was not practical enough, and more than hinted that he had better adhere to the old system. And still the vision of the great Romance moved before his mind, august and glorious, a beautiful mirage of the desert.

XXIX.

THE wedding did not take place till Spring. And then Kavanagh and his Cecilia departed on their journey to Italy and the East—a sacred mission, a visit like the Apostle's to the Seven Churches, nay, to all the Churches of Christendom; hoping by some means to sow in many devout hearts the desire and prophecy that filled his own,—the union of all sects into one universal Church of Christ. They intended to be absent one year only; they were gone three. It seemed to their friends that they never would return. But at length they came—the long absent, the long looked for, the long desired—bearing with them that delicious perfume of travel, that genial, sunny atmosphere, and soft, Ausonian air, which returning travellers always bring about them.

It was night when they reached the village, and they could not see what changes had taken place in it during their absence. How it had dilated and magnified itself,—how it had puffed itself up, and bedizened itself with flaunting, ostentatious signs,—how it stood, rotund and rubicund with brick, like a portly man, with his back to the fire and both

hands in his pockets, warm, expansive, apoplectic, and entertaining a very favourable opinion of himself,—all this they did not see, for the darkness; but Kavanagh beheld it all, and more, when he went forth on the following morning.

How Cecilia's heart beat as they drove up the avenue to the old house! The piny odours in the night air, the solitary light at her father's window, the familiar bark of the dog Major at the sound of the wheels, awakened feelings at once new and old. A sweet perplexity of thought, a strange familiarity, a no less pleasing strangeness! The lifting of the heavy brass latch, and the jarring of the heavy brass knocker as the door closed, were echoes from her childhood. Mr. Vaughan they found, as usual, among his papers in the study;—the same bland, white-haired man, hardly a day older than when they left. At the sight of him, the whole long absence in Italy became a dream, and vanished away. Even Kavanagh was for the moment forgotten. She was a daughter, not a wife—she had not been married, she had not been in Italy!

In the morning Kavanagh sallied forth to find the Fair-meadow of his memory, but found it not. The railroad had completely transformed it. The simple village had become a very precocious town. New shops, with new names over the doors; new streets, with new forms and faces in them; the whole town seemed to have been taken and occupied by a besieging army of strangers. Nothing was permanent but the workhouse, standing alone in the pasture by the river; and, at the end of the street, the school-house, that other workhouse, where in childhood we pick and untwist the cordage of the brain, that, later in life, we may not be obliged to pull to pieces the more material cordage of old ships.

Kavanagh soon turned in despair from the main street into a little green lane, where there were few houses, and where the barberry still nodded over the old stone wall—a place he had much loved in the olden time for its silence and seclusion. He seemed to have entered his ancient realm of dreams again, and was walking with his hat drawn a little over his eyes. He had not proceeded far, when he was startled by a woman's voice, quite sharp and loud, crying from the opposite side of the lane. Looking up, he beheld a small cottage, against the wall of which rested a ladder, and on this ladder stood the woman from whom the voice came. Her face was nearly concealed by a spacious gingham sun-bonnet, and in her right hand she held extended a large brush, with which she was painting the front of her cottage when interrupted by the approach of Kavanagh, who, thinking she was calling to him, but not understanding what she said, made haste to cross over to her assistance. At this movement her tone became louder and more peremptory; and he could now understand that her cry was rather a warning than an invitation.

“Go away!” she said, flourishing her brush. “Go away! What are you coming down here for, when I am on the ladder, painting my house? If you don't go right about your business, I will come down and——”

“Why, Miss Manchester!” exclaimed Kavanagh; “how could I know that you would be going up the ladder just as I came down the lane?”

“Well, I declare! if it is not Mr. Kavanagh!”

And she scrambled down the ladder backwards with as much grace as the circumstances permitted. She, too, like the rest of his friends in the village, showed symptoms of growing older. The passing years had drunk a portion of the light from her eyes, and left their traces on her cheeks,

as birds that drink at lakes leave their foot-prints on the margin. But the pleasant smile remained, and reminded him of the by-gone days, when she used to open for him the door of the gloomy house under the poplars.

Many things had she to ask, and many to tell; and for full half an hour Kavanagh stood leaning over the paling, while she remained among the hollyhocks, as stately and red as the plants themselves. At parting, she gave him one of the flowers for his wife; and, when he was fairly out of sight, again climbed the perilous ladder, and resumed her fresco painting.

Through all the vicissitudes of these later years, Sally had remained true to her principles and resolution. At Mrs. Archer's death, which occurred soon after Kavanagh's wedding, she had retired to this little cottage, bought and paid for by her own savings. Though often urged by Mr. Vaughan's man, Silas, who breathed his soul out upon the air of Summer evenings through a keyed bugle, she resolutely refused to marry. In vain did he send her letters written with his own blood,—going barefooted into the brook to be bitten by leeches, and then using his feet as inkstands: she refused again and again. Was it that in some blue chamber, or some little warm back parlour, of her heart, the portrait of the inconstant dentist was still hanging? Alas, no! But as to some hearts it is given in youth to blossom with the fragrant blooms of young desire, so others are doomed by a mysterious destiny to be checked in Spring by chill winds, blowing over the bleak common of the world. So had it been with her desires and thoughts of love. Fear now predominated over hope; and to die unmarried had become to her a fatality which she dared not resist.

In the course of his long conversation with Miss Manchester, Kavanagh learned many things about the inhabit-

ants of the town. Mrs. Wilmerdings was still carrying on her labours in the "Dunstable and eleven-braid, open-work and coloured straws." Her husband had taken to the tavern, and often came home very late, "with a brick in his hat," as Sally expressed it. Their son and heir was far away in the Pacific, on board a whale-ship. Miss Amelia Hawkins remained unmarried, though possessing a talent for matrimony which amounted almost to genius. Her brother, the poet, was no more. Finding it impossible to follow the old bachelor's advice, and look upon Miss Vaughan as a beautiful statue, he made one or two attempts, but in vain, to throw himself away on unworthy objects, and then died. At this event, two elderly maidens went into mourning simultaneously, each thinking herself engaged to him; and suddenly went out of it again, mutually indignant with each other, and mortified with themselves. The little taxidermist was still hopping about in his aviary, looking more than ever like his gray African parrot. Mrs. Archer's house was uninhabited.

XXX.

KAVANAGH continued his walk in the direction of Mr. Churchill's residence. This, at least, was unchanged,—quite unchanged. The same white front; the same brass knocker; the same old wooden gate, with its chain and ball; the same damask roses under the windows; the same sunshine without and within. The outer door and study door were both open, as usual in the warm weather; and at the table sat Mr Churchill, writing. Over each ear was a black and inky stump of a pen, which, like the two ravens perched on Odin's shoulders, seemed to whisper to him all

that passed in heaven and on earth. On this occasion, their revelations were of the earth. He was correcting school exercises.

The joyful welcome of Mr. Churchill, as Kavanagh entered, and the cheerful sound of their voices, soon brought Mrs. Churchill to the study,—her eyes bluer than ever, her cheeks fairer, her form more round and full. The children came in also,—Alfred grown to boy's estate and exalted into a jacket; and the baby that was, less than two years behind him, and catching all his falling mantles, and all his tricks and maladies.

Kavanagh found Mr. Churchill precisely where he left him. He had not advanced one step,—not one. The same dreams, the same longings, the same aspirations, the same indecision. A thousand things had been planned, and none completed. His imagination seemed still to exhaust itself in running, before it tried to leap the ditch. While he mused, the fire burned in other brains. Other hands wrote the books he dreamed about. He freely used his good ideas in conversation and in letters; and they were straightway wrought into the texture of other men's books, and so lost to him for ever. His work on *Obscure Martyrs* was anticipated by Mr. Hathaway, who, catching the idea from him, wrote and published a series of papers on *Unknown Saints*, before Mr. Churchill had fairly arranged his materials. Before he had written a chapter of his great Romance, another friend and novelist had published one on the same subject.

Poor Mr. Churchill! So far as fame and external success were concerned, his life certainly was a failure. He was, perhaps, too deeply freighted, too much laden by the head, to ride the waves gracefully. Every sea broke over him—he was half the time under water!

All his defects and mortifications he attributed to the outward circumstances of his life, the exigencies of his profession, the accidents of chance. But, in reality, they lay much deeper than this. They were within himself. He wanted the all-controlling, all-subduing will. He wanted the fixed purpose that sways and bends all circumstances to its uses, as the wind bends the reeds and rushes beneath it.

In a few minutes, and in that broad style of handling, in which nothing is distinctly defined, but everything clearly suggested, Kavanagh sketched to his friends his three years' life in Italy and the East. And then, turning to Mr. Churchill, he said—

“And you, my friend,—what have you been doing all this while? You have written to me so rarely that I have hardly kept pace with you. But I have thought of you constantly. In all the old cathedrals; in all the lovely landscapes; among the Alps and Apennines; in looking down on Duomo d'Ossola; at the Inn of Baveno; at Gaeta; at Naples; in old and mouldy Rome; in older Egypt; in the Holy Land; in all galleries and churches and ruins; in our rural retirement at Fiesoli;—whenever I have seen anything beautiful, I have thought of you, and of how much you would have enjoyed it!”

Mr. Churchill sighed; and then, as if, with a touch as masterly, he would draw a picture that should define nothing, but suggest everything, he said—

—“You have no children, Kavanagh; we have five.”

“Ah, so many already!” exclaimed Kavanagh. “A living Pentateuch! A beautiful Pentapylon, or five-gated temple of Life! A charming number!”

“Yes,” answered Mr. Churchill; “a beautiful number; Juno's own; the wedding of the first even and first uneven numbers; the number sacred to marriage, but having no

reference, direct or indirect, to the Pythagorean novitiate of five years of silence."

"No; it certainly is not the vocation of children to be silent," said Kavanagh, laughing. "That would be out of nature; saving always the children of the brain, which do not often make so much noise in the world as we desire. I hope a still larger family of these has grown up around you during my absence."

"Quite otherwise," answered the schoolmaster, sadly. "My brain has been almost barren of songs. I have only been trifling; and I am afraid, that, if I play any longer with Apollo, the untoward winds will blow the discus of the god against my forehead, and strike me dead with it, as they did Hyacinth of old."

"And your Romance,—have you been more successful with that? I hope it is finished, or nearly finished?"

"Not yet begun," said Mr. Churchill. "The plan and characters still remain vague and indefinite in my mind. I have not even found a name for it."

"That you can determine after the book is written," suggested Kavanagh. "You can name it, for instance, as the old Heimskringla was named, from the initial word of the first chapter."

"Ah! that was very well in the olden time, and in Iceland, when there were no quarterly reviews. It would be called affectation now."

"I see you still stand a little in awe of opinion. Never fear that. The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised."

"That is the truth, Kavanagh; and I am more afraid of deserving criticism than of receiving it. I stand in awe of my own opinion. The secret demerits of which we alone, perhaps, are conscious, are often more difficult to bear than

those which have been publicly censured in us, and thus in some degree atoned for."

"I will not say," replied Kavanagh, "that humility is the only road to excellence, but I am sure that it is one road."

"Yes, humility; but not humiliation," sighed Mr. Churchill, despondingly. "As for excellence, I can only desire it, and dream of it; I cannot attain to it; it lies too far from me; I cannot reach it. These very books about me here, that once stimulated me to action, have now become my accusers. They are my Eumenides, and drive me to despair."

"My friend," said Kavanagh, after a short pause, during which he had taken note of Mr. Churchill's sadness, "that is not always excellent which lies far away from us. What is remote and difficult of access we are apt to over-rate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked. To speak frankly, I am afraid this is the case with your Romance. You are evidently grasping at something which lies beyond the confines of your own experience, and which, consequently, is only a play of shadows in the realm of fancy. The figures have no vitality; they are only outward shows, wanting inward life. We can give to others only what we have."

"And if we have nothing worth giving?" interrupted Mr. Churchill.

"No man is so poor as that. As well might the mountain streamlets say they have nothing worth giving to the sea, because they are not rivers. Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think. If you had looked nearer for the materials of your Romance, and had set about it in earnest, it would now have been finished."

"And burned, perhaps," interposed Mr. Churchill; "or

sunk with the books of Simon Magus to the bottom of the Dead Sea."

"At all events, you would have had the pleasure of writing it. I remember one of the old traditions of Art, from which you may perhaps draw a moral. When Raphael desired to paint his Holy Family, for a long time he strove in vain to express the idea that filled and possessed his soul. One morning, as he walked beyond the city gates, meditating the sacred theme, he beheld, sitting beneath a vine at her cottage door, a peasant woman, holding a boy in her arms, while another leaned upon her knee, and gazed at the approaching stranger. The painter found here, in real life, what he had so long sought for in vain in the realms of his imagination; and quickly, with his chalk pencil, he sketched, upon the head of a wine-cask that stood near them, the lovely group, which afterwards, when brought into full perfection, became the transcendent Madonna della Seggiola."

"All this is true," replied Mr. Churchill, "but it gives me no consolation. I now despair of writing anything excellent. I have no time to devote to meditation and study. My life is given to others, and to this destiny I submit without a murmur; for I have the satisfaction of having laboured faithfully in my calling, and of having perhaps trained and incited others to do what I shall never do. Life is still precious to me for its many uses, of which the writing of books is but one. I do not complain, but accept this destiny, and say, with that pleasant author, Marcus Antoninus, 'Whatever is agreeable to thee shall be agreeable to me, O graceful Universe! nothing shall be to me too early or too late, which is seasonable to thee! Whatever thy seasons bear shall be joyful fruit to me, O Nature! from thee are all things; in thee they subsist; to thee they

return. Could one say, Thou dearly beloved city of Cærops? and wilt thou not say, Thou dearly beloved city of God?"

"Amen!" said Kavanagh. "And, to follow your quotation with another, 'The gale that blows from God we must endure, toiling but not repining.'"

Here Mrs. Churchill, who had something of Martha in her, as well as of Mary, and had left the room when the conversation took a literary turn, came back to announce that dinner was ready, and Kavanagh, though warmly urged to stay, took his leave, having first obtained from the Churchills the promise of a visit to Cecilia during the evening.

"Nothing done! nothing done!" exclaimed he, as he wended his way homeward, musing and meditating. "And shall all these lofty aspirations end in nothing? Shall the arms be thus stretched forth to encircle the universe, and come back empty against a bleeding, aching breast?"

And the words of the poet came into his mind, and he thought them worthy to be written in letters of gold, and placed above every door in every house, as a warning, a suggestion, an incitement:—

"Stay, stay the present instant!
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings!
O, let it not elude thy grasp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!"

THE END.

